# *Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination*

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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement*
*To distribute this creation freely to any and all*
*Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear*
*The mystery in which each and every one*
*Equally participates in so many ways*

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# Preface

**Greetings,**

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on imagination, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind,

and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Imagination, Imagine, Consciousness, Conscious, Dream, Notion, Perception, Perceive, Illusion, Illusory, Delusion, Delude, Insanity, Insane, Absurdity, Absurd, Make-Believe, Pretend, Speculation, Movement, Fiction, Fictitious, Creativity, Memory, Belief, Faith, Hope, Hoping, Fabricate, Fantasy, Vanity, Vain, Fallacy.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

# The Stillness Before Time
## *Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner*

*There is really only one Way.*
*It is without division or boundary.*
*It is without name or theology.*
*Awareness is its scripture.*
*Here now, its venue.*
*You, its witness.*
*Your life, the journey.*

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

**The Original Works**

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

**The Derivative Collection**

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
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**The 'And More' Collection**

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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
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Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

**The Sidebar Collection**

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

*(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)*

# The Stillness Before Time

**Preface**

What is written here
Has been spoken, written, and lived
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes.

**I**

Before all experience,
Before all thought of identity,
Before all mirrors and photographs,
Before all vanity, gratification, and delusion,
Before all vexation of desire and fear,
Before all suffering of existence,
Who-what-when-where-why,
How are you, really?

* * * *

Move prior to concept, prior to known.
Return to the untainted awareness of the child,
The uncarved freedom of the empty tablet,
Prior to all said, all done, all imagined.

* * * *

There is really no death,
Only the departure of the senses
And the dissolution of imagined identity.

* * * *

When in every moment
You see without a trace of doubt
That there is no master other than you,
That those many pedestaled images of great souls
Were projections of the inherent longing
To awaken to the birthright
That is prior to consciousness,
You will be free of artificial limits,
You will have triumphed over illusion,
You will have discovered the indelible truth:
That you are, indeed, sovereign, indivisibly absolute.

**II**

Everything that appears real,
Everything that you have been told,
Everything that you have come to believe,
Is all the fabrication of your mind.

* * * *

It is natural to want to know who you are,
But the thoughts of self, the attachment to persona,
The encasements of identity: labels, definitions, assumptions,
Are not the instruments that will truly get you home.
All concoctions, all speculations of mind,
Are only obstacles to the journey.

* * * *

Call it by whatever sound you will:
God, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Krishna,
Christ, Great Spirit, Way, Absolute, Supreme, Totality,
Or any of the many other labels it is given throughout the world,
It is ever the same indivisible mystery cloaked by the illusion of diversity.

**III**

The manifest dance is timeless, ever-present, undying.
A dreamtime without beginning, without end;
Without cause, purpose, or meaning;
Neither definable or explicable,
For it is beyond all rational appearances.
It can never be known, comprehended, or understood,
Except in the most roundabout, circumspect, oblique, effortless ways.
And in that which is intuited there is no gain or reward.
One simply wanders spontaneously free,
Whatever the course.

* * * *

All identity is make-believe, a collusion of human scale.

**IV**

All mythos, all sense of time, all sense of history,
Is nothing more than the make-believe of adults.

* * * *

What you call real
Is merely a reflection;
A temporal, dreamy illusion;
An enticing, ever-changing lightshow.
Your true nature is none of it.

* * * *

The infinite source of manifestation
Is tasteless and untouchable;
Without vision or sound or smell.
What one perceives is but the mind's reverie.
The vague, obtuse, ephemeral quality of awareness called intuition,
Is as near to understanding as any one can ever come.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Worship martyrs, crosses, statues, crystals, photographs,
Nature, wealth, words, ideas, or whatever your own will manufactures,
Or simply attend nothing but your own momentary awareness.
But for the sorrow of continuity in all but the latter,
All dreams pass in the same manner.

**V**

Put aside all hope, all gain and loss, all dreams of glory,
All yearning, hate, anger, fear, envy, and jealousy,
All dread of sickness, injury, aging, and dying.
Your mind-body is but a temporal dream,
You are eternal, sovereign, absolute.

* * * *

You may sit quietly and breathe with your eyes wide open or tightly shut;
Chant spiritual songs or hum mantras until your mind is three shades of blue;
Practice every sort of rigid, dogmatic, death-defying diet or prescribed exercise;
Submit to ancient beliefs, rituals, and traditions; wear costumes and deify symbols;
Practice any discipline, worship any form your mind or another's might conjure;
Real meditation is the serene awareness of every moment's birth and death,
And no system is required to discern and freely perceive your birthright.

**VI**

You are the ground,
The splintered I Amness of isness,
Creator and witness to an inexplicable theater,
A dreamer dreaming the kaleidoscoping quantum show real,
The timeless nature masked by endless variations of laughter and sorrow.
Why? No one can know. That you are is surely enough.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Surrender your identity:
Your concepts and cravings,
Your fears, irritations, and doubts,
Your knowledge, opinions, and routines,
Your ambitions to achieve one glory or another.
Surrender everything you believe you are,
That you have never really been.

* * * *

There is no Eastern or Western thought,
Only an awareness manifesting consciousness,
Blanketed by an innumerable array of mythologies.

* * * *

If you smugly believe yourself more spiritually significant
Than a cockroach, grain of sand, or pile of dung,
Then you are missing the real point.
There is profound wonder in realizing you are one
With worms, snails, lice, flies, toads, salamanders, and snakes.

* * * *

Are you able to scrutinize your existence
Without any attachment, any craving, any trepidation?
Dispassionately, objectively, reserving all pride-filled judgments;
Discerning forthrightly, clearly, without ulterior motive;
Observing closely the many joys and sorrows;
The likes and dislikes, the loves and hates;
The thoughts, beliefs, opinions, conclusions;
The endless flow of people, places, things, ideas;
The seemingly boundless array of passing experiences;
And come to the realization that it was really all your creation;
An inexplicable, intangible, ungraspable, timelessly indivisible journey;
Imagined by a dreamer whose ultimately choiceless nature is prior to all imagination.

**VII**

How will you be psychologically free?
There is no method.
It happens when you will abide
No further infringement from any portion of the illusion,
When you are at last sovereign enough to journey alone, whatever the course.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

To identify with thoughts is akin to the ocean believing it is the sound of waves crashing.

**VIII**

Polish mirrors that never reflected,
Clean stains never spilled,
Mend tears never torn,
Perfect that never flawed,
Illuminate shadows never cast,
Give purpose that requiring none.
You are ever unfathomable and unknown,
A timelessly whimsical enigma dancing in stillness.

* * * *

There will never be political, economic,
Or social resolution to the human condition.
Consciousness itself must make the paradigm shift.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Geographic isolation has spawned a broad diversity of mythoi,
Each grappling to protect ancient beliefs, customs, and histories.
Humanity's clinging to what was, is becoming less and less viable
As the stew of a shrinking world continues to simmer in dreamtime.

**IX**

Why cater to something an individual or group
Said or did tens or hundreds or thousands of years ago?
History, whether personal, tribal, national, or world,
Is perhaps the greatest misery of consciousness.

**X**

Since the dawn of consciousness, mind has grappled
With the mystery of birth and death, creation and destruction.
It has used every device to explain that which can never be explained.
Only in complete surrender to the awareness prior to thought's linear conception,
Can there be any insight into the choicelessness of the indivisibility.

* * * *

Everyone has a mindset, a filtering process that interprets
The reality appearing to appear about them.
The challenge is discerning the relativity of all experience;
That everything is temporal, ephemeral illusion, nothing more or less real;
That, from beginning to end, each and every moment is but the fleeting dreamtime of awareness.

**XI**

If … you only had better health;
A stronger, younger, more vibrant body;
A highly capable, nimble mind;
Wealth, power, status;
Lived in a different place or time …
If …
Would make no difference.
All destinies are only variations
Of the same unfolding dream.

* * * *

Claims of religious persecution are absurd, fictional paths to glory.
Countless peoples of every persuasion have suffered throughout history.
Many, perhaps most, have claimed themselves chosen by the divine.
The arrogance of collusion has always been an enticing delusion.

**XII**

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.
It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious origin, the vapor of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

* * * *

Dread of times to come,
Of the unknown yet to manifest,
Overwhelms those who have not realized
That it is their own imagination that cripples them.

* * * *

The sciences have in every manner
Scrutinized the unitary movement of this illusion.
They have stretched the conceptual mind in innumerable ways,
Yet none will ever succeed in determining its origin.
All they can ever do is dance with Maya
On the floor of manifestation.

* * * *

At some point, books and their many concepts must be set aside.
Scholars journey the dead-end path of dualistic intellect.
Reclaiming your birthright is direct perception,
Not the cataloging of manuscripts.
The truth you seek will not be found in them.

**XIII**

Right living is not a statement of morality.
It is a moment-to-moment feeling of intuitive rightness.
It is playing out this illusive dreamy theater as effortlessly as possible.

**XIV**

To know you are one with totality
Seems so simple, so freeing, so real,
Yet so many cling to this belief or that,
As if their clutching complexity and strife
Is so much more important than simply being.

* * * *

The colluding dreamtime of humanity
Conditions each of us to pretend something
No other manifest life form requires of its kind.
It is very arduous to be free of all claims.

* * * *

Essential nature is not divisible.
There is only totality, oneness, isness.
Nothing greater, nothing lesser, nothing but.
We are all in reality an indivisible, indelible enigma,
Quantumly dancing center stage in every form imaginable.

* * * *

All the observations and experiments of the sciences
Explore, measure, and explain only illusion.
The ultimate teaching offered by the rational mind
Is insight into the confines of dualistic sensory perception.
Scientists must at some point bridge the chasm as irrational mystics
If they truly seek to comprehend this theater for what it in reality is, and is not.

**XV**

Imagine a nearly imperceptible bubble of foam
Riding the flowing crest of a small wave
On just one of an infinity of shores
Of an ocean beyond measure.
That all but insignificant fragment of illusory reflection
Is analogous to the entire human reverie
Across this spinning orb.

* * * *

The tenuous belief that science will be the cure-all
For humanity's plight is self-deception on a grand scale.
Any conceptual tool is only as beneficial as those who wield it.

* * * *

aMore than enough, probably far too much,
Has been said of the spiritual quest through the ages.
The delusional, divisive conceit surrounding and permeating it,
The dogmas, temples, money-changers, and Pharisees,
Are burdens that each must over time shrug off
To discern and wander freely in Eden.

* * * *

No other creature on this planet
Has taken naming to the extreme we have.
They do not separate themselves from their experiencing.
They have never believed themselves or others to be what words imply.
They do not slaughter or maim one another for the myriad reasons we endlessly concoct.
They endure passively, helplessly, for us to realize some insight, some rationality,
And perhaps one day return to the garden in which they have ever resided.

**XVI**

Stars, planets, and moons traveling from horizon to horizon,
Cycling springs, summers, autumns, and winters,
Clocks you watch, watches you wear,
Calendars whose pages turn and turn again,
Are tricksters in this three-dimensional, illusory weaving.
Time has never truly passed as you have been conditioned to believe.

* * * *

Suffering is the outcome of attachment to the fictitious mind-body identity.
All endeavors to ease the sorrow of consciousness are ineffectual
Without the realization of your true indestructibility.

* * * *

Clothing, jewelry, make-up, and hair
Cloak the stark reality of the human body,
The various orifices of its physical functioning.
What is beautiful, romantic, and essential to the deluded
Takes on another appearance when the veil
Of genetic gratification unravels.

* * * *

Being born into illusion
Does not mean you must reside there.
You have never been bound by the original separation
But through your conditioned collaboration.

* * * *

You spend your life believing the part you play,
But contrary to what the senses fool you into knowing,
All your thoughts, concepts, theories, images, hopes, and dreams,
All the kaleidoscoping reflections of those many mirrors passing before you,
All the vain paths to glory you or anyone else have ever concocted,
Have no ultimate reality or lasting importance whatsoever.

**XVII**

Sculpt a vast number of clay figurines,
All different shapes, sizes, and colors,
Give them every sort of name and belief,
They are ever of the original lump of clayness.

* * * *

Your dream is an outcome
Of the mirrors streaming alongside you.
Transcending all manifest reflections is the challenge.

**XVIII**

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

**XIX**

You are free to do whatever you will,
Live whatever dream you are inclined to entertain,
Play out the endless fantasies your restless narcissism creates,
Until its shallow nature sustains you no longer.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

**XX**

This world is a birthing ground of consciousness,
Away from which the only earnest heading is awareness.
When your vision tacks this direction there may or may not be
Acceptance from the relatives and friends you value.
Unresolvable differences may be unavoidable,
But whatever course ultimately unfolds,
Your revelation must carry the day.
Neither seek nor expect the sanction of those
Lacking the insight to comprehend your journey home.

* * * *

When communities are no longer functional,
New adaptations form to iron the disarrayed fabric.
Human civilization is navigating through a teetering zenith.
A cooperative paradigm, one crossing all boundaries,
Awaits shaping into common consciousness,
The potential toward which all humanity
May or may not choose to journey.
The epic is already complete,
And though none present
Will ever see its end,
Your presence contributes
To the future this time is shaping.

**XXI**

What so many believe religion to be,
Is acted out as self-serving, improbable propaganda.
It is a secondhand act of memory, of recollection and regurgitation.
Real revelation comes spontaneously from union within.

* * * *

To believe godness is only that which is out of the ordinary,
Is an error humankind succumbs to again and again.
All manifest forms persevere in the same field.
A particle of dust is as much an unfathomable mystery
As the most astounding, most wondrous miracle ever performed.
There is absolutely nothing ordinary about anything in this quantum matrix.

* * * *

We are rapidly approaching the inevitable reckoning point
In the dynamic movement of human consciousness,
When we as a tentative life form have no choice
But to reconcile the countless differences
And see the unmanifest universality,
The absolute unicity of awareness.
Our many differences are imagined,
But the results of this continued delusion
Are inescapably devastating to all life on this sphere.
To maintain this paradigm as it has evolved is indescribable madness.

* * * *

You have the advantage of history
To thoroughly witness the enduring confusion
Wrought by the delusional rigidity of organized religions.
When will you wrest your sovereignty from those who would tame it?

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Your craving, your dread, your suffering,
Your delusional hope that some other can or will save you
Has been wielded against you since the seeds of consciousness took root.
It is time to clearly discern that you know as much as anyone,
That it is you alone who must choose to be free.

**XXII**

Jesus is rumored to have declared, "I Am The Way."
Was he imparting, as many believe, that he alone was "The Way"?
Or was he perhaps suggesting that we are all "The Way"?
Perhaps he intended, "I Am … is … The Way."
Or simply a definitive, "I Am, The Way."
Or perhaps, if paradox was at play,
As is often the case with seers,
Any and all of the above.

* * * *

Nowness, all but done just as soon as it fleetingly happens,
Requires memory to pattern out what it believes occurred.

* * * *

To state simply, "I am the Way."
Means you no longer identify with the theater
Or the partial role your body once fooled you into believing.

* * * *

Disentangle your consciousness
From all the compromises organized religions
Have made with ignorance, superstition, and myriad other delusions,
Born of the illusory craving to know fostered by the sensory dream of the mind-body in time.

**XXIII**

The immutable requires neither approval nor sanction.
The manifest resolve of the skittish herd is the synergy of delusion.
Reality ever stands alone, aloof, free, without concern.
There is no other between you and the source.

* * * *

As consciousness grounds in awareness,
As you clearly perceive illusion is not reality,
As you discern duality is the source of all suffering,
As the birthright of beingness resumes its rightful function,
There is nothing left to do but whatever needs doing.

**XXIV**

Since the origin of manifest consciousness, humans
Have been raised and patterned in accordance
With the varied responses to geography.
They have played, fought, and mated,
Sought power, fame, and fortune,
Worshipped innumerable idols,
Lived desperately, nobly, and vainly,
Suffered sickness, injury, aging, and death.
To what end the speculations are beyond number,
But ever the source has been the same inscrutable awareness,
Unfathomable, unknowable, impenetrable, timeless, indivisible, omniscient.

* * * *

The way you perceive existence is the way
The winds of time have molded you to perceive it.
It is all subjective projection based on countless circumstances
Which have conditioned the manifest spirit-mind-body identity in time.
Whatever your attitude, whatever your belief on the matter,
No projection is really more true than any other.

* * * *

Despite attempts by sages of every era and geography,
The human psyche remains dominated and shaped
By primal instincts and urges bred into the mind long ago.
The many masks of fear have diversified into innumerable forms,
And are as blinding, paralyzing, and destructive as they have ever been.
Transforming consciousness into its fullest potential is not for the meek of spirit.

**XXV**

The quantum nature can be challenging to ascertain
Because you only perceive the shortcomings of this dualistic world.
Quest within, discern the essence, unify with the totality,
Realize the perfection you have ever been.

* * * *

You believe because you move your hand from side to side,
That time has passed and movement in space transpired.
But what has created that reality but the timeless stillness,
That ephemeral essence in which you as witness truly reside.

**XXVI**

No matter how insane the unfolding human drama appears,
Remember always that it is being played out in perfection.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

**XXVII**

How many more concepts there are
With the passage of time.
In every realm there are vocabularies
Which did not even begin to exist in prior times.
The impetuous, harsh sharpness of our unsheathed scholarship,
Is an undiscerning blade of creation and destruction
We are not even remotely close to mastering.

* * * *

What is there to be but what you already are?
How can fruit know what it is to ripen?
Caterpillars to fly? Buds to flower?
Any pattern to reach maturation,
But through faith in nowness
That isness will ever be so.

* * * *

Humankind has but a fleeting window of opportunity
To observe beyond its destructive attachments
To geography, culture, politics, economics, and religion,
To perceive, to distinguish the broadest picture, the greatest whole.

**XXVIII**

Walk a few paces from where you stand.
Look back to where you think you started.
Time and space are the illusion of perception.
You will never wander through any instant again.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

Who sees the wind tipping the trees in spring?
Hears the busy chatter of squirrels chasing?
Smells the mid-afternoon coffee brewing?
Feels the piercing of the kitten's playful claws?
Tastes the chilled chocolate melting?
Who has all those memories?
All that knowledge and capability?
All those assorted opinions and values?
Who desires, dreads, angers, laughs, suffers?
You do.
You are the power, the light, a drop of all that is, and is not.
You are creator, quantum dancer, eternally, immortally absolute.

* * * *

A drug may help you find it, but cannot keep you there for long.
The challenge is to perceive eternity in the everyday mundane.

**XXIX**

All across the world at this very instant,
Diversity suffers and perishes in countless ways
Because of the juggernauting inertia of consciousness
Fashioned by geographic notions Gaia will not forever sustain.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are godness,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.

* * * *

So many human beings spend a great deal of time rejecting their animal nature,
Yet evidence of our basic instincts underscore everything we have ever created.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

**XXX**

Contrast your entire existence with geological time,
In which the longest stretch might at best equal
A mere fraction of a moderate layer of sediment.
We are each witness to a fleeting span of manifest time.
The relentless narcissism, fantasies of glory, and empire-seeking,
Are, from an across-the-board perspective, such trivial, meaningless pursuits.
The arrogant pinnacles humankind devises across this garden world
Are barren and desolate when viewed for what they are.

* * * *

Reincarnation is the moment-to-moment fabrication of the identity you imagine you are.

* * * *

A hindrance many have in considering themselves godness manifest,
Is that they believe it should entail having all sorts of innate supernatural powers.
The fact that they see, walk, talk, and create every sort of mischief,
Does not register because everyone else can, too.
Well, of course they can.
They are also godness manifest.
It is the concept of god that needs changing.

* * * *

Look back closely at your life.
See how every moment was necessary
For you to arrive at this apparent point in time.
That it has all been completely, perfectly, effortlessly
Choreographed, costumed, and rehearsed for the original run.
An epic, time-bound play produced and directed by you, starring you.
Be on good terms with your spontaneous, manifesting reverie.
Enjoy the myriad players appearing in your production.
All are teachers and students in your eternal journey.

## Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation

and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways

to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

# Got God?

**Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?**

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

**If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?**

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

**Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?**

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

**Can prayer heal the sick?**

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

**Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?**

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

**Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.**

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

**What is the soul?**

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning

garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

***"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.***

## Ten Reflections

**I**

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

**II**

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

**III**

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

**IV**

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

**V**

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

**VI**

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

**VII**

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

**VIII**

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

**IX**

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

**X**

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

# The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

**The First Page**

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name you might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if you fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

**2**

No religion, no creed, no dogma in this world, or any other, speaks for that which is God.
They are all like blind men arguing over their limited perceptions of the elephant.
The dream is ever a mystery; none have ever owned it, and none ever will.

* * * *

The endless permutations of nature-nurture,
Of culture, of creed, of politics, of economics, of anything,
Are without conclusion, yet ever born, ever sculpted,
Of the same imaginary distillation of mind.

* * * *

Immortality is not found in the body,
Nor in the time-bound legacies of history books.
It is ever in the seamless awareness of the indivisible moment.
It is the eternal You, that peers out through the senses,
Into the dreamtime they and mind create.

* * * *

Every instant is an orchestrated streaming,
Of creation, preservation, destruction,
The trilogy of dreamtime's ever-present dynamic.
Name it whatever you will, the source of this boundless mystery,
Is equally the same for the smallest as it is the greatest.

**3**

That source, that origin, that fount, that nucleus, which is called by many names,
Is prior to any sensory theater, prior to all forms small to great,
Prior to any whimsical certitudes of imagination,
Prior to any notion of this or that,
Prior to all dualities,
Prior to every definition,
Inspired by the myriad other.

* * * *

This ephemeral awareness belongs to no one.
It is the ether that permeates all things, transcends all things.
There are no individuals but in the imaginary reveries,
Of the ever-changing theater of consciousness.
Prior to consciousness, there is only You,
In the greatest, most profound sense.

**4**

All purpose, all meaning,
Is the fabrication of consciousness.
The nothingness from which all things spring,
Is indivisibly absolute, with neither cause nor direction.
How can there be any permanence in manifest time and space,
In that which is no more than a sensory figment of temporal imagination?

**5**

You can only see,
What you are capable of seeing.
You can only hear, what you are capable of hearing.
You can only taste, smell, and feel what you are capable of tasting, smelling, and feeling.
And in reality, you are truly seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling,
Your Self cloaked in every form, every disguise imaginable.

* * * *

We each play out our little role,
In the unfolding dreamtime of future-past.
After the ending, it will be as it was before the beginning,
But for the unfolding now, it seems real enough to do whatever calls us,
In that which is, in the largest sense, the Song of God.

* * * *

What is existence but an entirely imagined script,
A genetic lottery, in which no one has ever had any choice, any voice,
In the body they are given … in their family, ethnicity, gender, constitution, mental acuity,
Geography, culture, caste, creed, socio-economic level, language, education,
And the capacities and limitations, all variables together play out.
To assert any have even a mere sliver of free will,
Is in itself a very dubious claim.

**6**

Abandon ye all futures, all pasts, all wants, all dreams, all hopes.
Right here, right now, in the awareness of the ever-flowing present moment,
Is the eternal life you pursue, the only existence you will ever have.
But you must die, in the most figurative sense, to discern it.

**7**

Strolling the infinity within,
Does not require anything special.
Wear anything, or nothing, if you prefer.
Sit, lay, stand, walk, or sprint anywhere you please.
Name it whatever comes to mind, if you must.
It is always the same, ever unchanging,
Ever here now, to delve or dive into,
The source prior to all dreams.

* * * *

Tag the immeasurable, the indivisible, the unknown, however you will,
It remains forever untouched, untainted, immaculately eternal.
The dream of consciousness is but quantum vibration in the ever-present now,
An imaginary configuration of the human mind, snared in the web of its own sensory creation.

**8**

What there is to learn, what there is to impart,
Is prior to all the volumes ever written,
All the institutions ever concocted,
All the idolatry ever asserted,
All the rituals ever established,
All the temples ever constructed,
All the incalculable inanities, insanities,
Ever carried out in some imaginary god's name.

* * * *

What there is ultimately to learn,
In this quickly passing dream,
Is well beyond any karmic notion.
It is the free, untainted, uncarved Youness,
That You truly are prior to any and all experience,
All that was immaculate before time began its sculpting.
None are required to conform to any state of mind,
But through the notions of consciousness.

**9**

Why pretend to know what can never be known?
What point is there to faith in some imaginary deity, some heaven,
If you cannot even manage to perceive the eternity playing out before your very eyes?

**10**

Karmas and heavens and hells, are imaginary notions,
For those who believe they should feel dread or guilt or shame,
For being born into an existence in which they had absolutely no choice.

* * * *

Everything before now, everything after now,
Is the ever-transitory movement of imagination.
The ground of awareness is still, ever watchful.
The eternal witness, watching its Self dream.

* * * *

It is the divide within, that You must make whole.
It is the war within, with which You must make peace.
Awareness is seamless; without rends, without adversaries.
It weathers the assaults of the mind-body in time, without effort.
Bound by no dream, it is indifferent to life, it is indifferent to its end.
It is You in the truest sense, permeating all that is, all that is not.

**11**

You can only know, You can only witness, the dreaming the mind-body perceives.
But realize, your version is but one reflection, one resonance, one facet,
Of this infinite, mysterious, ever-kaleidoscoping crest-jewel.
And of its unknown origin, You can only experience,
The infinite nothingness, at the core within,
And awaken to the clear certainty,
That it is really all You.

* * * *

There are really no masters, no disciples,
Only a dreamtime, chock-full of dreamers.

* * * *

Always a strange thing,
To wake up to another day,
To watch consciousness reboot,
To wander out into the ever-streaming,
Kaleidoscoping, sensory dream.
Will wonder never cease?

**12**

And does it matter to anyone but you?
This so-called spiritual quest,
Is in many ways,
More than a little silly.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The vapor of imagination's rainbow.
And awakening is, so to speak, the last vanity.

* * * *

We are all limited in one way or another.
It is the unwitting nature of the manifest dream.
The uncarved block inevitably becomes a rutted road.

**13**

The dreamy, romantic, clueless, quixotic idealist, might like to assume,
The dark age that will be setting its shadow upon this world,
Cannot help but recalibrate human consciousness,
Into some sort of transcendent paradigm.
But that supposes, of course,
A shift in the genetic make-up, as well.
Which is, indeed, an inspiring leap of imagination.

**14**

Humanity did not get kicked out of Eden.
We just got so hornswoggled by our own imagination,
That most just stopped seeing that it was everywhere and everything.
And anyone who does not play along with the collusion,
Is considered a child, confused, or insane.

**15**

We are all awash in the immeasurable singularity of an imaginary matrix.
Nothing is separate, nothing greater or lesser, nothing mortal.
We are all birthed of the same inexplicable essence,
A kaleidoscoping dream of consciousness,
To which each alone is witness.

* * * *

This is what it is really all about.
It is all You.
There is nothing more, nothing less.
There is no greater state than the timeless simplicity of awareness,
The reality through which all dreams play out,
In any given dimension.

* * * *

This brief little dream is just a speck,
Of the totality which reigns all dreams, all forms.
It is merely a rippling of a distraction from your eternal nature,
The truth of which You are always, whatever the form.

**16**

It is real enough while you are dreaming it.
We will all be evaporating soon enough.

**17**

Dreamtime … dreammind … dreamjourney … dreampath …
Dreampast … dreamfuture … dreamnow … dreamfate …

* * * *

Imagination, in its capacity
To explore to the farthest reaches,
Itself becomes the creator of all limitation.

**18**

Imagine witnessing this garden world,
Before our two-legged shadow,
Came down from the trees.

**20**

Why venerate anything imagined?
Why not just be in the here and now,
Free of all imaginary constraints?

**21**

What You really are, has absolutely nothing to do,
With any memory, any thought, any idea, any concept,
Any movement of imaginary notion, whatsoever.

* * * *

The grand theater, and everything in it,
Is the dream of the mind-body.
You are the awareness,
The witness,
Which discerns all,
But is none of it, all the while.

* * * *

Atoms, molecules, particles, quanta,
All just names for that which can never be seen,
But are nonetheless the building blocks, the underpinnings,
The bedrock upon which all creation is founded,
The infinite nothingness,
Upon which the manifest is spun,
The stage upon which You witness your Self,
Playing every form across the dream of time and space.

**22**

The mortal body is the sanctuary, the temple, the portal, in which awareness immortally resides.
It is ever-changing, replete with every sort of irregularity, and fated to one day dissolve.
But for a relatively brief perception of time, always within the unending moment,
There is the opportunity for the temporal consciousness, the dream weaver,
To play out whatever capacity and limitation and inclination allow.

* * * *

This manifest universe,
Can be nothing more than a reverie,
Because its makeshift foundation is quantum sand.
All dreams are marinated in vanity.

**23**

Picture this immense cosmos an immeasurable matrix,
And all we organisms, from small to great, wandering about,
Breathing in and breathing out, consuming and being consumed.
Earth, air, water, fire – indivisibly intertwined throughout the heavens,
Creating-preserving-destroying, through all beginnings, through all endings.
A god-eat-god creation, which all are equally witnessing, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

What is, is far greater,
Than any veil of imagination,
Can ever more than begin to realize.

* * * *

Some want to spend their lives,
Preoccupied with loving or hating others.
What difference, really, in the ultimate dream of it all?
Perhaps that which is the quantum source, both angel and demon,
Merely seeks to play out every possible experience,
The menu of consciousness offers.
Who knows, really?
Any of us can only extrapolate,
The given dream, to one speculation or another.

**24**

There is no such thing as time; birth, life, death, are but a dream.
There is only awareness; the You, that has ever, yet never been.

* * * *

No need to make pompous tripe about the mystery.
The challenge is merely to see, to comprehend,
That it, is everyone and everything, including you
And then decide how to play out the pretense of free will,
For whatever dreamtime remains, in this inexplicable mortal sojourn.
Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

**25**

Abiding in thought, in the metaphors of persona,
In the imaginary pretense of little self, is a form of death.
To die to all the fabricated concepts, all the notions of this or that,
To live attentive to the very present, timeless awareness,
Is to immerse in the eternal life you truly are.

**27**

Realize it or not, you are a particle of the grand mystery,
Of that indivisible essence, which many call god.
Perhaps acting out some demonic role,
But a shard, nonetheless.
You have only to look within,
To discern the infinite awareness,
Prior to the dreaming of time and space,
From which all have, only in imagination, splintered.

* * * *

Every group, large or small,
Harbors in its own unique mythology.
All myths, all legends, all allegories, all narratives,
All parables, all fables, all tales, all sagas,
All stories, all yarns, all epics,
Are equally imagined.

* * * *

Sometimes you create.
Sometimes you preserve.
Sometimes you destroy.
Such is the dream of it.

**28**

Everything is a story.
There are no greater or lesser stories.
All are imagined in the movement of consciousness in time.
None abide in the eternal now.

**29**

We may all be one at the indivisible quantum level,
But we are all still bound by the limitations of the mortal dream.
Confined in a container whose primary directive is to play the monkey-mind.
Some may completely give themselves over to perpetual agape,
But for most, it is ever a moment-to-moment challenge,
To resist all the passions mortal cuisine offers.

* * * *

The universe is a touchy-feely mirage,
Inspired by the senses, wielded by imagination.
A momentary three-dimensional play.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

An impromptu theater … nothing more … nothing less … nothing but.
The unknown playing its mystery out, in any and every way,
The dreamtime of imagination sets into motion.

**30**

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy and content, not knowing,
It managed to argue, to struggle, to battle,
Over everything imaginable,
Forever more.

* * * *

Perhaps humankind will someday awaken when all its memes,
All its idolatries, all its imagined deities, have failed them one too many times.
But, then again, probably not, given that the monkey-mind genome,
Is so easily compromised, by every variety of delusion.

**31**

Another day of pretending, colluding, feigning,
This touchy-feely three-dimensional dreamtime real.
Another day of suiting up, in the sensory cloak of illusion.

* * * *

All you think has happened, never really happened.
Dreams are only dreams, no matter how real they seem.
What you truly are, is nothing mind can ever begin to know.

**32**

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, eons,
What are they but constructs of consciousness,
Ensnared in its own imaginary net.

* * * *

Neither forward nor backward, toward nor away,
Space-time is but a flickering of imagination,
Born of the eternal now, forever unknown.

* * * *

What does anyone fear but their own imagination?

* * * *

There is nothing, to which to worship or plead, really.
Here you are, the indivisible, trapped in a body, all alone,
Dreaming out the unfolding collusion of the human paradigm.
All religion is founded upon the ignorance of this fundamental fact.

* * * *

So many experiences, so much history, so much knowledge, so much blather.
Nothing more than the filter of imagination given daily reality,
Cloaking the ever-present now from its Self.

**33**

What are the imaginary dualities to You,
Who is the fundamental awareness in all things.
You, who is serene witness to all creation.
Known or unknown, done or undone,
Oblivion is your singular nature.

**35**

All differences are imagined.
Prior to consciousness,
It is all you,
One,
Eternally alone,
Free of all mortal constraints.

**36**

The tree of knowledge,
Is a cacophony of imagination,
Allowed every direction and meaning.
The indivisible totality, that which is, and is not,
Is indifferent to all that is, and is not.

**37**

Put behind you all the teachers and teachings in which time has played,
And discern the fundamental reality they reveal within you.
They are but ambiguous, imaginary ghosts;
You are the oneness abiding dreamtime's here now.

* * * *

What suffering to be attached to a dream,
No matter how real, how tangible it seems.

* * * *

It is ever and always the same awareness within.
Only the play of imagination cloaks it otherwise.

**38**

We must all play out the consequences of the given dreamtime.
Heaven or hell, same moment, just different qualities of mind.

**39**

Are you the dream, streaming?
Or the stream, dreaming?

* * * *

Why would not the source permeate every part and particle?
How small-minded to even for a moment imagine,
Anything could be anything but indivisible.

**40**

How long are we going to quarrel,
Over which dogma is true,
Which version of the mystery is real,
When the only thing that has ever really been argued,
Are the imaginary notions born of one geographical assumption or another.

* * * *

The awareness at the source of all manifestation will ever wander along,
With whatever dream consciousness wishes to play out.
Creation, preservation, destruction,
You choose.

* * * *

The ultimate reality is, that each and every one of us,
Has the opportunity to discern the mystery we all equally are.
But the conditioning, the mindsets, the traditions, the dogmas, the memes,
The identification of consciousness with the mind, the heart, the body, the world, the universe,
Have humankind locked in a stranglehold, entirely of its own imaginary creation.
We are on a sure and unwavering course toward self-destruction,
An unfolding well beyond the point of no return.
What will come of it, is the pulp of dystopian fiction.

**41**

Everything manifest,
And the time through which it wafts,
Is the complete and utter construction of imagination.
For in the nowness, there is only eternity,
And the witness abiding all.

**42**

My story, your story, his story, her story, our story, the story.
All simultaneous; all absolutely, indivisibly, eternally imagined.

**43**

The journey of awakening to the indivisible seems an individual struggle,
An awareness of the vast totality to which the human species,
May or may not be capable of collectively partaking,
Before the temporal dream of consciousness,
Reaches its inevitable conclusion.
Oh well and so it goes.
Never really mattered anyway.

* * * *

As many grooves, deep or shallow,
That one may have etched upon life's soundtrack,
It is still nothing more than a brief collection of vague memories.
That is truly all it is, has ever been, will ever be.
In the dreamtime of any given universe.
Wishing vanity to count for more,
Will never ever make it so.

* * * *

What is human history but ceaseless struggle,
Over whose imagination should reign the moment.
Who was the very first to come up with the fanciful notion,
That we two-leggeds might someday, somehow, all come together,
Into one big happily-dancing-Age-of-Aquarius family?
Out-and-out balderdash, to be sure.

**44**

How much attention can be focused on any given dream?
The senses furnish an all-but-infinite, ever-streaming, lightshow of a universe,
And from that, even the sharpest of minds, can only briefly harbor,
The vaguest perception, of a very finite existence.

* * * *

Most partake fully the agonies and ecstasies of consciousness,
But only the rare scrutinize its nature closely enough,
To discern its source far more interesting.

* * * *

The perceptions of any given moment,
Are quickly recorded into subjective memories,
Wherein time is contrived and projected,
Into what dreams may come.
This we call living.

* * * *

Existence is a smoky reverie,
Really nothing more than consciousness,
And the ever-churning elements,
Colluding themselves real.

* * * *

History, a bottomless grab bag,
In the vast immensity of imagination.
Nothing more than whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of mettle,
To doubt to the essential core of awareness.
Immortal fare is not for the meek who will inherit the earth,
And the dreaming it every moment inspires.

* * * *

Existence as it is known, is nothing more than a foggy swirl of perceptions.
Eternal life is timeless awareness, free of memory, free of known.
It is the end of passion's craving for any form or concept.

**45**

There is tabula rasa, an uncarved block, an unrippled soul, within,
But the imaginary, make-believe you, formed of consciousness,
Must become very still, very quiet, for its awareness to reign.

* * * *

Another story.
Stories, stories, stories.
All filled with the same this, the same that.
And what have we really created in our dreamtime ascendancy,
But unprecedented vanity and pathos.

**46**

The universe is an absorbing dream.
Leave no stone that interests you unturned,
Until the novelty of turning of stones loses its sheen,
And you are at last content to merely be, whatever the weather.

**47**

How you engage in your dream,
Is truly your own affair, and always has been.
What any other may think about it,
Is only as important,
As the weight you give it.

* * * *

To fathom complete and utter freedom,
One must be very at rest in the momentary awareness.
Eternal life is not for those still seduced by the dream of manifest time.

**48**

No collusion ever imagined by any group has ever possessed the truth.
All mythologies are but metaphors of every complexity,
Woven into every guise, every shape.

* * * *

Everything you think you are,
Everything you think the world is,
Is all completely imagined.
Everything.

**49**

You could do this,
Or … you could do that.
Or that or this … or this or that.
Or you could just stay at home all alone,
And do absolutely nothing-nada-nichts-ikke noget.
It is your fate your dream, to play out,
However you will.

* * * *

You only imagine you exist.
You only imagine you are that mind-body.
You only imagine you are of this world, of this universe.
Is anything born of imagination ever more,
Than a quickly passing dream?

* * * *

Noise, noise, noise, endless noise.
Empty vessels blaring, spewing cacophony,
Echoes of consciousness playing out such paltry dreams.

* * * *

Zen-ish riddlers abound in every moment,
Every corner of this temporal, worldly dreamtime.
For ignorance to awaken to their paradoxical irony, however,
Is too unlikely, to even bother imagining for more than a pittance of time.

**50**

The one thing of which You can be very certain, across all time, across all space.
Is that You are not at all separate from anything, in any way, at any moment.
How do You discern this? Because You are the dreamer dreaming it all.
You are the seamless, singular awareness, the one and only reality.

**51**

The atheist is as misguided as any believer.
All assertions are but the self-deceptions of imagination.
Agnostic |agˈnästik| noun: a person who believes that nothing is known,
Or can be known, of the existence or nature of God,
Or of anything beyond material phenomena;
A person who claims neither faith,
Nor disbelief in God.

* * * *

You are awareness.
The rest is imagination.
Life is surfing within a dream,
Until the wave crashes.

* * * *

All anyone really knows, is what they, or somebody else, thought up.
All things fashioned of consciousness are nothing more,
Than the effervescence of imagination,
In the stardust of mind.

**53**

A very ubiquitous, mysterious reality,
In which every life plays out a little dream,
On a maze of stage that meanders this way and that,
Until in the death of breath, do they part.

* * * *

Oblivion is the end to all lies, all fabrications, all self-deceptions.
It is the vital source, the essence prior to all becoming.
It is the experiencing prior to all experience,
The intangible prior to all that is tangible,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
The actuality prior to all that is imagined,
The substantial prior to all that is insubstantial,
That which is prior to all context, prior to all manifest dreams.

**54**

The big lesson humankind is still hard-pressed to learn, hard-pressed to even begin to grasp,
Is that absolutely everything is connected at every level across the board.
Each and every particle working, playing, dancing together,
Every simultaneous, unrehearsed moment,
To create this grand dream.
That so many take it all for granted,
And deceive themselves and others in so many ways,
That we have become so absurdly disjointed, is folly beyond the pale.

* * * *

How many instances have you given heart and mind and spirit,
To one thing or another, only to watch it all go badly?
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is really only a mysterious dream.
Some get a pleasant reverie;
Others a dark nightmare.
Discern the greatest context,
And be content, be at peace, be in grace,
That it was your mystery-given destiny, to play it so.

* * * *

From the quietude of boundless slumber, awareness awakens,
And gazing into the pool of memories, stokes the dream into another day.
Dust to dust, a few breaths, a few thoughts, between.
Let the vanity have its way.

**55**

You are, in this aphoristic collection,
As well as in countless other handiworks,
Across this dreamy theater of time and space,
Made aware of your essential, indivisible nature.
Gifts, from its truest, most earnest witnesses.

**56**

All dogmas discuss, debate, battle, over imagined facets of the same origin.
Different metaphors, different archetypes, different interpretations,
Different sounds, different principles, different speculations.
Different this … different that … different whatever.
All struggling over the same eternal source,
The same inexplicable fountainhead,
Over and over and over again.

* * * *

There is only one awareness,
There is only one consciousness,
Splintered into an endless array of forms,
Playing out every prospect imagination deigns.
A capricious ocean of surging tides and crashing waves,
But an ocean, nonetheless.

* * * *

‘Supreme Being’ is being, in the most,
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, individual deity,
Than it is the austerity of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Agape is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

**57**

That which we call God, is the quantum essence which is never born, and can never die.
But if there were a personalized supreme divinity, that so many have imagined,
He, she, it – or whatever – would more than likely be bored to tears,
Having to daily endure the ceaselessly predictable inanities,
Of our two-legged, thumb-wagging, tool-making, monkey-mind kind,
And the ongoing devastation, of what is very likely one of eternity's greatest creations.

**58**

All concepts are merely concepts, no matter how noble or corrupt.
They morph, they dissipate, they are all nothing more,
Than brief, transitory, imaginary whims.

* * * *

It is suffering that compels us to scrutinize our universes more closely.
We were all immortal before the manifest dream inspired us to doubt otherwise.
What a master teacher, pain, in all its ever-changing ways and means,
For as long as its lessons can be endured, and survived.

**60**

Ultimately, there is no evil, there is no sin, there is no dark side.
There is only corrupted, twisted, perverted consciousness.
There is only the veiling, the muddying of awareness.
There is only ignorance and delusion and duality.
Evil does not truly exist in any way or shape or form,
But through the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of imagination.

* * * *

What is within? A formless sea.
What is without? A formless sea.
The mortal container is but a dream,
Born of the sensory mind.
There is no other.
The formless,
Is source to all.

* * * *

All vanity is absolutely insignificant to that which is prior to time.
The entire quantum universe is but an immeasurable, timeless ocean,
In which all manifest forms appear and disappear in the smelter of what is.
You are simply one witness, playing out a mortal reverie, for but a brief while.

**61**

Imagination is the time machine.
Travel where you will, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed,
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

**62**

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

"Let us play a game of irony and paradox," suggested one quantum.
"With every agony and ecstasy imaginable," added another.
"And a slathering of absurdity," suggested a third.
"But why bother?" moaned a fourth.
"Why not?" said yet another.
"Indeed," agreed all the others.

* * * *

There is nothing more than this ephemeral now
That can be more than witnessed as a fleeting dream.
Consciousness may play out every distraction imaginable,
But it will never be anything more than the wind of its own design.

**64**

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit, or just not caring.

* * * *

Sometimes the absurdity makes you laugh out loud,
And in other moments, you are so serious and sorrowful,
That you wail and curse to the vast quagmire of imagination.

* * * *

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All contrivances fashioned of imagination's perpetual collection of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free, as the moment before you were conceived.

**65**

Truth is that which is prior to consciousness,
Prior to all the metaphors that create as many universes,
As there are seeds to sow their dreamy reality.

* * * *

All consciousness is of arbitrary design.
The only absolute is the eternal awareness,
Prior to all dreams born of a sensory nature.

**66**

What a thing to spend an existence,
Locked in dogmas and idolatries;
Bound up in traditions, superstitions;
In fear of some god or gods or demons;
Concerned about heavens or hells or karma.
Why allow imagination to have such free reign?
Why give your Self over to such senseless absurdity?

**67**

It really does not matter, one speck, one smidgen, one iota,
What anybody thinks or believes about anything.
You have always been nothing more,
Than the awareness of the eternal present,
Never the dream born of the mind bound in time.

**68**

Not everyone wants to play this silly little human game.
They are often called homeless, but some are more at home than most,
Accepting what is offered, witnessing what there is to witness, wandering as time allows,
Breathing in, breathing out, content to merely abide the dream.

* * * *

This fleeting, ever-changing dream of time,
Is just another space between the lines,
In history books yet to be written.

* * * *

You only imagine yourself an actual entity.
You were not, you are not, you need not care.

**69**

The identity, the "me, myself, and I,"
Is a concoction, a complete and utter fabrication,
Of imagination's attachment to the mind-body, its sensory play,
And its incessant penchant for every sort of delusion.

**70**

Without skin, what could you feel?
Without eyes, what could you see?
Without ears, what could you hear?
Without nose, what could you smell?
Without tongue, what could you taste?
Without all functioning simultaneously,
How could your dreamtime universe be?

**71**

If this orb was considered a small lifeboat upon an infinite sea,
The prophets, the mystics, the seers, are those who dive over the side,
Explore the unseen depths, and climb back aboard to share their discoveries,
With those clinging passionately to the vain, illusory safety of their berth.
Many, perhaps most, will very quickly turn away and refuse to listen.
Some will quarrel, scoff, or curse, praising imaginary clay gods.
Some will avidly listen, and then label themselves followers.
Some will timidly test the unknown and find it too cold,
Or, worse yet, misguidedly think they, too, have it.
Some, seeing what needs be done, will dive in,
Perhaps to one day also return awakened,
Emptied by the realization of the indivisible.

* * * *

The quantum matrix can indeed be in far more than two dimensions in any given moment.
In fact, it is capable of generating an incalculable number of permutations,
Of anything and everything, wherever consciousness abides.
Far more grand than any deity imaginable.

**72**

There is really no you but in the field of imagination.
Any given moment is absolutely indifferent,
To the dream of consciousness,
Streaming through it.

**74**

Who or what is anyone or anything but You,
Disguised in the wrappings of the streaming senses.
What duplicity You have over and over played with your Self,
Across the countless dreamscapes, of no one knows how many creations.

**75**

It is indeed more than a little curious, how so many,
So-called religious collectives all across this dreamtime world,
Truly believe their fabricated god favors only them.
As if any supreme being would really care,
Who wins a meaningless game.

**76**

What siren-like enticement it is, to believe memories,
Any more than dead things, when the only thing that is,
Is this very ungraspable moment of still, timeless awareness.
The actuality is that you are not, you were not, you will never be.
You need not care about the dreamtime in which quantum mind dwells.

* * * *

Sooner or later the given existence will reach its termination, as all dreams do.
May as well dance as best you can, for as long as the cadaver is able.
What any of us may endure as we head into our endgame,
Is a choiceless reckoning that all must face alone.
To cast off before your time may or may not be an option,
Depending on disposition, opportunity, or sense of obligation to others.
Not easy to let go of existence, when you have spent so much of it struggling to survive.
Yet, what point is there in allowing this three-dimensional dreamtime to meander into some nightmare?
What obligation does anyone have to live out a reverie, for which they did not volunteer?

**77**

Simply put, you are the indefinable, unfathomable, indivisible source;
Playing out the temporal reverie of one form or another.
Born into an ever-changing creation,
You move this way or that;
Nothing more than a dream of consciousness,
A streaming of imagination's potential, inspired by the given senses.

* * * *

Is a drop its attributes, or is a drop merely a drop?
Is an ocean its attributes, or is an ocean merely an ocean?
What are any distinctions, to whatever scale,
But imaginary fabrications?

* * * *

The capacities and limitations of any given form,
Interweave with other given capacities and limitations,
Into an immeasurable, synergistic, ever-streaming dreaming.
So beyond imagination, as to be utterly, ineffably incomprehensible.

**78**

The universe is but a dance of imagination.
You are the singularity, the witness that never sleeps;
Unborn, untainted by creation or destruction,
Or the ever-changing dream between.

* * * *

You are the body; you are not the body.
You are the world; you are not the world.
You are the universe; you are not the universe.
You are the dream; you are not the dream.
You are everything; you are nothing.
Change is the way of all things.
Irony and paradox rule.

* * * *

An ever-changing quantum mirage of time and space,
Within a mind, within a form, within a world, within a universe,
A kaleidoscoping touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream,
In which you are every moment in, but never of.

* * * *

Eternal life is simply living in the awareness of the ever-streaming moment;
Oblivious to the space and time in which the manifest mind abides.
The state of being when the allure of the many attributes,
The countless fabrications of imagined identity,
Lose all meaning, all purpose, all concern.
When the magnitude of the singular present is all.

**79**

Since all creation's unknowable beginning,
The clock of eternity has ticked away across the cosmos.
Every part and particle of every passing moment has been necessary
For the temporal dream of consciousness to reach this indivisible twinkling in time,
That which is both within and without the only You that has ever been.

* * * *

Stars shine, sun blazes, moon reflects, earth blooms, life comes, life goes.
Purpose, meaning, belief, hope, are but imaginary concoctions.
Cling to them as you will, but know that any existence,
No matter how long, is for but a moment.

**80**

Where is the center of the universe, if not You?
At least in your imaginary translation, anyway.

**81**

Residing within each and every living thing, from the smallest to the greatest,
Is the same quantum upwelling, the same quantum intelligence.
To imagine otherwise, is but egocentric ignorance.
To respect all, is the highest order.

* * * *

Imagine knowing what every other,
You have ever encountered, really thought of you.
What a mad helter-skelter of everything-under-the-sun perception,
That angel-to-demon vision would more than likely be.

**82**

The universe created by the senses,
Will draw you again and again into the grand illusion.
For the unsteady mind still mesmerized by the pitter-patter of time and space,
The waking-sleeping-waking of it, is ever a Sisyphean challenge.
It requires great discipline to weather the dream,
And be the momentary awareness,
Prior to consciousness.

**83**

How bizarre it all is to be lobbed into an existence,
In which every sort of heaven and hell is played out within and without.
An ethereal, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, quantum-matrix of a dream, until death do you part.

**84**

It is through the play of consciousness that the mystery,
Witnesses your translation of manifest dreamtime.
The many mythological stories explaining creation,
Are simply tales attempting to explain the inexplicable.
How unfortunate so few are interested, much less capable,
Of perceiving beyond the attachment to one identity or another.
What an eternal garden this world might be if idealism was set aside,
And wisdom and insight, gained sway, in this theater of human invention.

* * * *

Newborns across the world,
Are cast into a swirl of concepts,
To which they must subscribe or perish.
In one fashion or another, the choiceless nature,
Is carved by the many choices, each and every one of us has,
Throughout the dream of time, been called to make.

**85**

Discerning the indivisible, You realize,
That all manifest forms are of the same reckoning.
All are founded upon knowledge, all are shaped by concepts.
All are but appearances fashioned by the kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And You, your Self, in each and every passing moment, are imagining it all real and true;
This temporal window of eternity, into which You have been involuntarily cast.

86

Have you ever really existed as more than a figment of imagination?
Are you really anything more than a fleeting ghost of future past?
And what is history but a rolodex of memories soon forgotten.

* * * *

In a room filled with adults of all ages,
Imagine them as the children they once were.
And on a playground strewn with children,
Imagine the adults they will someday be.

* * * *

Instinct has never been a match,
For the will born of imagination.

**87**

Live for what neighbors think.
Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.
Tithe that which priesthoods ever demand.
Quibble over what was never anyone's to possess.
Purchase and consume until day is done, into night begun.
Fight ceaseless squabbles, the wealthy require the have-nots support.
Fulfill every obligation the given mind-body's mythological concoction requires.
How wonderful, how glorious, how exultant, the absurd dreams,
Human kind, with incomprehensible conviction,
Has choicelessly chosen to play out.

* * * *

It is not some imagined god or great fiend,
Who can be impugned for the hells of human concoction.
It is self-absorption that is the driving force of the entire human condition.
It is vanity and greed that has manifested the untold horrors,
We have all together in imagination contrived.

**88**

Do not be overly concerned that You are,
Less and less inclined to what the dream offers.
The traces of obligation are perhaps the last attachment.
It is akin to a child heading home, glancing back at the sandbox,
No longer needing, no longer wanting, the sundry lessons it has imparted.

* * * *

Personality is reaction to the sensory play.
It is the response of the mind-body to its environment.
The disharmony of duality dissolves as concern for mortality dissolves.
Attention shifts from the travails of imagination, to the awareness prior to consciousness.
From desire, fear, anger, sorrow, separation in any of it many forms,
To the indivisible serenity of the eternal witness.

**89**

You are not the body; You have never been the body.
And, no matter how you may wish it, You will never be the body.
It is but an illusory, temporal invention of consciousness,
To play out its unutterable time-bound theater.
A quantum dream, nothing more.

* * * *

Identity is born of the patterning of nature and nurture.
What you truly are is prior to all patterns, all designs,
All infatuations invented by any play of imagination.

* * * *

Do with your given time whatever consciousness deigns.
It does not really matter how one's life is spent,
For it is naught but a temporary dream,
No matter how real it at any given moment seems.

**92**

Dreaming wherever you are,
You are witness to your universe,
The masks and costumes ever-changing,
But the clayness ever the same.

* * * *

Arduous, indeed, straddling the fence,
Between dreamtime and eternity,
Between mortality and immortality,
Between consciousness and nothingness.

**93**

So, you win your little revolution, what will you really do differently?
Your mindset remains untouched; the vanities of power, wealth, fame, still rule.
Personas come and go, political correctness modifies, ever-changing cultures rise and fall,
But the central mindset remains unaltered; patterns evolved long ago still reign.
The only significant paradigm shift, the only profound revolution,
Would be in the dreamtime of consciousness itself.
And, ultimately, ironically, paradoxically, poignantly,
Even that would be no more than a temporal phenomenon.

* * * *

As challenging as it well is,
Try to remember what you truly are,
As often as your dreamy center stage role allows.

**94**

Life comes, life goes, ever-present like the wind, gone just as quickly.
What is it but an ephemeral reverie in the hourglass of time.
The sand falling sure and steady to the last grain.
The curtain falling when the show is done.
I am the Truth, the Life, the Way,
And so are you, and so is everyone else,
And so is everything else, and so is nothing else.
We are all the same essence, dreaming the theater of time.
How can there be an exit to a stage, that has no beginning, no end.
Even in that which is deathless, You are ever here now in formless disguise.

* * * *

You quest that which you already are.
You desire that which you already own.
You discern that which is ever unknown.
You are you own worst imaginary enemy,
You are your own best imaginary friend,
Wonderfully, terribly, forever alone.

* * * *

You have always been your own truth, your own law,
Whether of your own design or adopted of another's mind.
Your dream has only ever meant whatever you imagine it means.

**95**

We are all the same indivisible, seamless, quantum matrix.
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying it all together.
The source, the wellspring, and all the countless dreamers, are one in the same.

* * * *

Every assumption of dogma,
Every form of idolatry,
Every concoction of superstition,
Have their roots in the quicksand of imagination.

* * * *

Of course, the deity that is imagined does not exist.
How could that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent,
That which is infinitely, timelessly, indivisibly perfect,
Ever partake anything, as more than witness?

**97**

How free any given newborn.
Pure awareness, untouched, untrammeled,
By all the past events or future concerns, all the burdens,
All the baggage they will one day inevitably carry in dreamtime's passing.

* * * *

Nothing dreaming everything.

**98**

What does everyone do every morning they awaken,
But re-fabricate their imaginary narrative,
Suit up in the appropriate costume,
And walk out into their day.

* * * *

From the beginning of time's invention,
Deities have been concocted in every geography,
To moderate the mind's dread of its inherent emptiness.
Humankind has distracted itself with every imaginable diversion,
And still the abyss of oblivion yawns forever eternal.

**99**

You are only bound by mortal limitations,
While there is identification with the given mind-body.
Awareness is without imaginary attributes.

* * * *

Complete and utter stillness,
Is the serenity in which all things small to great,
Play out their personal dreams in an infinite, indivisible, holographic matrix.
A universe in which creator and creation are one in the same.

**100**

You were among a modest, wise people,
Who clearly imparted that You were the mystery.
That You were the epicenter of your individual universe.
A guardian of this garden, and that the entire universe about You,
Was filled with teachers, each valued for their gift, whatever it might be.
And that You were also one of their teachers, likewise valued, likewise ordained.
Imagine that You were brought up with the certainty, that each and every fellow life form,
From the very smallest to the very largest, are all kin in the highest sense,
And that You are a solitary witness to the eternal song of mystery,
Never to doubt, even once, that You are truly of the One.

* * * *

You are that which is brick and mortar, to all spaces, to all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, to every dream.
That which is awake, even during the deepest sleep.
That which is asleep, in even the most alert vigil.
That which is the tiniest, infinitesimal point.
That which is the most infinite expanse.
That which none can either claim to be,
Nor feign, except in delusion, not to be.
That which is, ever was, and will ever be.
That which is not, never was, and will never be.
The quantum matrix, prior to all imaginings born of mind.
The eternal nature, prior to all attributes formed of consciousness.
Indivisible, unblemished, singular, supreme, sovereign, absolute, without peer.

**101**

Prior to imagination … awareness … motionless, absolute, unconfined.

**102**

Every moment a new dreaming.
You are the awareness.
Stream on.

* * * *

Discern you are physician,
And then heal thy dreamtime Self,
Mend the myriad into one.

**103**

What makes anyone really believe some deity born of their imagination,
Truly wants this inane monkey-mind absurdity to continue?
A bad joke, a cruel hoax, a meaningless dream,
For which the only outcome is the ache of separation.

* * * *

Perception, sometimes vague and obtuse, sometimes clear and acute.
Yet always just perception; imagination playing its predictable game.

**105**

Do you really believe the confines of your, puny, proud, sluggish imagination;
All the restrictive, dogmatic assertions, to which you absurdly lay claim;
Is as far as your perception of God, would, should, could, ever go?

* * * *

Birth and death cycle about throughout your existence.
And You, playing out your meager little part,
Witness to every sensory moment,
Of the dreamtime it is.

**106**

What is the deity anyone imagines,
But a projection of their own absurd vanity.
What is there to save when zero-sum is ground to all.

**107**

Nothing You have ever imagined, are ever imagining, or will ever imagine, is ultimately real, except You.

* * * *

What can you possibly know,
Beyond the confines of imagination?
All beliefs, all speculations, are meaningless.

**108**

If you must have a religion,
What better than tranquil wanders in nature;
The most heavenly ever-present church creation could offer.
Misspent as it is, what remains, is still the one and only Gaia You will ever imagine.
And what attachment can You really have to this temporal garden creation?
All it is, all it has been, all it will be, is but an ephemeral dreamscape,
In the vast cosmic dust storm in which You are all and none.

* * * *

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

**109**

Another slice of the dream in the wake.

**111**

You are in a universe, in a world, in a form,
In a time, in a mind, in a dream,
But never of it.

**112**

In a win-lose world,
The dream evenly backs,
All the winners, all the losers,
In the zero-sum game that it really is.

**114**

Despite all the countless flurries of imagination,
Playing out in every nook, every cranny of consciousness,
There is really nowhere to be, nowhere to go,
But right here, right now.

* * * *

You never know what the Fates have in store.
Best be ready for anything dreamtime allows.

* * * *

An absolute wellspring of irony, of paradox, of doubt, of absurdity;
Is what You must be, to wantonly, to brazenly, to fearlessly, to recklessly,
Peer prior to the sensory mind, behind the imaginary veil, of this vaporous Oz.

**115**

Come and gone in the momentary twinkle of every eye,
A universe simultaneously created and destroyed,
In the fleeting dreamtime of imagination.

**116**

The immediacy of the ever-present now is just too impossible,
For most minds born of time and space to comprehend,
So they steadfastly adhere to whatever existence,
They are fated by dreamtime to perceive.

* * * *

It is not in time and space through which you have always believed you wander,
But in the dream of time and space inspired by imagination's sensory hologram.

**117**

Heavens and hells are all merely,
Fabricated whims of imagination.

* * * *

Why did humankind evolve the way we have?
Perhaps it was just a Darwinian survival mechanism of consciousness,
As memory, imagination, and language fabricated time,
And then gradually colluded into it.

**118**

Sometimes you are you, and other times you are You.
And at the end of imagination's temporal reign,
It will not matter even one iota what you were or when.
It is a quantum dream, no matter the cards, or how they are played.

**119**

Half the world are "innies," half are "outies,"
And with them, we do everything imaginable.

**120**

What is this sometimes almost desperate need to be known;
To be recognized, approved, applauded by others?
Being more than what You have always been,
Is just not possible, nor at all necessary.
It is only imagination's projection,
Dreaming out yet another sensory day.

* * * *

Everything consumable will be consumed,
And when what is left is all but gone,
And our kind runs hard aground,
In what will dreamtime's future abide?

* * * *

Look at ancient ruins across the world, and imagine in just a few thousand years,
The more-than-likely state of decay and mayhem of all the nuclear reactors and waste sites,
We have so mindlessly, foolishly, absurdly slapped across the face of time to come.

**121**

Why be bound by any geographical collusion?
Why be bound by any human concoction?
Why be bound by anything imagined?

* * * *

So simple as to be practically nothing.
Cotton candy sweetly wafting in a dream.

* * * *

DNA suffers no ethical dilemmas, no moral quagmires.
Its only mindless concern is its genetic survival and continuity.
In that quest, no course of action endures any reflection, whatsoever.
"The end justifies any means" is its only true law, its only abiding directive.
Anyone living is only here now, because of every possible permutation imaginable,
Since the mystery of existence came into being, in the puddle of some long ago.

**122**

Other than one contrived, arbitrary, vain notion or another,
How can there be any separation, between creator and creation?
You are it, and it is You, in each and every form imaginable,
And everything formless, through which all are bent.

**124**

Imagination on its daily sensory tour.

* * * *

Where is any knowledge anchored but the filament of imagination?

**125**

Vain notions founded on the quicksand of imagination,
Should never be confused with the truth of their origin.

**126**

Like groups with like; only differences apart.
Instinctual or imagined, it is the nature of all small to great,
Born of this garden world, this theater, this mysterious dream of time and space,
In which enigmas of every variety, rise and fall,
In ephemeral grace.

**127**

In the small, micro view, You are the center of a universe,
Created by the manifest sensory dreamtime, inspired by the body and mind.
But in the larger macro vision of all that is and all that is not,
You are but one, in a vast singularity of points.

**128**

Stories within stories within stories,
Woven seamlessly, effortlessly, timelessly,
In imagination's onetime production.

* * * *

The so-called world, the so-called universe, the so-called every day,
Is nothing more than a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream,
In which You may either wake up, or slumber throughout.

**129**

Truth is not something that can be attained,
In any imaginable way or shape or form.
It is merely source to the ever-fleeting,
Ever-mysterious, ever-indivisible moment.

**130**

Just a-spacin' away; a-streamin' with the dreamin'.

**131**

The only thing permanent and everlasting,
About this ever-changing manifest dream of consciousness,
Is the indivisible quantum essence, that permeates its each and every strand.

**132**

In its all but ceaseless, time-bound pursuit of security,
Imagination sows the seeds for every dread imaginable.

**133**

Individuality is a delusion, fabricated by consciousness, locked within a sensory dream.
Across the infinity of all dimensions, all creation shares the same Soul.
All are but shards of the indivisibly unfathomable.

**134**

The sensory reverie draws the infant,
From the benign womb of beingness,
To a universe of incessant becoming.
Eternity is given over to imagination.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, expands in consciousness,
Until you at long last, realize fully, that it never really existed,
As anything more than an indivisible, ephemeral dream,
To which eternal awareness, is sovereign witness.

* * * *

This timeless, very present moment,
Is all that is, all that has ever been, all that will ever be,
Since long before imagination first began, to well after it last comes undone.

**135**

Stop believing you are this manifest sensory body, and all that is imagined,
And where else is there to go, what else is there to do,
What else is there to be,
But what you are, have ever been, will ever be.

**136**

It is all surface sheen to the underlying formless,
An opportunity to peek from behind the veil,
For brief moments dreamed in time.

**137**

A waking dream,
Nothing more,
Nothing less,
Nothing but.

**138**

What that tattoo, piercing, or implant,
Is going to look like in twenty or so years,
Is not a very pretty thought to those,
Not lacking vivid imaginations.

* * * *

The expanses of imagination,
Are but the ephemeral filament,
Of the thunder perfect mind.

* * * *

What is consciousness,
But the dynamic of imagination,
Playing itself out in the ground of eternity.

* * * *

There is really no mine, no yours, no theirs.
There is only consciousness, pure and simple,
Playing out every character imagination inspires.

**139**

The sands of time are but the ever-shifting dunes of imagination.

* * * *

What is cause, what is effect, in the holography of if it all?

* * * *

The passions are but passing waves of imagination.

* * * *

What a vain, frail dream.

**140**

There is really only this ephemeral nowness,
Envisioned in the mind via the senses,
Filtered into your version of an imagined universe,
The mirage through which you daily wander your dream of time.

**142**

That so many maltreat others, in so many cruel ways, is beyond all reckoning.
Some abide the barbarity through stoic cynicism and ironic repartee,
And others through compassionate, selfless, heartfelt service.
The human dreamscape finds time and place for all.

* * * *

It is all just imagination's attachment to this or that.
A sensory dream in the matrix of eternity.
You are untainted awareness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Just putting in your time in whatever way the dream calls.

**143**

In just one ephemeral moment, death rubs out an entire existence,
All its imaginary perceptions, completely undone for all of eternity.
And all your power, all your renown, all your fortune, all your beliefs,
Cannot even one moment more – command, influence, acquire, or hope.

**144**

In the lifelong inquiry into the one and only truth, the one and only reality,
Why on earth, vainly adhere to any particular school of thought,
When an entire universe is your dreamtime teacher.

* * * *

Memory is but the wake of imagination.

* * * *

All, in a dream.

* * * *

It is whatever you think it is.
It is not anything you think it is.
All just pretend, all just make-believe,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Nothing, even a moment ago, ever happened.
Everything is devised of time-bound imagination.
You were not, you are not, you need not care.

* * * *

So much of everything within any given cosmos.
Nothing new, nothing old, everything the same, nothing the same.
On and on, the unknowable conundrum churns, ever creating, preserving, destroying.
The timeless in every mind's eye, witness to a kaleidoscoping sensory mirage.
The awareness has awakened in so many dreams, in so many universes,
In so many paroxysms, in so many reflections of consciousness.
To the eternal, in which all small to great equally abide.
You are it, it is You, there is ultimately no other.

**145**

The past becomes longer, deeper, fuller,
And the unfolding future ever more expansive.
That is, if You continue bothering to imagine it all real.
It takes a good deal of effortlessness to be right here, right now.

**146**

There are dilemmas enough in this dream world,
Without the upsurge of make-believe molehills.

* * * *

We are all wee little figments,
Of your idiosyncratic imagination,
And You in ours, and ours in each other's.
Consciousness is but an ever-flowing dreamtime.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**147**

When has nature ever been anything, but that which is called God?
How else would Self manifest, without one dream of time or another?

**148**

How much pain will you endure, to maintain your little dream?

* * * *

Imagination, in all its vanities, can be a cruel taskmaster in this grand hoax.

**149**

This ever-streaming moment, is all You truly are, have ever been, or will ever be.
How can any thought, any experience, any passion, any notion, whatsoever,
Cleave to that which is flawlessly perfect prior to all that is imagined?

* * * *

All pronouns are but the narrowing assumptions of imagination.

**150**

It has always been the same eternity, through which all dreams have streamed.

* * * *

Forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything, even your Self.

* * * *

Quantum body, quantum mind, quantum soul, quantum dream.

* * * *

The figment of imagination is within all.

* * * *

In the dream, but not of it.

**151**

The first step in any religion, is fabricating a supreme being,
And the second, is dwelling in fear of its imaginary shadow.

* * * *

Reality is ceaseless and carefree, indivisible and inexplicable.
Only imagination ebbs and flows, starts and stops.
In reality, you are the You that You are,
Not the you that you imagine.
The soul of mystery exists, not in time,
But in the timeless nowness of eternal beingness.
To achieve full potential as human being, be a human … being.

**152**

What are we but portions of quanta, playing out a three-dimensional theater,
Immortal at the essential level, yet mortal in whatever form played.
Birth, death, and the life between, are but an illusory dream.
In the ultimate eternal reality, prior to all creation,
There is no existence, there is no other, there is only You.

* * * *

The awareness is the ever-present witness.
The observer and the observed are indivisibly one.
It is only in imagination that dualistic notion finds lodging.
Consciousness, no matter how profound or creative,
Can never be anything more than imaginary.

* * * *

We are all of the same mystery, the same awareness,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream,
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

**153**

Abide and endure, perhaps even enjoy, the pride and prejudice of it all.
An inconstant dream of inconsequential heights and depths.
The challenge is not getting too attached to it.

* * * *

The mind, collection of vague perceptions that it is,
Is no more than what has come and gone,
Even when imagining the future.

* * * *

What need for anything,
When everything blows to and fro,
From here to there, there to here, and back again,
In the ever-changing, vagrant dreaming,
Of the ever-unfolding now.

* * * *

The pretense of all identity is entirely imagined,
A collective collusion passed on to every generation.
The blind leading the blind to a synergistic conclusion.

**155**

It is only in human consciousness,
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
In whatever way you might observe this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream,
Whether physics or chemistry or biology, everything is connected,
Without any separation, any otherness, whatsoever.

* * * *

Without the patterning, without the movement of imagination,
Without all the assumptions and assertions,
What are you, really?

* * * *

To be born is to stream a so-called life,
A so-called fate, a so-called death,
A dream, unborn all the while.

**156**

What conclusion can there ever possibly be,
To a mystery capable of dreaming,
Without beginning or end?

**157**

What an amazing dream,
All that food and drink,
Has this moment created.
Even an ocean of absurdity,
Cannot undo the mystery of it all.

**158**

The infinite ocean of totality, is in no way, no shape, no form,
Interested or concerned or involved, with any illusory fabrication of consciousness.
It is solitary witness, within and without, all phenomena small to great,
But untouched by any dream bound to space and time.

* * * *

Every day you wake up and wander out into the dreamscape,
And pretend along with everyone else,
Knowing all the while,
That none of it is, was, or will ever be, real.

* * * *

Is what we call growing up,
Really any more,
Than firing up the imagination,
Into one nature-nurture caricature or another?

**159**

So many vast divides in the countless nuances,
Of the imaginary nature of consciousness.

* * * *

All gods, all religions, all dogma,
Are nothing more than vain projections,
Of the mortal mind born of time.

* * * *

All imperfection is born of imagination.

* * * *

A golden age of plunder and narcissistic decadence,
A ceaseless smorgasbord of the same old seven deadly sins,
– Wrath and greed and sloth and pride and lust and envy and gluttony –
Played out over and over, in every way imagination allows.

**160**

All moments in this inexplicable theater, are instantaneously come and gone.
Why waste the here and now pondering things already over and done;
All of them no more than the filament of imaginary perception.
Or feel unhinging trepidation, over unknowable futures,
That must manifest, before they can be faced.

* * * *

So many languages in this dream world.
What a mind it would take, to comprehend them all.
An intellectual reverie, well beyond the capability and pay grade,
Of anyone bound by the frailties of mortal capacity.

**161**

Many are muddled by thoughts such as these,
Because they are questing guarantees of consolation and security,
In a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream world,
That can never offer any such thing.

* * * *

Imagination is, within the vastness of awareness,
Both least and greatest common denominator.

**162**

How can awareness be thought to have either beginning or end,
When its momentary nature, is so ever-present, as to be unequivocally eternal.
Consciousness, however, is an entirely different bag of worms.
For all practical purposes, it is unable to hold still,
And is insatiably able and willing,
To distract itself and over and over,
With every antic it can possibly conceive.

* * * *

Consciousness will never do more, than speculate on how this mystery came to be.
All anyone can ever do, is be in the moment, however it is playing out.
Time is born of mind; it is nothing more than imagination.
You were not, you are not, you need not care.

**163**

Concepts upon concepts; minds chock-full of every sort of notion.
And in the grand scheme of this inexplicable whodunit;
Any given dream, nothing more than poof.

* * * *

There is nothing rational about existence.
Here You are, stuck in dreamtime for the time being.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, as best ye are able.

**164**

It is really all the eternal now,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Yet still you manage to awaken each and every day,
Believing your dream real and true.

**165**

We are all dreams in each other's minds,
Different players kaleidoscoping across the same stage,
Dancing in the quantum matrix, in whatever way consciousness calls.

**167**

Earth is earth, wind is wind, water is water, fire is fire.
Once you, without doubt, without equivocation, fully understand this,
And that these forces interact in every way imaginable,
And that you are eternal witness to it all,
What else is there to know?

**168**

It is the dust of stars and shit of dinosaurs, that has allowed You,
The vision and insight to consciously bear witness,
To this infinite mystery of a universe,
A creation entirely born,
Of your own imaginary design.

**169**

Meandering time and space, is the daily Sisyphean task for all.
The dream pushing a boulder of its own making,
Up whatever hill comes to mind.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever imagine a deity,
That did not include them, everyone they know,
Or absolutely everyone and everything else,
In which creation obviously abounds?

**170**

Science fiction can journey well beyond any pale,
But the limits of imagination are ever fixed,
By the physics of real-time invention,
And the moths lodged in the given wallet.

**172**

Much of old age is spent processing whatever conclusions,
You have reached about your temporal dream.
The groove in which you wander,
Whatever daze remains.

* * * *

Regarding time travel,
How can that which does not exist,
Ever be journeyed, except through imagination?
This streaming instant, born of senses and mind, is all there is.
To pretend otherwise, is just one delusion or another.

**173**

At first a sensory riddle, the grand pattern gradually makes itself apparent.
This is the way all young grasp their newly-minted universe.
And within that kaleidoscoping dreamscape,
Each wanders a pathless path,
Very much alone.

* * * *

From the quantum dust of eternity, You take form,
And through the senses, a universe is imagined.

**174**

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation,
Would be the synthesis of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny,
To which the mystery of imagination, is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness,
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call God.

* * * *

The given universe kaleidoscopes around the sensory body,
Consciousness ceaselessly fabricating every sort of this or that, or that or this,
But, in reality, the awareness merely witnesses a seamless stream.
Vibration, limited by the perceptions of imagination.

**175**

All imagination is illusion, samsara, the play of the quantum ether,
Earth … water … air … fire … in all its countless forms,
All its theaters of consciousness … across all time, across all space,
In however many dimensions this inexplicable mystery has deigned to create.

**176**

What is so arduous about realizing the truth,
That the awareness within all, that the witness within all,
Is completely detached, objectively indifferent, benignly disengaged,
To the countless dreamtimes of consciousness, in all its pursuits, in all its passions.
It is the ether, the mysterious spirit of totality; name it if you must.
Duality is but the splintering of imaginary perception.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

**177**

It is all an illusion, a dream;
Not just the parts you do not like.
You cannot cherry-pick truth.

**178**

A grain of sand, a swirl of smoke, a ripple of water, a flicker of flame,
Are as real as anything created of this manifest dreamtime.
Consciousness gives all things a sense of continuity,
But all are in reality merely fabrications,
That only candor can lay bare.

* * * *

Despite the reality that it is all the same clay,
There are so many differences that we all feel drawn,
To unendingly measure and judge in every way imaginable.

**179**

The grand assumption in all this, is, of course,
That the universe and all the many others even exist,
As more than figments of your sensory-inspired imagination.

**180**

Any universe, or any given supreme deity,
Requires a conscious witness to be baptized real.
Without your myriad desires, your passion for existence,
Without the fuel of incessant pondering, it would all be nothing.
As it is, has ever been, will ever be.

**181**

What is all self-image, what is all "me, myself, and I,"
What are all perceptions of birth, of death, and all existence between?
What is everything known, what is everything unknown,
But the endless invention of imagination.

**182**

How can anyone believe real religion is dogmatic idolatry and carnival tricks,
When the whole manifest dream is really nothing more than hocus-pocus,
A sensory veil, a kaleidoscoping light show, of the most virtual kind.

**183**

It is in the neural stirrings of consciousness, that all bothers begin.
Such weight humankind has given to its indefatigable imagination.

* * * *

Consciousness is stagnating into memes of its own invention.
All are petrified mindsets, groupthink, propaganda,
Which can only magnify the disharmony,
Over imagined differences.

**184**

Given that consciousness is nothing more than a brief invention,
What heaven or hell, or any other fabrications of mind,
Can possibly endure in the ultimate sense?

**185**

You will play out your dream as you are most inclined.
It will seem like free will at the time,
And fate looking back.

* * * *

The theater calls you to center stage in an infinity of ways.
We are all just kaleidoscoping mirages of imagination,
Bouncing off each other in every conceivable way.

**186**

Why should any stone remain unturned?
What is there to fear, really,
But the arbitrary,
Twists and turns of imagination?

**188**

We are all spectators to each other's dreams.

* * * *

The smoke wafts an infinity of dreams.

* * * *

In ten years, one hundred years,
One thousand years, ten thousand years,
One hundred thousand years, one million years,
What etchings will be left of this dream of consciousness?

**189**

Fascinating that so many across this spinning pearl truly believe,
That going out in some sort of martyred, tortured fashion,
Is righteous in the eyes of their imagined god.

* * * *

Another dream easily forgotten.

* * * *

If this thing we call time really existed, would not you be able to halt it?
Or at least wander to and fro, in the manifest here and there?
As it is, imagination is the only time machine,
And all it has going, is the ethereal filament of perception,
Only as good as the wiring, and only for long as the gray matter holds fast.

**190**

Unassailably amazing what the mind-body,
Has been programmed through evolution's long meander,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, and perchance to contemplate.
And every other life form from small to great across the theater,
Perceiving its sensory dream in its own unique way.
The vast singularity of it all is immutable,
And ineffable, beyond belief.

* * * *

The you that you every moment believe you are,
Is nothing more than a fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

You are that which is prior to the consciousness,
That contorts into the dream of little self in the frontal lobe.
You are the witness, the awareness, the source,
Through which all dreams dance.

**193**

This touchy-feely three-dimensional dream,
That you cannot stop, you cannot slow down, you cannot speed up,
You cannot change except as change allows.
All you can do is hope,
And of what use is that, really?

* * * *

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do.
Oblivion is the nonexistent destiny of all.

* * * *

Cast out all that is time-bound,
All that is unreal, all that is imagination,
And you will discern your Self,
Very much alone.

**194**

Once you discern all history, not just some of it, is imagined,
What is there to do but wander through it,
Wondering all the while,
At all the much ado about nothing.

* * * *

It is all imagination, all make-believe.
We are all the Great Chameleon,
Playing out the Great Dream
In one form or another.

**195**

Your world is founded on the fabricated collusion of imagination.

**196**

Yet another mask, in the charade parade of dreamtime.

* * * *

Pointless to argue with or judge a dream.

* * * *

Do you really know that, or just imagine you do?

**198**

Fairy tales will always be nothing more than fairy tales,
No matter how hopefully, so many may imagine them real.

**201**

The challenge is to discern the passing dream of consciousness,
The here and now, as it is; fresh, without preconception.
To detach the filter of the mind caught in time,
To see reality, not how you think it is,
But clearly, from the stillness of attentiveness,
Without concept, feeling, motive, stereotype, prejudice.
To fathom the mystery of Youness from oblivion's point of view.

* * * *

It is but a dream,
A streaming figment of imagination.
Abandon the quixotic mind and take up permanent residence,
In the sentience and heart of pure awareness.

**203**

Once You accept the premise that you exist,
The belief that You are a body, the notion that You are this or that,
You are fated to play out whatever manifest context,
Whatever blend of agony and ecstasy,
Has You in its fell grip.

* * * *

In a mere blink of eternity, a life,
A figment of imagination, of vain notion,
A flurry of smoke in a gusty wind,
All the pleasure, all the pain,
All the understanding,
All the experience,
Perhaps even wisdom,
So quickly come and gone.

* * * *

For You to be here now,
Everything that has happened,
Since time's inception,
Had to happen.

* * * *

Those who would know totality,
Those capable of the greatest vision,
Must get over their imaginary little selves.

* * * *

What is this dreamy existence,
But an immeasurable, indivisible matrix;
A dynamic stillness, ceaselessly creating every patterning,
The essential nature, the source, can fathom.

* * * *

We all have the same monkey-mind,
But for whatever reason, some are able to pull back,
And meticulously examine, the unknown all creation has in common.
It is, indeed, a mystery beyond the pale of any reckoning.

**204**

It is what it is,
It was what it was,
It will be what it will be.
Pfft!
A dream,
Nothing more.

* * * *

No use bothering about or worrying,
That you are going to suffer,
That you are going to die.
Such is existence, and so it goes.
The destiny for all, in one fashion or another.
But the good news is that it will not be the real You dying.
Just another temporal apparition falling beneath,
The wheel of creation and destruction.

* * * *

That which is eternal, that which is by many called God,
Has never really been alive in more than an imaginary, figurative sense.
How can that which can never perish, have ever been born?
All existence is of the same quantum mystery.

**205**

Count yourself among those who do not know, do not care,
And abide as freely, as harmlessly, as aimlessly,
As body and mind and spirit allow.
Be captain of your ship,
And set sail,
Through the dream of time.

* * * *

Close your eyes,
Still your thoughts,
Dance around awhile.
Where is your mind-body?
What is it, really, but a memory,
A dream, through which You,
Like a burning fuse, pass?

* * * *

Imagination capers about an infinity of its own,
But just because some fiction can be etched on paper,
Or thrown up on a movie screen, does not make it possible.
Even the quantum source, is ultimately bounded by its own nature.
That is why it is called quantum mechanics.

* * * *

Death only implies an individual existence is all said and done.
But no life form can ever even know what is done is done,
Because consciousness requires some sort of edifice,
Some sort of sensory-awareness receiving unit,
Able to perceive whatever ethereal dream,
Those whimsical fates have in store.

**206**

The quantum essence has no divisions,
No partitions, no boundaries, no borders, no restrictions, no limits.
It is indivisible, inseparable, undividable, blended, united, conjoined, indissoluble, inextricable.
There is no time, there is no space, there is only imagination feigning itself real.

* * * *

From the ordinary day-to-day, all myths, all legends, are fabrications of imagination.
All creation is very much born of the same quantum mystery.
Keep the balderdash in perspective.

**207**

Human beings are in reality, very much the same as every other life form on this planet.
We may be able to create and preserve and destroy in every imaginable way,
But all sentience is of the same mysterious, ineffable origin.
Absolutely, indivisibly, immeasurably equal,
Despite countless pride-filled,
Self-absorbed claims to the contrary.

* * * *

Every mind its own shifting quagmire of heaven and hell,
Based on a frame of reference, ever born of imagination.

* * * *

In the times that are quickly advancing from the horizon toward us all,
Things across the globe will deteriorate and renew in every imaginable way,
From chaos to cooperation, from absurdity to sensibility, from agony to ecstasy,
As this world, fragmented by human pride, downshifts into a paradigm of a lesser way.
No one born into it can evade it, no one born into it, can do anything but abide it.

**208**

You are, and are not, your ever-changing, imaginary universe.
It is within and without You, this dreamtime of an individual life,
That the endlessly beguiling Samsara of the senses has woven.

* * * *

The writer knows what is being written, but what are you reading?
The speaker knows what is being expressed, but is that what you are hearing?
Everything you see and touch and hear and feel and smell, is but a temporal, arbitrary translation,
Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body, in which the sentience of awareness harbors.
The witness, before which, creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination;
In which observer is never the observed, and observed, never the observer.
True objectivity is an unattainable ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

**209**

You can attempt to run in any and every direction imaginable,
But no matter the way, the shape, the form, in which you are cloaked,
You can never ever, even for one single moment, hide from the witness within.

**210**

All this self-consciousness, all this self-imagery;
What a burden, to each and every moment, fabricate anew.
A complete and utter invention; an edifice of imaginary proportion.
Let go.

* * * *

True Self-love is not narcissistic in the mortal sense.
It is the immersion into the incorruptible within,
And that is the ultimate goal of existence,
For those for whom consciousness,
And dreams of time and space,
No longer entice or delude.

**211**

Has any moment of your dream, really ever been any different than this one?

**212**

All in a dream, all in a dream.

**215**

The death to all things imagined, opens the portal to eternal life.

* * * *

Imagine nothing.

**216**

Imagination causes itself to tremble and preen.

**218**

Yet another anonymous face in the mystery of dreamtime.

**219**

You are but a reflection of your imaginary world..

**223**

What we together imagine, is what it will be.

* * * *

Imagination, the only prison.

**224**

All limits, are but attachment to imagination.

**227**

A still mind is imagination's undoing.

**228**

Breathe in the duality, and know all divisions are imagined.

* * * *

Just another hollow path to glory, assembled by the whimsy of imagination.

**229**

There is only the quantum matrix, shrouded in every imaginable disguise.

**230**

Memories are the ghosts of imagination.

**231**

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only You, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the truth, the life, the way.
There is no other.

* * * *

Consciousness confabulates every genre of filter,
Through which it imagines its light show of a universe real,
Every streaming, dreaming, impromptu moment.

**232**

From the womb of oblivion,
Onto a temporary stage for a brief dream.
Then, back to the eternal source, the timeless nothingness,
The singularity, from which all things spring.

**233**

An intriguing existence to have no boundaries,
Within one's imaginary state of mind.
One need not do so much in the daily real-time,
If consciousness is given full reign, and an unaligned course.

**234**

Though you clearly realize You are not, have never been, will never be,
You must daily act out the attributes of imagined identity,
In whatever way the windy dream prescribes.

* * * *

What is the point of judging anything,
Once you have realized all things,
Are but figments of imagination?

* * * *

The timeless immediacy of the ever-present nowness,
Has never even once been fathomed by the vagaries of imagination.
Even a still mind completely attentive to the awareness,
Cannot more than be of the flame eternal.

**235**

Without you to witness it,
The universe and everything in it would not be.
Imagination is a powerful god.

**236**

Imagination playing out every agony, every ecstasy,
But, in the final analysis, merely an agent of dreams.

**237**

Who, what, where, when, why, how, am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, is anyone?
Same source, same awareness, all dreams.
All dreaming themselves autonomous.
All dreaming themselves distinct.
All dreaming themselves real.

* * * *

Any given body is but a vehicle,
For consciousness play out, to dream,
Its finite trek through the relativity of time.

**238**

There is no other, there is only a dreaming,
To which you are witness, very much alone,
As free, as you, in any given moment, dare.

**239**

And what is all this experience, really,
But a memory the moment it is dreamt?

**240**

Every context is unique.
Every situation constantly changes.
No one's rendering of the universe is ever the same,
Yet prior to the myriad imaginary concoctions,
Every version is very much the same,
In the most indivisible Way.

* * * *

To be in the world, and not be of it.
One foot in dreamtime, the other, oblivion.
Challenging, indeed, to straddle the splintered fence.

**244**

Challenging to admit, to face, to live, the fact, the reality,
That everything upon which you have based this life you call yours,
Is nothing more than a temporal fabrication of imagination.

**245**

In all its countless imaginary measurements,
The creation of knowledge is inevitably born of limitation.
Yet, prior to all mind-made limits, the mystic observer, a true scientist,
Remains as equally attentive to the immeasurable now, as s/he would any experiment.
The observer is the observed; the observed, the observer.
There is naught but one.

* * * *

What can really be born in the infinity of quantum nothingness,
For which birth, as consciousness imagines it,
Is nothing more than a dream.

* * * *

Awareness, oblivious to the play of good and evil,
Allows every dream of consciousness,
To have its day in the sun.

* * * *

Where would, where could, where should, awareness be,
Without a body-mind in which to imagine its Self real and true?

**246**

From the now so-long-ago entry into this dream world,
You have been conditioned to believe so many things truly matter,
And have gradually discerned many of them, if not all,

To indeed be very dubious assumptions.
Where to now, Pilgrim,
Now that doubt is your filament?

* * * *

Trying to love each other, to love all things, has been,
A goal well beyond reach, a bar set far too high.
How about we just try to tolerate each other,
And all our vain, imagined differences?
How about we just try to get along,
Try not to destroy everything,
Before Mother Nature,
Somehow manages to off us?

* * * *

What is mine? What is not mine?
Who is the me who possesses anything?
Who is the me, who does more than imagine,
That anything can be gained, that anything can be lost?
All possession is of such a short while,
No matter how long.

**247**

Every destiny happens of its own mysterious accord.
All are written in the sands of imagination.
Some stay a while, maybe longer.
Some slip into oblivion,
Never to be seen,
Or heard from again.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

* * * *

You have been every particle, every form,
Earth and water and air and fire have ever concocted.
Imagine it so … You are the Eternal One.

**248**

From the same mysterious source,
The ephemeral dreamtime of all beginnings, all endings,
All causes, all effects, all parts, all stages,
All everything, all nothing.

* * * *

It is all really the same You through and through,
And each must wander the pathless dream alone,
To discern the presence of the indivisible within.

**249**

Every moment is born anew.
It is your own choice to imagine space-time real,
Your own choice to be free or not, your own choice to suffer or not.
There is no one, really, compelling you to do anything,
To which you do not willingly capitulate,
For one passion or another.

* * * *

How can there ever be a line between within and without,
When neither are more than imaginary concepts,
With no elemental reality, whatsoever.
You are ever it; it is ever you.
There is no other.

* * * *

To truly listen, to hear with your entire being,
Without any thought, any judgment,
You must be willing and able,
To completely give yourself over,
To the babbling brook of another's dream.

**250**

We are all just kaleidoscoping mirages of imagination,
Rippling into each other in every conceivable way.

**251**

All have within them the limited and unlimited potential.
Everything narrow and broad, shallow and deep.
It is attachment to the individual dreams,
That binds all sentient beings,
To the dualities born of the senses.

**252**

Forget the world, forget the universe,
Forget everything you imagine you really are,
Everything you are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Why would death really be all that different than falling asleep?
The only difference is, that the imaginary you,
Never wakes up again.

* * * *

Around and within awareness, a food body is created,
And for a brief duration, it witnesses Self,
Through a tentative lens,
Of whatever consciousness,
The nature-nurture dream allows.

* * * *

We are all abodes of the same moment,
Despite our seemingly limitless intoxication,
With every sort of imagined difference.

* * * *

Pray tell, where is this supreme being outside the Self?
This great creator, this absentee landlord,
This driver asleep at the wheel,
That so many, are so convinced, exists.
Where art thou, oh noble lord of heaven and earth?
Do you exist anywhere, but in so many vain plays of imagination?

**254**

You were born of Mother Earth,
And the immensity from which all reveries are spun,
And one of these daze, she will find a way,
To mill you back into the compost,
With which dreamtime,
Will renew its timeless play.

* * * *

All dreams, all memories, all ideas, eventually evaporate,
Into what they have been all along; the one and only real You.
The timeless awareness, in which all things come and go.
Appear and disappear, like clouds through the sky.

**256**

All dogma is artificial and arbitrary.
Attempts to mold into reality,
That which is prior,
To all manifest dreams,
Is a sojourn filled with every variety,
Of groundless, pride-filled absurdity and delusion.

**257**

Every part and particle throughout the entire cosmos, ineffably synchronized,
Spontaneous, impromptu, unplanned, unarranged, unpremeditated, unprepared, unrehearsed,
Extemporaneous, improvised, makeshift, spur-of-the-moment, off-the-cuff,
Ad-libbed, ad hocked, played by ear, on the fly, on cue.
What an amazing beyond-all-pales thing,
This quantum singularity.
And You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

We are all sovereign players in each other's dreams.
Whether key roles, or merely shadows in a crowd,
It is the same for all, whatever the stage or play.

* * * *

Dread is the worry of time,
Of what may yet come,
Of what may yet be endured,
All born of the ramblings of imagination.
Anticipation only creates unnecessary pain in advance,
Over things that may never even happen.
Best just to jump in a cold stream,
Without thinking about it.

* * * *

Considering that you feel all but done, after just one rather fleeting dreamtime of a lifetime,
If there is some sort of supreme deity of an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent nature,
How beyond-the-pale weary it must be, having to witness the human drama for eons.

**258**

So many ways this vain dream can be played out.
No need to follow, no need to imitate, no need to duplicate,
For those who have the courage to wander alone.

**259**

The same awareness, the same consciousness, permeates every imaginable difference:
Different bodies, different languages, different times, different spaces,
In order to play out a very-much-the-same mystery.
All the universe is a stage,
And all life forms merely players.

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable,
In the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix,
Of the inexplicable source.

**260**

How can you expect another to see the real you,
When you, your Self, have never, and can never see it, either?
It is naught but reflections and smoke and mirrors,
Only as real as imagination pretends.

**261**

You long for it to be more than a dream,
But more, it can never be,
And thus, you must learn to face, and embrace,
The eternal aloneness, in which your ultimate nature, in serenity resides.

**262**

Ignorance, being its own distorted, corrupt end;
There is really very little point in debating with any true believer.
If someone is seething dogma about anything fashioned of this manifest dreamtime,
Then it is no doubt much less bothersome to put them behind you,
And just walkabout some other direction.

**264**

The human paradigm is a ceaseless array of stories of every sort.
Perceptions, all partial, incomplete, steeped in the ephemeral well of imagination.
Is not everything more than a little hackneyed, more than a little passé, at this point in the human epic?
Have not we done everything, all but inconceivable times beyond counting?

**265**

For the want of minds, that can discern the mystery within all things,
For the want of ears, that can hear the soundless, eyes that can see the unseen,
Another vision of the grand reality gradually fades in the dream of time.
It is not the choir that needs to discern that which is real and true.

* * * *

A question for the sciences: How small is small? How big is big?
What exactly is ever being measured but the limitations of imagination?

**266**

You have been mortal dreamer;
Seer, mystic, hierophant, oracle, prophet;
And now you are the truth, the life, the way … That I Am.
Krishna, Shiva, Buddha, Tao, Advuhut, Christ, God, Allah, Soul, Brahman;
However it might be designated or identified by all dreams samsara.
Born again, timelessly absolute, every streaming moment.
Immortal, sovereign, infinite, supreme, complete;
Prior to all dimensions of space and time.

* * * *

No bird has ever written down even one chirp.
Nor a dog a bark, nor a cat a meow, nor a badger a growl.
This dreamtime would be without even one history,
Had humankind not imagined otherwise.

**267**

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

**270**

What difference could it possibly make,
What others might think of You, or anything else,
When it is really all You anyway, utterly, indivisibly alone.
When it is all nothing more than imaginary notion stirred by the senses.
Pure, unadulterated, insatiable fabrication from the get-go.

* * * *

The road to contentment is an arduous, rocky journey,
Long and winding, full of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

The ever-present, timeless nowness of this garden cosmos,
Is ever right here, right now, ready to take you back into its fold,
Back into the ceaseless kaleidoscoping of its ever-dreamy matrix reality.

**271**

Adrift in formlessness, wandering a dream you mistakenly call your own.

* * * *

Ever-changing dream that it is, best never to take anything for granted.

* * * *

A-dreamin' in the streamin'.

**274**

We are all just temporal masks streaming by in each other's dreams.

**275**

Birth and death, just different ends of the same dream stream.

**276**

Such aloneness cannot be imagined.

**277**

The dream will entice with whatever bait the mind desires.

* * * *

A collusion of imagination in the nothing-more-nothing-less of it all.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune, all the poof of imagination.

**279**

To imagine a deity outside your Self is absurd.

* * * *

All in a dream.

**282**

Fewer unintended consequences when foul deeds are only imagined.

**283**

You are only imperfect if you imagine it so.

**286**

The mortal senses do not care what they see, hear, touch, taste, or feel.
It is only the mind, only imagination, that creates a universe of dualistic notion.
The body is but a vehicle, in which the singularity plays an eternal game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

You have never even once been what you think.
The imaginary self is no more than a fiction of consciousness.
Truly, you are simply awareness, as is everything else.
The singularity is nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Imagine if you had only one sense:
Eyes or ears or nose or tongue or skin.
What would your universe be then?

**287**

You are the original source, the light that creates,
All form and shadow, all meaning and purpose,
All duality, in every imaginary way possible.

* * * *

The breath only flows in or out.
Benignly indifferent to the ways of the mind,
To all the imaginary whimsy, through which it effortlessly sails.

**288**

All stories are equally born of imagination,
And all are eventually, inescapably forgotten.
Whatever life survives us, will not remember us.
A collusion of make-believe, nothing more.

**290**

Consciousness playing itself out through every form imaginable.

**291**

Ain't imagination amazing?

* * * *

Every moment an unfolding clue to dreamtime's enigma.

**292**

The full story of your dream will never be known by anyone but you.

**293**

No matter the dream, you cannot be in any other now than this one.

**294**

Imagination is just a soliloquy of illusion's delusion.

**295**

Existence is a smorgasbord, of whatever comes to mind, in this dreamy field of time.

**297**

How can that which never dies, ever be born but through imagination?

**300**

The dream you call life, is chock-full of things that do not go your way.
Getting angry or depressed about it all, is much less challenging,
Than learning to just turn the other cheek, and wander on.

* * * *

If you are truly content with your kaleidoscoping dream;
Satisfied with what you have seen, with what you have done;
Why would anyone else's judgment ever possibly matter?

* * * *

After awakening to a larger vision of all creation,
Except for a greater sense of the grand connectiveness,
You are really no different than you were before.
You must still abide the mortal dreaming,
And that is never always easy.

**302**

Nobody can save anybody, or anything, in the grand creation-destruction of it all.
Only the eternal singularity, which we all are, which some call God,
Is prior to all dreams of time, to all birth, to all death.
There is no point at all, believing any sound laced with concept,
Will ever even once, touch the ultimate reality of it, the ultimate truth of it.

* * * *

Despite all assumptions and collusions to the contrary,
Neither your body, nor your mind, nor your dream,
Has ever, for even one moment, been the same.

**303**

Some things you do for years; some things for months.
Some for days, some for hours, some for minutes, some for moments.
And some, you just scarcely even need to imagine,
And that is more than enough.
Illusion is for those who lack imagination.

* * * *

You do not really exist,
As more than a figment of imagination.
Everything you know, everything you think, everything you do,
Is merely built upon the smoky vapor of mind.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings, channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**304**

Still the chattering mind; seal the dike from which thought swirls into dreamtime.
Cease your universe, for at least a bit, in the once in a while.
Meditation, it is indeed that simple.

* * * *

The idolatry of form and concept is all balderdash.
Put it all behind You, and wander however You please.
You are prior to all dreams in this kaleidoscoping mirage,
And no sanction by any other is ever required,
For you to be what You truly are.

**306**

Words ceaselessly meander,
Through the corridors of imagination,
Concocting every variety of fantastical enterprise.

**307**

Imagination is the trove of all agony, of all ecstasy,
But it is truly nothing more than echoes,
In the vacuum of eternity.

* * * *

Probably 99.99 percent of all life on this garden world,
Exists between the heights of Mount Everest,
And the depths of the Mariana Trench.
That is only just a smidgen over twelve miles,
Which is where to where, in your dream of a world?

**308**

We must all play to the given audience on the given stage.
And no matter how many stages You may,
In any given life wander,
In your own dream,
You are ever lead character,
Immortal protagonist in the grand theater.

**309**

There are always consequences,
In the causes and effects of this manifest dream.
Consciousness must ever pay the many pipers of its own creation.

**312**

An ocean of nothingness;
Light shimmering upon every permutation,
The timeless miasma of consciousness can conceivably imagine.

* * * *

Apply to the ever-streaming moment, as many words and numbers as you like,
Time and space are nothing more than abstractions born of temporal imagination.

**313**

The ephemeral me-myself-and-I is but an intangible presence,
A glimmer of the unknown imagining all its dreaming real.

* * * *

What tricksters these senses are,
Manifesting a reality that can never be real,
Creating a reverie that can never be more than a dream.

**314**

Continually processing, grokking your little dream,
When you could, instead, be nirvana now.
It is right here, right now,
As it has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Be as indivisibly indifferent as all the stars,
It has taken to create this imaginary dream.

**315**

The malarkey of fear and superstition and ignorance,
Would have you bow and scrape and pay homage for all eternity.
But in truth, there is nothing to which you are in any way required to submit,
If you have the courage to stand free of all claims, utterly alone,
In the elemental winds of your quantum dream.

* * * *

Best discern the existential of it now,
For there will likely not be the opportunity,
Once the container to which you are so attached,
Blows back into the dream-weaving quantum sands.

**316**

How would all the intelligence,
Playing out in this manifest dreamtime world,
Be possible, if it were not inherent within the quantum source?
Intelligent design, indeed.

* * * *

Perception is always such a muddy-waters thing,
Because the input of the senses is whittled down so thoroughly,
By the filtration process as it wanders through the patterning of the given mind.
Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

**317**

You will suffer until you let go of your universe,
And the incessant movement of the mind that sustains it.
Until you give way to the stillness of the awareness,
The source from which all dreaming streams.

* * * *

What are gods and demons, what are heavens and hells,
But the imaginary, stuporous vapor, of fear-ridden minds.

* * * *

Not too much longer before this mortal dream will fade into oblivion.
What a relatively short set of streaming moments, any given life truly is.

**319**

Just a touchy-feely three-dimensional dream,
Ever the same, no matter the space, no matter the time.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**320**

It is the collective synergy of human endeavor,
That is carrying our kind, all the myriad creatures small to great,
And our illusory, dreamtime garden birthing ground,
Toward a most guaranteed outcome.

**322**

Are you prepared to leave everything behind?
To be totally, absolutely free, of all manifest claims?
Are you prepared to be, You, absolutely alone, dreamless?
Naught but pure awareness; formless, for all eternity?
Or will you do all this to your Self, yet again?

* * * *

And what point is there, really,
In wallowing in all this sentiment,
This passion, this imaginary pretense,
Of such an obviously impermanent nature.

**323**

Your dream of existence is a mystery,
That time will never long attest really happened.
Truly not at all different than any tree falling alone in a forest.

* * * *

Creation is an ever-unfolding, ever-evolving transmutation of energy.
Of the stardust, the elements, the quantum, the singularity,
Playing at existence in every way imaginable.

* * * *

When did you begin to imagine you were this mind-body?
That it belonged to you like all the other possessions,
With which emptiness continually shrouds itself.
What point is there, really, in being attached,
To its ever-changing corporeal nature,
For even one iota of a singular moment?

* * * *

What ego could exist without attachment to the body-mind,
And all the perceptions that have been but imagined,
In the streaming dream of absolute awareness.

**324**

It all means whatever you choose to believe it means, until you clearly realize,
Even the most profound vision of that prior to all imagination,
Really means absolutely nothing at all.

* * * *

You already are the eternal life.
For what is there to pray?
What need for some imaginary god?
You alone translate creation into heavens and hells.

**325**

All the imperial pretenses of nation states,
And all the many ways groups combine and align,
Are all just short-lived, meaningless, delusions of grandeur,
That the dreamtime inevitably shows the back door,
Hooking and gonging them off the stage,
The same as everything else.

**326**

What is needed to abide, perhaps thrive, in this manifest dream of a world?
Intelligence, common sense, street smarts, discipline, skills,
Gumption, initiative, creativity, detachment,
And whatever else words such as these might imply.

* * * *

Humankind is perhaps the most pathological cancer,
Ever devised by this dreamy panorama of a matrix.

**328**

Consciousness is a vibrating lens,
With countless filters crafted of every imaginable limitation.
Awareness is of the infinite source, witness within all things small to great, bound to nothing.

* * * *

Is consciousness the river, in which you flow,
Or you the stillness, through which it dreams?

**329**

So many irreconcilable problems.
But how can you solve a dream?

**330**

History is the arbitrary highlighting of selected snapshots,
From eternity's indivisible, ever-graceful streaming.
The crisscrossing of the endless array of ripples,
Which bring notable events to realization.
And from those streaming moments,
New ripples, ever make their way,
In the quantum theater's dreamtime.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same puddle,
But that indivisible truth seems to do little,
To heal all our innumerable differences,
Imaginary as all differences truly are.

**331**

The universe is but a dreamy sandbox for consciousness to do what it will.

* * * *

Play your little part in the world, but know it is but a dream, no matter how real it seems.

**333**

Think you cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, you will, my fine friend, rest assured, you will, indeed.
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist when you do.
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state, requiring a vessel of some sort, in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth; it is not some individual persona, but the mystery that all things are.
And that quantum "You-ness" born anew, will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time.
Experiencing many things; always with very much the same awareness within all.

**334**

To be anonymous within is the greatest challenge.
The fabrication of identity is ever-enticing for those,
To whom the imagination of consciousness is real.

* * * *

Eternity is the seamless now,
To which momentary awareness is witness.
Die to the dream of time, and totality becomes absolutely clear.

**335**

The singular mystery somehow created You.
And You in turn, witness your version of a manifest dream.
You are it, and it is You; as indivisible, as inseparable, as it must ever be.

* * * *

The history of humankind is an incalculable archive of every conceivable narrative.
There is really no greater or lesser story; all are equally steeped in imagination.

* * * *

Maybe what you really want, is what your imaginary deity wants.
Maybe the mundane, through which you traipse, really is the plan.
And maybe, just maybe, the big picture is really not all about you.

* * * *

Quantum stardust somehow organized,
To such an implausible degree, as to pretend it is alive.
And when that was no longer entertaining, evolved into human beings,
In order to ceaselessly manufacture every sort of absurdly dualistic fiction imaginable.

**336**

Everything simultaneously streaming, unfolding one moment to the next,
In this immeasurable quantum matrix of a holograph universe.
Only your little slice of imagination is about you.

* * * *

It is all pretty meaningless, despite all assertions to the contrary.
How can any dream ever be real, no matter how real it seems?

* * * *

Without the subtlety of great doubt, truth is veiled,
Behind every conceivable whim of imagination.

* * * *

How can anyone imagine,
Much less deeply believe, they are,
Or ever could be, in any way, shape or form,
Separate from that which is God?

**339**

How can the quantum singularity, that which is called God by many names,
Ever truly divide itself into more than endless arrays of kaleidoscoping dreamscapes?
Temporal reflections of light and sound seamlessly cast through every conceivable dimension.
There is no denying, but through the endless permutations of delusion,
That we are all of the same original nature.

* * * *

Any given mind, is nothing more than an arbitrary bubble of consciousness.
The only constant is the awareness, from which all dreams indivisibly spring.

**340**

An angel of death you are,
To so many creatures small to great,
You have consumed and destroyed to be here now.
Alas and oh well, it is a God-eat-God world.
Nothing is lost, nothing is gained,
In the grand dreamtime.

**341**

Within the quantum indivisibility of the singularity,
All things from the smallest to the greatest,
From the infinite to the infinitesimal,
Play out dreams too countless to comprehend.

**342**

It really only matters that you wake up to what You truly are.
Do not be overly concerned about the many others in your dreamtime.
They will awaken if/when they have seen and done enough.
And if You are one of their many teachers or not,
Why would it, could it, really matter,
If there truly is no other?

**344**

Loneliness versus aloneness, duality versus singularity,
The sorrow of imagination versus the sovereignty of absoluteness.
There is really nothing to compare, when there is really nothing to be measured.

* * * *

Consciousness is the flower,
Awareness, the root,
And the indivisible totality,
The ground in which all dreams,
Blossom, flourish, diminish, dissolve.

**345**

You came into this mystery with nothing,
You will leave it with nothing,
And there has really been nothing more,
Than imaginary notions in every moment between.

* * * *

If it is your calling to discern that which is mystery,
That which is within all, small to great,
You must let go everything.
Yes, everything.
The you, you pretend,
Fabricated by imagination,
Must become so inwardly quiet,
That you divine the awareness You are,
That which is boundless prior to all conception.

* * * *

You take some pain, you dish out some pain; impossible not to.
Existence is turbulent for all born into this dreamtime.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

**346**

Duality is nothing more than an arbitrary, meaningless concept,
Born of the sensory illusion that you are separate.
It has no ultimate reality whatsoever.
You are the primal essence that is indivisibly singular,
Unfathomable, absolute, prior to all imaginings born of consciousness.

**347**

How can there ever be a collective vision in the human epoch,
When every human being, every life form, is a universe unto its Self?
All are spun of the same awareness, the same quantum, the same singularity,
But consciousness, imagination, knows naught but bounds at every turn.

**348**

Your world, your universe, your self-metaphors, are all imagined.
Still the mind, close the eyes, the ears, all the other senses,
And the nothingness of awareness becomes apparent.

**349**

The swimmingness of the eternal nature,
Is the realm of all the other creatures of Eden,
Who have managed not to degenerate, to devolve,
Into the madness, the absurdity, of imagination.

**350**

Greet all fatuous claims with a skeptical ear.
Anything may be possible in this quantum dream,
But imagination often delves well beyond probability.

**352**

This momentary nowness,
Is all that is really happening.
The dream is just that … a dream.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**353**

The indivisibility of the quantum chaos, is order unto its Self.
What stability can there be in the theater of consciousness,
But what awareness, through imagination conceives?

* * * *

We are all time-travelers of imagination.
Strap in and enjoy the ride as best ye may.

**354**

Call it That I Am, call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it God, call it Self, call it whatever you will.
It is all the unnamable awareness that is prior to all dreams of consciousness.
Absolute, indivisible, complete, supreme, without peer.
And You and everything else, it as well.
There is nothing that is not this ineffable mystery.
Despite all imaginary inventions, it is ever the indelible unknown.

* * * *

All your many attempts to hold onto anything,
Are absolutely futile, utterly meaningless.
There is naught but the dreamy now,
And the perceptions to which the mind,
With such tenacious determination, clings.

* * * *

What a magical dream this garden world was, before humankind began assaulting it,
With its insatiable greed, its unending self-absorption, over every imaginable difference.

**355**

The relatively agreeable thing about imagination,
Is that you can do absolutely anything your mind might dare.
Often much more enjoyable, and certainly less bother than the real thing.

**356**

Where would you be without your world, your universe, or it, without you?
You imagine yourself separate, but where is the gap, where is the seam?

* * * *

From the quantum, all-seeing perspective,
What is any existence, any stream of consciousness,
But yet another footnote in the annals of this mystery theater.
Important unto its Self, but really nothing more than a brief dreaming,
A brief notion, a brief glimmer, in the play of time, in the quantum stardust of it all.

**357**

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything you perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

**359**

To be free of imagination,
Or not to be free of imagination,
The question of all questions.

* * * *

Nope, nope, nope, there is nothing more to it,
Than what this moment, each and every now offers.
Even gods on high, are caught up in one dream or another.

**360**

No one else can ever perceive your version of the dreamtime.
Do with it what you will, what you can, in the time allowed.

* * * *

Eternal means timeless.
Eternal life means timeless life.
To live a timeless existence, you must abandon,
The false identity born of imagination,
To that nowness you truly are.

**361**

Just because you think it,
Does not mean you have to do it.
The garden is for those who lack imagination.
It is in the moment-to-moment choices,
That heavens and hells are created.

**362**

No mortal frame can be preserved in this ever-changing theater.
It, and the personality to which imagination is so attached,
Must inevitably, as all forms do, dissolve from the stage,
On which it has so sincerely, and with such passion, played.

**363**

As enlightening, absorbing, entertaining, and often oh so horrifying,
As all the innumerable flavors of imagination can be,
It is ever merely a kaleidoscoping dream,
And really, in the ultimate sense,
Just does not even matter one scintilla.

**364**

Where is this vain, resolute, notorious "I" we so readily assume real?
Is it the ever-changing body, the ever-changing identity?
Is it the rambling compendium of perceptions?
Can it even be the timeless awareness,
Common to all things living?
How can there truly be,
"Me, myself, and I"
In that infinity which is prior,
To all forms fashioned of quantum vibration?
That which is ageless, formless, indivisible, sovereign, absolute.
That which has never even once suffered mortal birth,
Much less the pangs of imagined death.

* * * *

Every streaming moment, so fleeting, like an ever-burning fuse.
Every point of nowness, gone as swiftly as it arrives.
Everything, but figments of imagination.
Merely a dream of the senses.
A magical, mystery theater of illusion.

**365**

It is all make-believe, a game of pretend, a lie to which most subscribe.
Every mind wraps around one security blanket or another,
To hold fast to its imaginary, sensory reality.
Those whose fate it is to awaken,
See it for what it is,
And in time,
Make their way home.

* * * *

Why would you ever, even for a moment,
Believe yourself anything other,
Than pure awareness?
All identification, all naming,
It but the fabrication of imagination.

**366**

This garden world has been spinning round and round for several billion years,
And the universe billions more than that, as it will be for eons more.
How can anyone seriously believe their imaginary notions,
Are anything more than a momentary flurry,
In the grand totality of it all?

* * * *

What is required to awaken,
Is to inwardly pay very close attention,
In a non-intellectual, prior-to-consciousness way,
Until you very logically, without doubt, discern for your Self,
That you, the witness, the observer, are the observed.
All duality is the concoction of imagination.

* * * *

The universe created of senses and mind,
Is both the teacher and the greatest distraction.
A manifest dream, in which the stillness of awareness,
Is locksmith to the momentary nature of an eternal existence.

**369**

What suffering consciousness so endlessly concocts.
End desire, release fear, soften the heart.
All differences are imagined.

**370**

No more than a dream,
No more than an imaginary theater;
With every possible agony, every possible ecstasy.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Consciousness is the Bartertown of imagination.
No stone will be left unturned under all its suns.

**371**

What you cannot do or be, or perhaps should not do or be, imagine.

**372**

A multi-dimensional, ephemeral dream of matter,
With which You identify for a brief sense of time.

**374**

There is no existence in any creation, no matter the dimensions, that will not be but temporal illusion,
Because, no matter how hard it tries, Self, the grand witness in all things small to great,
Can never discern its true reality but through the reflections of otherness.
So, delude yourself in any and every way for all eternity,
It is ever the same dreamer dreaming;
Ever You, in one imaginary holograph or another.

* * * *

Religion that is not religion, belief that is not belief;
In which momentary awareness is the only faith required.
Staged, ever-streaming, in a sensory theater of a timeless dream.
No one can help you realize your ultimate, indelible reality.
You must discover it completely, totally, forever alone.

**375**

No matter how real it all seems, the you that You play,
Is but the whim of imagination swirling about the senses.
An arbitrary, ephemeral set of perceptions from all get-go's.
You have never been more than this every-moment streaming.

* * * *

Even now, after a plethora of dreamtimes,
Nearly everything under any sun,
Still, you long for more.

* * * *

It takes a strong, disciplined spirit,
To maintain a steady course amid the rocks;
The sirens of imagination singing out every temptation.

**376**

Sometimes the mind become so clear,
That it seems You have finally awakened for all eternity.
But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And You must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your very vivid imagination,
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps one day You will stay here.

* * * *

This moment, this right now,
Is all there is, and there ain't no more,
No matter how much imagination yearns it so.

* * * *

You are the writer in the writing,
The singer in the song, the painter in the painting,
Ever wandering an inexplicable dreamscape in your own solitary way.

**377**

Which moment can ever crowd out or define another,
When all are equally, timelessly, here-now, come and gone.
It is only imagination born of mind that concocts time's illusion.

**378**

If you are a demon in mind and body and spirit,
Then this dream world offers every opportunity,
Your dearth of imagination may possibly obsess.

* * * *

The awareness is not the manifest dreamscape.
It is the unfolding creation from which all things ascend.
It is for each to discern, to perceive, within their individual dream;
That they are the same awareness, the same source, as any other is in theirs.

**379**

What is it, draws some minds into the examination of mystery,
And other into living out the dreamtime of the senses,
But an inexplicable mustard seed of curiosity.

**380**

When the given existence gives way to inevitable departure of the container,
The vast cosmos that mind and senses have into dreamtime spun,
Will dissolve back into the indivisible quantum mystery,
The given mind-body is a one-time-only show,
Never really "yours" from the get-go.
This is the only imaginary you,
That is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The quantum ground entices you with every imaginable trial,
In order to gradually draw you deeper and deeper,
Into the abode you have ever inhabited.
Any and all resistance is futile.

**383**

Are you really any more,
Than the smokiness of any flame?
That ghostly trail wafting evenly from a pipe,
Is truly as real as your meager role in this ineffable dream.

* * * *

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all You, nothing but You, and You absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discern yet again, You are the source, You are the mystery,
If such dreamtime fate be yours in some future telling.

**384**

In the grand, holographic dreamscape,
Someone had to be, at the right place, at the right time,
Or at the wrong place, at the right time.
It just may, or may not,
Have been you.

**385**

Everyone is going to likely need a little experience under the belt,
Before they can comprehend that it is all imagined.
Few, if any, are born enlightened,
And fewer still with the inclination to live free.

* * * *

No point in dreading the inevitable demise.
All anyone can do is watch and wonder,
Until the Reaper, grim or otherwise,
Shows up to harvest the dreamer.

* * * *

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self,
Erases all karma, erases all consequences,
And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

**386**

It is through language that all conscious distinctions are made.
Prior to the articulation of imaginary self through personal pronouns,
Prior to the fabrication of knowledge, Eden was free of any dualistic notion.
There is no god, there is no devil, there is no heaven, there is no hell,
But through the ceaselessly absurd confabulations of mind.

* * * *

And what, really, is there to dread about the dissolution,
The evaporation, the oblivion, of the mind and body,
Of this imaginary identity of the manifest kind?

**387**

To abide in this dreamtime manifest theater,
All must, all will, in one way or another,
Play along with the given collusion.

**388**

The you, you so earnestly imagine you are,
Is naught but a synergy of everyone and everything,
Ever compiled in your brief, very temporal frame of reference.

* * * *

When you are out of kilter, when you need to recover some detachment;
When you need to reset, rekindle, retune, reorganize, recalibrate,
A greater perspective from one hellish moment or another;
It generally works to take a physician-heal-thy-self-time-out ride,
On the flying carpet of imagination, to another shard of the given dreamtime.

**389**

The great fear is imaginary, vain attachment,
To the endless cravings of sensory body.
It has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

It is through imagination,
That this universe is created.
In your own image, so to speak.

**390**

And God so despised the world he had created, that he gave his only son,
To spawn a religion that would guarantee its destruction,
Through every absurdity imaginable.

**391**

A god born of imagination is not God.

**392**

It is only the mind and body that imagines experiencing anything.
You, the eternal observer, the awareness, remain ever indifferent.

* * * *

What is the whole kit and caboodle but a time-ridden reverie.
All meaning, all purpose, is imagined from first breath to last.

* * * *

We are all but ephemeral dreamtimes of our ultimate nature,
Temporal waves crashing upon the rocky shores of infinity.

* * * *

What is the point of judging any part or particle of it, really?
A dream is a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**393**

One man's babble is another man's song; one man's pleasure, another's pain.
No one sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels, anything the same.
We all sail alone within an ocean's dream.

* * * *

Going further than a couple zeros on either side of the decimal point,
Is the abstract realm of theoreticians of one focus or another.
Scientific abstractions, as accurate as they may well be,
Jump through cerebral gymnastics all but meaningless to daily existence,
Wherein consciousness must every moment sound the depths of its own imaginary invention.

**394**

Traces of perception,
Harvested by the senses,
Warehoused on a neuron trail,
For imagination to fashion,
Into another bit of time.

* * * *

From the first breath to the last,
What is the sensory mind really about,
But hedonistic consumption of its universe,
And a narcissistic fixation with an imaginary self.

**395**

What is this inexplicable universe, but an immense aquarium, filled to the brim with quantum essence;
Playing out every conceivable permutation consciousness might project, and physics allow.
Intelligent design, indeed: indivisible, total, sovereign, real prior to any perception.
The everything and the nothing, indelible, well prior to anything imaginable.
And you, sovereign witness, born of the same enigmatic source.

* * * *

We all share the same awareness,
The same reverie of time and space,
Yet each and every one is utterly unique.
All frames of reference are relative,
Until what is seen is no more.
All judgment is absurd.

* * * *

The world is an ocean of thoughts,
Crashing, swirling, drifting.
And You, the real You, the one and only You,
Is witness to it all; ever free, despite all the clamor of the senses,
Playing out in the imaginarium of any given mind.

**396**

All that is done is simultaneously undone each and every moment.
Whether it is taken seriously or with a chuckle, makes no matter, whatsoever.
No point of consciousness has ever been more than the timeless transience of imagination.

* * * *

You cannot save anyone from their inevitable fate.
You may play a part, but it is they, alone,
Who must live out their dream.

* * * *

Call it destiny, fate, kismet, dream,
It is ever ephemeral and time-bound,
And has no lasting nature, whatsoever.
Only that prior to quantum dust has merit.

* * * *

You are imagined within me, and I within you.
Each of us fathoming our little dreamtime selves real,
Yet nothing more than ephemeral junctures of consciousness.
Nothing more than illusory droplets in this ineffable quantum mystery.

**397**

That baggage you daily carry about in your mind,
Jam-packed with knowledge, likes, dislikes, fears, desires, worries,
Hopes, beliefs, regrets, all the this's and that's, that formulate your dreamtime universe;
You could just put it down for a bit, perhaps even never pick it up again.
But no, cutting loose of all your imaginary renditions,
That would be beyond all pales.

* * * *

The secular triumvirate: creation, preservation, destruction,
Are equal, ever-present, kaleidoscoping qualities,
Of this indivisibly timeless dreamtime.

* * * *

Caress all the wounds and tension,
Your vat of flesh and bones has endured,
That you might arrive at this moment of existence.
All those injuries are ultimately imagined.
Allow the ground to nurse and heal,
Your twisted, misaligned spirit,
Into the totality it truly is.

**399**

It is not your consciousness, nor my consciousness, nor anyone else's consciousness.
It is simply consciousness, playing out in every mind, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

So many groups in this world claiming persecution by others,
To justify their favor in the vanity of some imaginary deity.

* * * *

Awareness is prior-to-conscious dream of time and space,
Fabricated in the quantum-neuron matrix of any given mind.

* * * *

Every sort of distraction will haunt you, until you set them all aside.
Not easy for any dreamer to detach completely from the sensory play.

* * * *

The play of imagination requires collusion for the world of mind to abide.
As Shakespeare through Hamlet spoke: To be, or not to be, that is the question.
You need not give over to any of it, if you have the wit, the audacity, to stand alone.

**400**

What will the dreamtime you now witness,
Be in 10 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000
Or 100,000 or 1,000,000
Or gazillions beyond counting.

* * * *

Why would you need for anybody,
To know you, or know of you,
Once you discern your absolute nature?
Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

* * * *

What will happen to your world, your cosmos, after the body disincorporates?
What will happen to everyone and everything after you are no longer present to witness it?
Imagine the dissolution of consciousness, of letting go of everything,
As everything is simultaneously letting go of you.

**401**

The nothingness offers little into which imagination can bite, ergo, much ado about it.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The senses are the veil that words sew with the robust thread of imagination.

**402**

This garden world, this universe, this creation, this great nada of a dreamtime,
Is going to do just fine without its two-legged, absurdly estranged cancer.
Consciousness is really nothing more than a feverish flash in the pan.

**403**

All flaws are imagined.
Physician, heal thy Self.
Be whole, sovereign, true.

* * * *

How draining it can so often be,
To daily regurgitate and play out,
This imaginary edifice of perception,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

**404**

As fascinating and absorbing as history,
And all things intellectual are,
They are all imagined,
And therefore, ultimately, unreal.

* * * *

There is no love, there is no hate.
There is no light, there is no vibration.
There is only the singularity of awareness,
In which every other, every moment, is imagined.

**405**

Born again into yet another manifest form,
And through her innumerable sirens, the primordial mother,
Beckons you with every imaginable enticement,
To one rocky shoal or another.

**406**

You are the spark, not the circuit.
The circuit is but a dream along which energy travels,
For but the briefest of whiles.

**407**

Awareness is awareness.
Neither light nor dark, right nor wrong, strong nor weak, vibrant nor passive,
Kind nor cruel, sweet nor bitter, great nor small, good nor evil.
Absolutely indifferent in every way imaginable.

**408**

Attitude is a statistical bell curve,
Ranging from joy to sorrow.
Where anyone journeys on the curve,
Is all about the play of imagination that manifests,
In the given mind, in the given context, in the given moment.

**409**

Why do so many play out their existence fearing death?
Other than the discombobulated inanities inspired by imagination,
Death is simply not waking up to another tomorrow.
It is living and dying that are the bother.

* * * *

There is no conclusion to all that is measurable,
Until you understand the choicelessness,
In which all dreams are dreamt.

* * * *

You can withdraw from the world into a cave,
Or embrace it all, and sing the song, dance the dance.
Either way, it is still but a fleeting, ever-changing dreaming.

* * * *

It is a God-eat-God, quantum-bash-quantum, stars-fling-comets-across-the-universe,
Rock-paper-scissors, throw-the-dice-across-the-table, everything-on-red,
Touchy-feely-three-dimensional-dream, kind of manifest zone.

**410**

How seriously to take this kaleidoscoping dreamtime, depends on your nature.
To be light and breezy all the time, well, few can truly manage to be that free.

* * * *

Are you looking at things with fresh eyes, with an alert, serene mind;
Unfiltered, uncompromised, untethered, by the mirage of imagination?

* * * *

Amazing as it is, in its function as a portal, into this touchy-feely sensory dreamtime,
What a revolting piece of work, the human body, once you yellow-brick-road it closely.

**411**

This streaming dreamtime moment, will be at best partially perceived.
More likely quickly forgotten, and even more likely all but unnoticed.

* * * *

Any earnest scientist inevitably discerns that the observer is the observed.
Measurement can only go so far, before it evaporates in the limits of imagination,
The pale beyond which, the eternal immeasurability, is forever unknowable.

* * * *

You get told this, you get told that, everyone imagining every possible confabulation.
Consciousness is the wind of the mind, blowing every direction, inconstant, in every way.

**412**

Each of us, every day, in every way, work often times very hard,
To hold our ever-changing perception of a universe together.

**413**

This vast edifice is entirely imagined.
It is not, has never, will never be truly real,
No matter how diligently you strive to believe it so.

* * * *

How do you wish this dream to continue is the question,
For you are all the players across time in your mind.
Will it be a simple, pleasant, even joyous dreamscape?
Or a dystopian nightmare from which none will ever escape?

**414**

All our imaginary universes are built within frames of reference molded by experience.
Each of us can only see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel,
What minds have been conditioned to discern and realize.
The ineffable mystery, is vessel for all.

* * * *

As real as it may seem in the moment-to-moment,
Of this three-dimensional sensory theater,
None of it has ever truly been,
More than a brief sensory distraction.

* * * *

A different time, a different existence.
A different appearance, a different dream.
A different world, a different universe.
All the differences; same mystery.

* * * *

And why do you need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?

**415**

God and Satan are the bogeymen of imagination.

* * * *

Freedom is in the doubting of everything imagined.

**416**

What greater folly, what greater absurdity,
Could there possibly be in this inane dream of a world,
Than to try to influence its illusory course?

* * * *

It has always been your voice speaking to you,
Through the innumerable others you have encountered,
Throughout your mortal existence in the dreamtime of samsara.

**417**

Dwell in that stillness, that awareness, that timelessness,
From which the dream of consciousness rises and falls.
Imagination, as present as it seems, is not eternal life.

* * * *

The ever-changing mortal frame,
Is a mobile unit in which energy transmutes.
The mind is a neuron matrix in which imagination frolics.

**418**

And what is the point of all this passion, for what is really nothing more than a brief dream?

**419**

Awareness is the one and only real You prior to consciousness.
Consciousness is nothing more than imagination,
In the playground of the mind.

* * * *

If this dream is happening,
Then what dream is not possible,
In the grand theater of infinity's rainbow?

**420**

The manifest dream is a grand feast,
And at its source is that which is absolute.
And when you are stuffed to the point of bursting,
Self-discovery is the final desert, the nightcap, so to speak.

**421**

I have given you conscious reality.
Through this mind, you exist.
Had we never met, or had I never heard of you,
You would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside this awareness, this consciousness,
You do not exist.

You have given me conscious reality.
Through your mind, I exist.
Had we never met, or had you never heard of me,
I would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside your awareness, your consciousness,
I do not exist.

What is the world but a brief ephemeral dream for all.

**422**

You really believe you have free will?
Only if you are in denial of all that has transpired,
In the eons long before you were born.
What will play out will play out,
As if choreographed,
With unimaginable precision.

* * * *

It is naught but a dream,
But just try telling others that.
Some either want to worship or kill you,
Rather than figure out what you are talking about.

**424**

Why fight the insanity, the absurdity, of a species immobilized by its imagination?

* * * *

What vanity to believe you must endure great suffering for some imaginary notion.

**429**

The natural laws govern all creatures, all things, from small to great.
Gibberish is not what makes the universe spin round and round.
There is not some deity tracking demerits on a naughty list.
Heaven, hell, is the world you every moment imagine.
You are ultimately on your own, completely alone.
Even your mother cannot shield you for long,
From the long and winding road ahead,
On which the many agonies and ecstasies,
Will reveal the lessons to which you subscribe.
So it goes … deal with it … get over it … move on.

* * * *

All the sensations, all the passions,
All the concoctions of mind and body,
None are the essential, real You,
The sovereign, immaculate,
Absolute witness,
The heart of awareness,
The oneness prior to all dreams.

**430**

You are bound in dreamtime,
Until the samsara of consciousness,
Has played itself out in you.

* * * *

This garden world owes you nothing.
It provided the seed, and you are doing with it,
Whatever the dreamy space-time of consciousness wills.

**431**

Life is but a few breaths,
And back to sleep, back to sleep,
In the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

Even when their dream is afire,
Human beings have the delusional capacity,
To believe that a deity is looking over them, protecting them,
And that he/she/it, will help them somehow continue on, as they always have.

**434**

Consciousness is a means,
To playing out the dream of time.
You are the awareness, not consciousness.

**435**

All these sounds are but interchangeable concepts describing the same unfathomable reality:
God, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Soul, matrix, unicity, oneness, stillness,
Indivisible, sovereign, absolute, awareness, consciousness, bliss,
Serenity, divinity, nothingness, totality, ether, dream,
Universe, quantum … mystery …

* * * *

All religion is unnecessary, pointless, superfluous, gratuitous.
Whether one deity or many, not one is real, not one is true.
All are imaginary inventions, collusions, lies, of the monkey-mind.
What dogma, what idolatry, can there be, in the indivisible formlessness?

**436**

What you take for reality, is merely a sensory streaming,
Inspired by the imagination we label consciousness.

* * * *

The body-mind is a churning vat of brewing goo,
In which agony and ecstasy, both real and imagined,
Play out ceaseless twists and turns of every concoction.

* * * *

The persona is akin to a useless load of rocks,
Weighing you down with all its imaginary draughts –
Unreal, false, illusory, absurd, delusional – from the get-go.

**437**

Deities have always been invented across the world, across time,
To cope with the unknown, to deal with the waves of agony and ecstasy,
Of this sensory dream, in which we play out our endless vanities.
The wisdom of insecurity is for the few and far between.

* * * *

Herded by time, into adventure after adventure,
And just as surely pressed on again and ever again.
What a challenging dream to at so many times endure.

**438**

There is nothing in this world, or any other, that must, or can be, continued.
The eternal moment is, with or without a manifest dream.
So, Pilgrim, where are you in all this?

* * * *

Every culture, no matter the size, no matter the capacity,
Must inevitably succumb to the consequences,
Of every success, of every failure,
In its synergistic dream.

* * * *

The dream births you,
Attends you,
Feeds and clothes you,
Gives you pleasure, inflicts pain,
With every intention of someday killing you.
And you, in return, accept your destiny, and believe it all real.

* * * *

What a near-infinity of hooks the universe begats,
To perpetually seduce you into its illusory, delusional reality.
A streaming web of sensory-inspired passions of every imaginary flavor.

**440**

What dreamtime of consciousness plays out within any of us,
Is more out of our hands than pride would deign believe.
Free will is an assumption abiding on very thin ice.

* * * *

There is nothing to want or fear.
It is only a body; it is only a dream.

**441**

It is the same awareness in all,
Dreaming eternally in one simultaneous here now,
Witness to all genesis, in every way, in one synchronized, indivisible instant.
I, Quantum … You, Quantum … He, Quantum … She, Quantum … Us, Quantum … All, Quantum.

* * * *

Any given personality is really nothing more than a byproduct,
Of the response of consciousness to the winds of time,
And all the attachments to its imaginary state.

**442**

Each and every day, every human being in this dreaming,
Wakes up and re-imagines a universe they believe real.

* * * *

You are but one,
Of the myriad eyes of mystery,
Yet another matchless witness to the infinity of dreams,
The mystery ever inspires in imagination.

* * * *

What contortions, those cemented into one meme or another,
Will maintain, to rationalize, to justify, their imaginary universe.

**445**

What urgency is there in this universe,
Once you recognize it for the dream it is.
What is there to save, to change, to do, to be,
But what you are, have ever been, will ever be,
What you are not, have never been, will never be.

**446**

Why would you really need to believe the mythology,
The folklore, the legends, the customs, the traditions, the history,
All the many perceptions, of any given culture, ultimately real and important,
Including the dreamy sliver of space and time that you call your own?

**447**

So, you woke up again this morning, and what is your dream up to this inexplicable day.

**449**

Even when you are alone with nothing to do,
It is challenging for the whimsy of imagination,
Not to carry you out sortie after sortie into the fray.

* * * *

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

**450**

Ultimately, this reverie is nothing more than a passage of imagination.
Ever-kaleidoscoping perceptions to which you are so attached.
The key to freedom is in the stilling of the busy mind,
And a clear, discerning, fearless detachment,
Toward the infinity of sensory hooks,
Playing out within and without.

* * * *

Pass on what you can, to as many as you can, as often as you can.
You never know who will have the ears that hear and eyes that see.
Nor what will flower in the challenging dreamtime now unfolding.

**451**

On a small spinning pale blue dot, in an outback of a brief manifestation,
Vanity arose in a noisy flurry, for barely a whisper of the space-time it imagined real,
Before relatively quickly dissolving back into the indivisibility of its fundamental quantum nature.
Such is the outcome of all imaginary forays inspired by the theater of consciousness,
In the likely very rare moments that it manages to evolve into being.

* * * *

There is nothing everlasting about any form, about any dynamic.
Nature is a chaotic divinity; illusion an anchorless dream.
And through it all, is an indivisibility, so cosmic,
Only in wonder can it be comprehended.

* * * *

A dream is a dream,
No matter how real it seems.
Truth is truth, no matter the delusion.

**452**

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

* * * *

What is consciousness but a dreamy cloud of imagination;
Of dualistic notions inspired by the sensory creation.
One may clearly distinguish reality though it,
But the dream in itself is not the truth.

* * * *

To be born is to die,
With some wandering
Through a dream between.
That is the way it is.

* * * *

All these traditions,
All these geographic assumptions;
Vainly vying for supremacy in a world of dreams,
Where all patterns small to great orbit in a vast sea of relativity.

**453**

When the given body hungers, when it thirsts, it seeks out food and water.
But that which slakes the ravenousness nature of the unquenchable mind,
Is an existential question to which each dreamer must alone find answer.

* * * *

You are but a minute speck of this vast conundrum of a universe,
That happened, for whatever speculation might be mustered,
To have been born into this dreamtime as a human being,
Into a particular geography, with a particular mindset,
To which you have likely become far too attached.

**454**

All emotions are nothing but sensations to which imagination attaches value.

* * * *

… eternity … birth … an imagined existence … death … eternity …

**455**

You are both the protagonist and antagonist of your own dream,
Your own jailer in an imaginary prison built of mind and senses.

**456**

However immense and majestic the vision these words may attempt to convey,
Its reality is so much greater than even the greatest imagination,
Will ever be able to even vaguely imagine.

* * * *

You are born now, you live now, you die now.
Time is just a temporary state of imagination.

* * * *

You are so caught up in the sensory dream,
So hypnotized, so conditioned, so brainwashed,
That you believe it all real, you believe it all important.
You believe everything thought, you believe everything felt.
All is vanity, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
And it the key to the mind in which you reside.

**457**

What imagination sows, imagination reaps.

**458**

What is existence but every moment fathoming, navigating, negotiating,
A quantum dreamtime that will never even once stop,
Until death do you merge.

* * * *

Across the universe, throughout eternity,
There are an inestimable number of perceptions,
Within each and every imaginary moment,
From each and every imaginary angle.
So boggling as to make any mind,
Singularly serene in wonder.

* * * *

The quantum either of genesis is still evolving,
And we are all equal players in the dreaming of it.
Intelligent design, free and clear of idolatry or dogma.

**460**

It is not original sin, it is original separation,
And it happens every instant one forsakes the eternal moment,
Every time one embraces the pretense of knowing,
Imagined by the mind bound in time.

* * * *

Any definitions of that which is mystery,
As ludicrous as all descriptions ultimately are,
Should always be as nebulous as imagination allows.

**462**

So absorbed by the space-time continuum of your little dream,
That only during rare moments in the given here and there,
Will you detach from the mind, a bag of neuron goo,
Seemingly filled with every imaginable inanity,
Born of the ceaselessness of consciousness.

**464**

Fear is the harvest of all the agony and ecstasy imprinted in the mind and body.
Transcend it via the quantum field, where imagination is but a flurry of stardust.

* * * *

The mystery of this vast creation is a beyond-the-pale enigma.
The Greatest Story is at best to be surmised, never told.
All notions are but speculations of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothings but.

* * * *

The quantum matrix programming is indivisible,
Indelible, indifferent, inexorable, indissoluble, indefatigable;
Intelligible only through the incisive code-breaking,
Of mathematics, art, music, linguistics,
And other paradigms intuited by imagination.

* * * *

The newborn is but simple awareness.
The identity that will gradually in imagination bloom,
Will be the mind-body's nature-nurture adaptation to the sensory theater.
The means to survive, to endure physically and psychologically,
The dreamtime into which it has been by mystery cast.

**465**

The monkey-mind lays claim to every imaginable expression of behavior.
What rock has not been turned myriad times, well beyond remembering?

* * * *

Imagination sallies forth,
Always behind, no matter the moment.
The collusion putters on of its own synergistic whimsy.

* * * *

The manifest space-time continuum is not linear.
It is a boundless, indivisible, multidimensional, quantum matrix,
Eternally singular, inexplicable, but for imagination's dynamic, time-bound dream.

**466**

All monkey-mind interpretations are but imaginary, subjective, self-absorbed confabulations,
Of the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-chronocentric-heliocentric-cosmoscentric kind.

**467**

Despite the muddle humanity has in every way imaginable made of it,
How can it possibly be, that all creation is not fashioned of the same source?
All the creeds ever devised across all eternity, cannot negate this one indelible truth:
That the quantum in one, is the quantum in all, and the quantum in all, is the quantum in one.
No one possesses the ultimate indivisibility, any more than anyone or anything else,
Regardless of the incalculable machinations of the undiscerning multitudes,
Given over to every imaginable paradigm, under any given sun.
Do not be drawn into delusion by the fog of words.
Monkey-see-monkey-do is not bona fide.

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness is awareness.
Awareness is timeless; consciousness, time.
Awareness is still; consciousness, movement.
Awareness is reality; consciousness, imagination.
It is what it is; nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

* * * *

Is this whole dream, is all of eternity,
Just an interminable recording going on and on?
The unknowable, merely playing it all out to pass the time.
A cavernous awareness simultaneously inhaling,
Through every eye, every single moment.

* * * *

Most are likely easy targets, should anyone want to do them harm.
The challenge in this dreamtime, is to either make as few adversaries as possible,
Or to have the wherewithal to build castles and armies great enough to fend off the barbarians.
Not too many actors get to play pharaohs and kings and other warlord roles,
So, most must choose the former as the fickle fates allow.

**468**

All sense of persona, of self,
Is a temporal fabrication of imagination,
Of the winds of consciousness blowing every which way.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**469**

Imagine, if you will, a poker table with Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Peter Pan, and Jesus,
All wearing baseball caps, chomping on cigars, sipping whiskey.

* * * *

Bother that it is for those who must endure the mortal aspect,
The quantum essence cannot know its Self but through creation of the other,
In as many ways as possible as often as possible, to better reflect upon all things imaginable.

**470**

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.
It is the outcome of having witnessed patterns over and over enough,
To well anticipate their inevitability.

* * * *

Are you the identity to which you so resolutely cling,
Or the ephemeral awareness that perceives it all,
Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination.

* * * *

It seems far less likely that humans were made in the image of some deity,
Than they are fashioned of the infinite imagination of singular quantum design.

**471**

Sometimes you give your attention to consciousness.
Sometimes you give your attention to awareness.
And in the end, it does not really matter at all.
There is no meter, there is no final judgment.
It is a three-dimensional quantum dream,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Rest assured, it shall carry on without you.

* * * *

We are all patterns seeking some sort of respite, some sort of reprieve,
From whatever purgatory the sensory-mind every twinkling, imagines real.
The promises of God, of heaven, of eternal bliss, however hollow, are an easy sell.

**472**

Regarding destiny: Do you choose it? Or does it choose you?
Is there free will, chock-full of options, in this theater of space and time?
Or is the entire reverie nothing more than an indivisible, juggernauting recording,
An infinite matrix witnessed by the ultimate you in every way imaginable.

* * * *

What irony that in the face of an incredibly astonishing mystery,
Humankind has lost itself in an absurd collusion of every possible vanity.
An entirely imaginary invention, this myopic notion of a separate, individual persona.
A duality sparked in consciousness, when it began its evolutionary spin in the jungles of long ago.

**474**

And why should not every day be rife with contemplation of the unknown?
Why should not every day, even in the tempest of great activity, be a day of rest?
What is it so many are striving to be, to prove, in this most astounding dream of time?

* * * *

From the neurology of the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness,
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,
The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen,
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

**475**

You work so hard to become something in this world, in this manifest dream.
Challenging to realize, challenging to accept, that it was all for nothing.
The winds of vanity … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**476**

Once the life course has been set, once the world view has been molded,
A fair number of monkey-minds do not do well with too many choices, too many options.
Many feel the need to change, even destroy anyone, anything that is too different,
Which for some means almost everyone and everything on the planet.
What a thing to be so confined, so narrowed, so limited,
So incapable of embracing the great all of it.

* * * *

Why maintain any sense of fabricated self, any sense of imaginary identity, at all?
To pretend you are other than the awareness of the eternal moment,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is all,
Why would you want to do such a thing?

* * * *

Here you are: eating, drinking, sitting, walking, running;
Living out each and every day, sleeping through each and every night.
Here you are, witnessing the sensory dream playing out every moment in your mind.
Here you are, seeking meaning and purpose, in a vista that offers none,
But through imaginary intercourse with perception.

**477**

What is humankind but an assortment of strands of evolving-devolving chromosomes,
Rushing about in every way imaginable, often pretending all the while,
That its little play of consciousness is somehow important,
To a cosmos likely indifferent to its existence.

* * * *

Dissolve back into the quantum womb of your origin.
Free of all desire for existence, free of all fear of existence,
Discern the unicity, be the unicity, prior to all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your body and mind are riddled with every sort of fear and worry,
The post-traumatic stress of the synergy of life's ever-streaming currents,
Some soft, some harsh, but all sculpting you, as the winds of time do all things.

* * * *

Challenging, perhaps all but impossible,
Not to discern the sensory present through the countless filters,
The mind-body's tree rings from a lifetime of abiding the dreamtime of the given universe.
Only the newborn perceives it for the kaleidoscoping unknown that it ever is,
And none for long as the mind steadily puts order to the chaos
Into which it has from oblivion been cast.

**478**

Pardon me for inquiring, but why do some humans …
Seem to loathe nature and her many creations?
Become so determined to control others?
Go to such extremes to feel happy?
Believe gold so important?
Seem to delight in hurting others?
Partake in so many preposterous notions?
Corrupt the world with so many unproven creations?
Despise so many others simply because they abide by different values?
Become so vain about their bodies that they cloak them with every imaginable costume?
Focus on so many differences when there is so much more in common?
Acquire so much more than they could ever need or use?
Bear children in whom they have little interest?
Create a world so indigent and forlorn?
Learn so little from history,
And are so blind to its reckoning?

* * * *

What is the Buddha mind, the eternal mind,
But the mind that thinks without thinking, sees without seeing,
Hears without hearing, smells without smelling, tastes without tasting, feels without feeling.
The sensory theater is but an ephemeral, ever-kaleidoscoping dream.
A quantum play, nothing more, nothing less.

**480**

The mystery, the unknowable you truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it, abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

**481**

All knowledge, all assumptions, all speculations,
Are they really anything more than time-bound distractions,
From the eternal seamlessness of the nothingness,
That can never be more than imagined.

* * * *

How is the human species really any different,
Than lemmings irreversibly rushing towards oblivion?
What is this dream, but patterns within patterns within patterns?

**482**

Best take reasonable care of the body.
It is the portal through which the dream is experienced,
Through which You witness whatever slice of mystery You have been allotted.
Life offers too many challenges to not be able to face it squarely,
With as much health and well-being, as possible.

**483**

If you break down existence into its many parts, sub-parts, and sub-sub-parts:
Food, sex, work, play, cutting the nails, trimming the verge, agony and ecstasy, ad infinitum,
Going round and round in the same groove, doing the same old thing over and over,
What would really be so enticing about existing in some imaginary forever?
The manifest dream must renew its Self, else it will die of ennui.

**484**

The mind being what it is, how possible is it to ever be completely free of the mindset,
The meme, the filter, the conditioning, the patterning, the habituating, the brainwashing,
Of any given body, any given family, any given group, any given culture, any given origin?
Imagination requires one starting point, one underpinning or another,
From which to launch into the dream of time.

* * * *

A few metaphors from a thesaurus, for the mind brewing in equanimity: Composure,
Calm, level-headedness, self-possession, coolheadedness, presence of mind;
Serenity, tranquility, phlegm, imperturbability, equilibrium; poise,
Assurance, self-confidence, aplomb, sangfroid, nerve.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement within a bubble of manifest awareness,
Whose brief mortal dreamtime allows the grand quantum mystery,
To witness its Self in whatever way the genetic lottery spins.

* * * *

What is it to be a man? What is it to be a woman?
What is it to be absorbed, captivated, in some between?
Each and every human being across the world, across time,
Grappling with their reality at the center stage of the given world.
None really right, none really wrong, just imagination having its way.

**485**

By means great or small, your mortal conclusion is assured.
From formlessness to formlessness, a brief dream between.

* * * *

No matter how you will it so, you are of the quantum genesis,
And can never, in more than in the filament of imagination, part.

**486**

The frame of reference, that bag of knowledge, that stew of perception,
Is but a phantasm of consciousness, a.k.a., imagination.
What you really are is prior to it all.
Discern it, and be as free as the moment allows.

* * * *

Who knows who, who knows what, who knows where,
Who knows when, who knows why, who knows how,
But the sensory consciousness you imagine you are.

* * * *

Do not confuse what you imagine, or what you do,
With the prior-to-consciousness awareness You are.

* * * *

Strands of genes collide and merge into new life.
Each and every one matchless in its own dream of time,
Each and every one an immeasurably vast cosmos unto its Self.

**490**

Who, what, why, when, where, how are you,
But imagination attached to its manifest dream.
Still the many thoughts the senses inspire,
And be the anonymous, faceless one.

* * * *

What is memory, but electrical impulses whizzing down neural trails?
What is emotion, but biochemical secretions oozing through membranes?
It is imagination's translation of sensation, that navigates any given existence.

**491**

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

**492**

Have you really, ever thought, said, or done anything all that different,
Than anything thought, said, or done countless dreamtimes before and since?
Perhaps, but likely ever so rarely, and really, naught but minor tweaks,
In the eternally evolving patterning spun of quantum stardust,
In the puddles and jungles of the unfolding long ago.

* * * *

Human existence, as it is known,
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conceptions.
To release the mind that attains, is to relinquish all, to the eternal nowness,
The timelessness that is as near to the one and only ultimate reality,
As awareness, through mindfulness, is capable of realizing.
Only in a very serene mind, only in that awareness,
Can the mystery you truly are, be realized.

**493**

Unhook the engine, let loose all the baggage cars.
Be that sharp-cutting-edge, up-front-and-center awareness,
That which was never born, that which never dies,
That which You truly are and are not.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything You imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

**494**

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way.
And yet, all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and feel,
Through the mind-body filter, to which you are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded you into a pattern you think you.
Only by discerning the indivisible awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming,
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom, of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

**495**

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

To discern the awareness prior to consciousness,
You must look prior to all the perceptions, all the memories,
Prior to all the thoughts drifting willy-nilly in the smoke of imagination.
Consciousness is but an imaginary veil, behind which is ever the essence You truly are.

**496**

Not easy to let go of all you imagine you are, and are not, in this absurd little dream of space and time.
The monkey-mind will seemingly do whatever it must, to preserve its countless illusions.
Absolute attention – desireless, fearless – is the key to eternal freedom.

* * * *

As limited as any given manifestation must be to dream any existence,
The ultimate You – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is within all creation and the space between.
Why would anyone imagine it to be anything less?

* * * *

Just because it is all infinitely one, does not necessarily mean,
One must indiscriminatingly love everyone and everything.
There can be joyful serenity in being indifferent to it all.

**497**

Are you really this form, this mind-body?
Or is it merely a vehicle for consciousness to play out its dream,
And you nothing more than a passenger, a witness;
Awareness, timelessly observing it all.

**498**

We humans are all animals here,
Mammals with consciousness enough, with imagination enough,
To perceive the sensory play in such a way as to fabricate the notion, the absurdity, of individuality.
Animals with a beyond-the-pale aptitude for communication and tool-making.
But animals, nonetheless, animals, nonethemore.

* * * *

This brief dream is likely just a one-shot dog and pony show,
In your mind-body's, so very vain sliver of forever,
So, enjoy it as best ye may, while ye may,
For it will all be over sooner than soon enough.

* * * *

Even the most vile foe, is teacher to you, and you to s/he.
There is no occurrence that has not played its part,
In your reaching this moment in dreamtime.
You may not much care to offer heartfelt thanks,
But the truth of it, best be acknowledged for what it is.

* * * *

Go back to the You before the mortal body, and forward to the You after it has fallen away.
Of what importance is this ever-changing vessel, this vague set of imaginary notions, really?

**499**

The addictive mind is an insatiable mind, a consuming force, obsessed with every possible extreme:
Food, sex, alcohol, drugs, religion, power, fame, fortune, materialism, greed ad infinitum.
A habitual, undisciplined, pride-filled mind, driven to debilitating dependency,
By what is really nothing more than a kaleidoscoping sensory theater.
Ever running from the aloneness, the stillness, the essence,
Of the indelible mystery permeating everything.

* * * *

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

What is the body but a bag of perceptions,
Of memories, of desire, of fears, of ecstasies, of agonies,
All cavorting in eternity's indivisible stillness, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Why investigate and corroborate anything and everything to your satisfaction?
Because you are a scientist, and resolute, exacting reflection, is first and foremost.

* * * *

Nothingness is the timeless constant, within which, every imaginable variable –
Each and every one fashioned of the quantum essence and its ever-shifting nature –
Ever condenses and evaporates, like clouds in the sky, in its unborn-undying here now.
The mystery has been labeled by many names, to which, it has never even once answered.

**500**

Pretend you are already dead.
Die to time, literally be here now, right here, right now.
As still as the morning dew, totally alone, eternally present, not a care in the world.
All knowledge vaporized, no family, no friends, no enemies, no problems.
No attachment to the agonies and ecstasies of the sensory feed.
Unequivocal negation of any and all assumptions.
No body, no identity, no possessions.
Just attentive awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, the soul, the essence, the mystery;
How can it be said to belong to anybody, if not everybody and everything?
In the raging sea of metaphors, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

How ludicrous to imagine that we really know anything,
That all our speculations mean diddly-squat,
That all our ceaseless wordplay,
Is any more than another form of wind.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

* * * *

The difference between any you and any me, is all in our heads, is all in our minds.
Our perceptions, our imagination, our relentless emphasis on the ever-kaleidoscoping universe,
Playing out every timeless moment, bewildering us all with its inexplicable veil.
And who has the unshakable witness behind the curtain ever been,
But the same You that is Me, the same Me that is You.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,
How far will you glean it? What will you say? What will you do?
How will you play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

**The Last Page**

Every one, the same quantum indivisibility, playing the manifest theater real.
Every one, the immortal essence, peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one, as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those whose destiny it is, to become seers, ponder many things,
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself.
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds perceive that from whence all things come and go.
And in that awareness, merge back into the indivisibility,
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns.
All functions of the same choicelessness.
All programming of quantum design.
Indivisible within one and all, for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only You do not change, only You have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only You,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound you call it, is always the same.
The same as when you were born; the same as when you die.
The same as before you were born; the same as after you die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while you exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that you truly are, cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

# Breadcrumbs 2015

**Leftovers**

To become a skeptic, a cynic, a doubter, an agnostic, one becomes an adversary of delusion,
An antagonist to the fallacies of mythology, superstition, and other cultural assumptions.
The mind of the critical thinker is its own reflection of what is real, and what is not.

* * * *

What hope can there be for harmony in a world swirled and hurled asunder
By the exponentially accelerating technologies of death and mayhem.
War is peace in this Darwinian leap into the survival of the fittest.
And those who endure, those who abide the dystopian future,
Are not necessarily the stronger, or the more intelligent,
But those most adaptable to the pendulum of time.

* * * *

The idolatry of form has drawn many a mind throughout the rise of humankind.
How many whimsical notions have been fabricated across the world,
Faces we can see rather than the one and only we cannot.

* * * *

What is light? What is dark? What is good? What is evil?
What is right? What is wrong? What is agony? What is ecstasy?
And what is the impenetrable awareness permeating all things imagined?

* * * *

Likely not many are watching you, or thinking about you,
Near as much as your monkey-mind might choose to believe.
You are only the center of your imaginary version of the universe.

* * * *

Sophistication in any field of endeavor
Is a matter of how the given capacities and limitations
Double-double-toil-and-trouble their way into conscious awareness.
Who are the most skillful but the few-and-far-between giving their fullest attention.

* * * *

The scientific mind is ever observing,
Ever exploring everything in every way imaginable.
True science transcends all boundaries.

* * * *

Your only constraint is being locked up in the temporal body.
The indivisible youness you really are knows no bounds.
Only imagination binds itself to the given universe.

* * * *

We are all the center of our unique little dream; every conscious thing is.
None can be the same, no matter how diligent the effort,
And why even try? Why even bother?

* * * *

Consciousness is capable of anything imagination can conceive and physics allow.
It boils down to playing out the blueprint, the programming,
Of the given seed line as it sprouts into time.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but the mind's most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it the evolutionary outcome
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

So many faces come and gone in the rolodex of life.
So many moments spent together, so many things shared.
What happened to them all, what stories unfolded into destiny?
The things we can never know of our dreamtime are many and large.

* * * *

Every eye, a subjective filter.
Objectivity is the ruse of idealistic notion.
No matter how detached, how indifferent the endeavor,
It is ever seen through the personal coloring of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

What is so dysfunctional, so surreal, about the human species,
Is its obsession with what others think, and what others think about them.
Groupthink has been a mainstay of our survival in this dreamtime,
But its interminable absurdities are beyond measure.

* * * *

Existence creates many questions, answers to which often raise many more,
And on and on knowledge bounds into its fabricated future.
What is the parable of Adam and Eve
But the plucking of knowledge from the garden,
And then carrying on with whatever its imaginary whirl concocted,
Eventually swirling into the marvel and madness of these our so-called modern times.

* * * *

This universe, this world, was not created by meekness,
By fear, by hope, by political correctness, by any absurdity, whatsoever.
The vagaries of the human condition are but a hiccup in the unfolding eternal theater.

* * * *

Is the me you think you know, the me I think I am?
Of course not, nor would the visa-versa ever be bona fide, either.
We are all one-of-a-kind imaginary universes, each and every one at center stage,
All of it happening in a quantum sort-of-maybe indivisible way.

* * * *

Consciousness is an insatiable force.
Were it to heartily devour the entire universe,
Were it to experience absolutely everything imaginable,
It would not be enough, it would still yearn for more, more, more.

* * * *

Same old story in yet another tale.
The cast, the crew, the stage, has changed,
But the patterned narrative is very much the same.

* * * *

A great curiosity, a great absurdity, about this two-legged drama,
Is why so many are so concerned what others think or do.
What is all this judgment but a survival mechanism
Bred into being in the jungles of long ago.
Yay or nay, it is ever entangling.

* * * *

All concepts, whether of some god,
A horse, a chair, a rock, a star, or some abstract quantum formula,
Are born of limitation because they can never be more than formulations of temporal consciousness.
No sound will ever be more than a vibration, no perception will ever be tangible,
Including the you that you in mind-body believe so real.
It is all a dream born if imagination.

* * * *

Imagine all the life forms on this garden planet,
And realize that you are of the same clayness as each and every one.
Look out into the sea of stars, and discern the same.
All are cousins of the same source.

* * * *

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?

Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

* * * *

Somewhere in time, somewhere in space,
Some mind first said it, first wrote it, first built it,
Different mind, same mind, all derived of the same essence.

* * * *

You are but a fleeting window in the seed principle's theater of dreamtime.
Think what you will of its inexplicable mystery, you are but a player,
And all your conclusions, all your assumptions, mean nothing.

* * * *

Quantifying, measuring everything imaginable, what is the point, really?
Being ever-present with this inexplicable sojourn,
Now that is a challenge, indeed.

* * * *

Science and technology stand on the shoulders of all those who have come before.
Turtles all the way down, and all the way up, too, for as long as the dream plays out.

* * * *

Time and space is but a mortal fabrication of neuron trails and memory cells.
The nothing more, nothing less of quantum vapor playing the indivisible real.

* * * *

So many haranguing from some pulpit in their mind: 'Don't do this, don't do that.'
All based on utterly absurd, often contradictory notions written thousands of years ago,
Warnings of a go-directly-to-hell naughty list kept by some Santa Claus up in the clouds.
Well, any defensive lineman worth his salt knows to shove back or sally around the block.
There is not any doctrine, any on-high authority, that means squat to those bent on discovery.

* * * *

Different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different livelihoods, different clothes,
Different foods, different sports, different creeds, different absurdities,
Different this, that, and the other thing,
Same monkey.

* * * *

And what would this inane world be like if we all respected each other,
If we all treated one another as we would ourselves choose to be treated?
Is the so-called Golden Rule anything more than an ideal, a soporific notion,
To which vanity only rarely allows more than lip service be paid.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory,
And it is only through self-restraint
That it is not severely exacted at some point.
How many are fortunate that they have not endured
What others have contemplated with one apparatus or another.

* * * *

What curious thing how flesh can in one instance be so enticing,
And in another be only just a few clicks short of horrifying.
Everything abides in one slice of relativity or another.
Perception is all, and all must endure one way or another.

* * * *

Not even one moment in your entire existence has ever been more than a dream.
None of it has ever been truly real but for the ephemeral nothingness
That is as close to "reality" as this mystery can ever be.

* * * *

Human beings are absolutely no different
Than any other biological entities in this manifest realm,
And we will, each and every one of us, disincorporate the same as every other
In Mother Nature's magically indifferent dream of time.

* * * *

So many interesting things to do in life
That are entirely satisfied by a spoonful of imagination,
The real thing often being far too out of reach,
Or too bothersome to bother doing.

* * * *

So many wandering about,
Regurgitating one blather or another,
When right smack dab in the middle of their mind
Is the most inexplicable mystery they could ever hope to discern.

* * * *

Time travel?
How can you cross something that does not exist
As anything more than an imaginary notion?

* * * *

As perfect as the word, the number, the note, the line, the hue, might be,
It is instantly but a perception forever caught in the amber of imagination.

* * * *

Everyone believes whatever falsehoods they want to believe,
Until doubt perhaps slowly sprouts in one cranny, one nook or another.

And from that moment on, who knows where the long and winding road will lead.

* * * *

The task is to discern the nature of heaven in the hell humankind has made of paradise.
There is no god, no devil, there is no good, no evil, there is only consciousness imagining all.
And you are really very much on your own in figuring it out in whatever way suits you.

* * * *

Words, numbers, notes, lines,
And other such conceptual intrigues
Are the endless playground of imagination.
They cavort with nothing to their heart's content.

* * * *

What we call goodness is consciousness without ulterior motive.
What we call evil is consciousness distorted by perception
Into every imaginable contortion of self-absorption.

* * * *

The Seventh Day was much more a paradise
Than the human mind has fashioned in the Eighth.
And the Ninth is coming up to bat, the Tenth is on deck,
And what roster will play beyond that, only the mystery knows.

* * * *

To consciously be the light unto thy Self,
Is up to you, and you alone, to explore and discover.
An ever-present journey through a long and winding mind, to be sure.

* * * *

What need for worship, for piety, for virtue,
For belief, for faith, for dogma, for idolatry, for ritual,
Once you have discerned what you truly are is prior to all creation.

* * * *

So many distractions this manifest creation offers:
Tangible and intangible, in every ways and means imaginable.
But what is a Self to do when all become so passé,
When even watching it is bother.

* * *

The body may exist, the mind may think, but is it really you doing any of it?
Are you really any more than witness to the given nature-nurture?
Attached only to the mesmerizing churning of the senses,
And the innumerable vain notions they parlay?

* * * *

That which was never born has no measure.

It is an indivisible essence, a potency igniting all.
All discrimination is born of the miasma of imagination.

* * * *

We all seek out others who perceive the world the same,
And yet no one ever does, no one ever can,
Because it is just not possible
To transcend the aloneness within all.

* * * *

What is sex, what is an orgasm, but stimulation,
Friction, by your own hand or another's.
Cloaked with every imaginable justification of mind,
But really nothing more than the most primal urge to procreate
Playing out the genetic lottery's ultimately pointless pursuit of immortality.

* * * *

What is this phenomenon called life
But a collection of extremely vague notions,
To which a completely imagined self is so attached.

* * * *

What need to have some group, some herd, corroborate the obvious?
What need to teach, to illuminate, that which cannot be taught?
What need to pretend that which is only ever pretend?

* * * *

A bubble of awareness, nothing more, nothing less.
Naught but imagination coupled with the sensory feed,
Dressing it infinitesimal to infinite, as the given mind allows.

* * * *

Go to that state of solitude, that awareness before to time,
That eternal here-now prior to consciousness,
Where no other has never abided.
That placeless place,
The source code of creation.

* * * *

What is any history, any saga, any memoir, any narration,
But a set of partial perceptions of one mind or many,
Precisely asserted by one storyteller or another.
What really transpired any given here now
Is likely always a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances can be teachers, guides, companions,
That aid the exploration of the relativity of consciousness,

And the inexplicable mystery from whence it arises,
Harmful only if they are misused and abused.
Moderation, equilibrium, equanimity, in all things.

* * * *

It is in consciousness that all heavens and hells reside.
In awareness, the origin of all things,
There is nothing
But the serenity of oblivion.

* * * *

The truth is equally within all things from great and small,
And only those who surrender to its beingness
Are free of imagination's constraints.

* * * *

Time does not exist.
It never has, and never will.
It is entirely an invention of imagination,
And without the neural pathways fashioned by evolution,
Its presumption the dreamtime of creation would never have entertained.

* * * *

To abide in the timeless truth of this manifest reverie,
One must focus attention upon that which is prior to consciousness,
That momentary awareness ever prior to the me-myself-and-I of conscious design.

* * * *

A question for the scientist who harbors in any inquisitive mind,
Has a hypothesis to spare, and inclination for observation within and without:
Is creativity, is consciousness, enhanced by oxygen deprivation
Born of the many tensions born of suffering?
Is something so simple root cause to so much passion?

* * * *

You have more than most could ever even dream,
And still you cannot open that tight-fisted grip.

* * * *

Consciousness can never catch-up, much less overtake,
That which only presence of the timeless awareness knows.

* * * *

No point in creating another absurd dog and pony show
For the same choir that is always coming back for more.

* * * *

Into illusory weaving,

Samsara entices you again and again.
Such an unwavering, tenacious opponent, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

It is not your body, nor is it my body.
It is merely a temporal container from which to witness
Yet another mortal dream play its Self out.

* * * *

Your universe disappears and reappears every moment
In the wake of imagination's ever-present dissolution.

* * * *

The only way you fabricate the perception of past or future
It through the eternal, very present nowness of awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is the constant in the grand experiment.
Everything else, the variables of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is this hypothesis called "All" but each and every one
The same nothingness dreaming an individual play of time.

* * * *

You are the singularity, the unicity, the oneness.
All sense of duality is delusion spawned by illusion.

* * * *

Fitting into one mindset or another, why, really?
What is this fear of standing alone, absolutely free?

* * * *

Limitation is splintered in every way imaginable.
Perfection has no bounds.

* * * *

All creation stories are but plays of imagination
Speculating realities that have never,
Nor will ever exist.

* * * *

The ephemeral nothingness of awareness is ever the same.
Only consciousness, only imagination, is ever-changing.

* * * *

No one can compel anyone to think, to believe, anything
To which they do not, wittingly or unwittingly, collude.

* * * *

Imagine if everyone could clearly discern the ultimate.
How different would this garden dustball really be?

* * * *

If there is a god or gods,
There is inevitably dogma, idolatry,
And every vain gradation of absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

A long cultural tradition means little
If you have gleaned nothing more from it
Than a handful of obtuse ethnocentric notions.

* * * *

Everything is timelessly, indivisibly connected.
All dualistic perceptions are entirely imagined.

* * * *

You are That which many call god, creating this vast dream,
Each vessel absolutely unique, yet through it all,
There is truly not even one other.

* * * *

Instead of being grateful for what you have,
You hunger for more this, more that.
Consciousness is insatiable.

* * * *

Words, expansive as they may be, will never be more
Than the contortions of that born in the dream of time.

* * * *

A most curious thing how soon we all become hoarders
Of more far more memories than we can ever remember.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum still-point,
How meaningless all sounds given concept,
All motions given flourish, all dreams given reality.

* * * *

The newborn is pure awareness,
Lost in the sensory play, no direction known.
And then the winds of space and time begin their sculpting.

* * * *

You are in the body, but not of it.
You are the awareness prior to all fabrications of consciousness.
Be here now.

* * * *

There is no need to believe god when you are god.
No need to believe in anything, really.
Just being is enough.

* * * *

Between the nowness of eternity and the dream of mind,
'Tis a ceaseless in and out … in and out … in and out …

* * * *

The brain stem, the original evolution of the mind,
Is as in harmony with the primal awareness,
As any point of consciousness can be.

* * * *

Gone, gone, gone, so quickly gone,
And only the glimmering notions of memory
To keep you believing anything ever really happened.

* * * *

A quantum dream of awareness,
Which in consciousness must be endured
For whatever time the given body and mind allow.

* * * *

How can the infinite ocean know its ultimate nature
But through the imaginary sagas of it countless drops.

* * * *

If you know your Self,
And are your own steadfast friend,
Why would you ever need an imaginary one?

* * * *

Human silliness might be truly depressing
If it were not laced with so much absurdity.

* * * *

Everything is of one patterning or another.
To do anything outside that patterning
Requires conscious deliberation.

* * * *

That which you recall is that to which you cling.

What a weight all the mind's baggage
In the perception of now.

* * * *

Because we can discern neither beginning nor end,
We postulate infinity, and even that is speculation.

* * * *

It all boils down to this singular existential moment,
Forever stage to the dreaming of consciousness
Playing out whatever imagination divines.

* * * *

If humankind were as great as it likes to believe it is,
Would it have made such an abysmal mess of things?

* * * *

Is there anything in this mad monkey absurdity of a world
That does not subscribe to one form of vanity or another?

* * * *

The challenge for humankind is less about what to believe,
Than it is to examine the instinctual drive to believe itself.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever believe some deity
Would ever be bound by any human concoction?

* * * *

There are those who lead cults, those who blindly follow,
And those who stand back aloof, and wonder at the absurdity.

* * * *

Drawn to existence, drawn to oblivion, you ache for both
In the ever-flowing currents of time born of imagination.

* * * *

Consciousness battles a never-ending war over differences
That do not really matter in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

Why care about any of it? Why not care for all of it?
So many choices in the momentary mist of dreamtime.
All real and unreal in the perception of any given mind.

* * * *

What can anyone hold onto but a collection of imaginary notions
Created by the frame of reference founded upon one's conditioning?

* * * *

God and Satan, heaven and hell, have always been dogmatic absurdity.
Collusions of human imagination, none of it ultimately real or true.

* * * *

When you say “I Am,”
Is it with or without the body,
And all its imagined history in mind?

* * * *

There can be no sense of time
Without the presence of awareness
Within which to imagine all things different.

* * * *

Unconditional acceptance of this grand dream as it is,
With all its light and dark, its good and evil,
Is about as loving as it gets.

* * * *

Everyone and everything and everything between the same awareness,
Waking up to whatever reality the patterned consciousness
Of the given nature-nurture ordains.

* * * *

Each of us plays out the day-to-day in our own unique Shakespearian fashion,
And within the ever-present consciousness, within the timeless awareness,
The quantum indivisibility, call it what you will, witnesses all as one.

* * * *

Chances are a dense mind will not perceive the inexplicable,
No matter how adroit and lucid and profound the exposition.

* * * *

Consciousness usurps awareness in every way, ever calling itself real.
Death tends to put a damper on this vain little pastime, ergo, tradition.

* * * *

Chances are the who-what-where-when-why-how imagine you are.
Is not the who-what-where-when-why-how you really are.
Somewhat mutually-exclusive, actually.

* * * *

Are those who believe they are the definition of rationality
Really any more sane than those who discern they are not?

* * * *

All meaning and purpose is born of imagination.
All very temporal, very brief persuasions, at best.

* * * *

So many wandering about
Really believing their brief existence important,
More than just an eensy-weensy particle of dust in the grand cosmos.

* * * *

Duality exists only in the dreamtime of consciousness.
Reality is singular through and through for all eternity.

* * * *

Be the awareness witnessing, and be free.
Be the awareness witnessing through the filter of consciousness,
And be bound by whatever whimsies it partakes.

* * * *

It is consciousness that presides over the passions.
Awareness is tranquility through and through.

* * * *

The bottom line to all existence
Boils down to DNA's striving in every way imaginable
To continue for as long as possible.

* * * *

Whether words, numbers, notes, or any other device born of conscious design,
All concepts have their capacities and limitations,
Their raison d'être.

* * * *

In any game, rules are manipulated,
Stretched, ignored, penetrated, muddied,
And colored in every shade of gray imaginable.

* * * *

What is birth? What is death?
And what is this surreal dream between?
Can anyone more than churn out endless speculation?

* * * *

How is it that those who believe they are the creations of god
Do not in the same breath wonder where that god came from?

* * * *

Think you are ready for what is coming?
You will, hopefully, not have to find out.

* * * *

So much absurdity to wade through in this tarnished world,
And to what end ever the insoluble question.
Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are nothing more than vain notions
To which self-consciousness has subscribed since its origin.

* * * *

Whatever words are used to label the mind's perceptions,
It is the nameless actuality that must be daily endured.

* * * *

Yes, there is no doubt God created this infinite universe,
So that so many could be unimaginably stupid about it.

* * * *

Yet another case of "Believe what I say, do what I say, not what I do."
Hypocrisy, an innate facet of the monkey-mind's self-protective shield.

* * * *

Across the world, across time, Mad Hatters babbling resolutely
About every sort of nonsense, about every sort of absurdity,
To what end at best the duration of a Cheshire Cat's grin.

* * * *

What do geezers and crones have left to be vain about
Without a fair dollop of barefaced delusion
At the helm of wishful thinking.

* * * *

What is death but the end of a dream of existence in one container or another,
A structure the ultimate you never really more than donned for a brief while.

* * * *

More of the same old indelibly, pathetically wearisome human bullshit.
Some may be able to play it in some delusionary cheerleader mode,
But we who do not abide blinders, must, alas, see it for what it is.

* * * *

What is the known universe but whatever you consider it to be?
Imagination, ephemeral wind that it is, is as narrow as it is wide.

* * * *

Sanity, rationality, stability, soundness, lucidity, reason, poise, steadiness,
Is relative to the facet you are playing in the crest-jewel of consciousness.

* * * *

Touch your nose down to your toes,
But for imagination's assertion,
Does it really feel like you?

* * * *

Does thinking something ever really make it so?
Is imagination so powerful as to make anything more than it can ever be?
Is cotton candy, puffy as it appears, ever more than spun sugar?

* * * *

Far more arrogant to assert something you cannot possibly know
Than it is to simply not pretending anything you know you do not.

* * * *

Nothing forward, nothing behind, nothing when, nothing where,
The wake of time nothing more than the imagination of mind.

* * * *

What is courage but a composed indifference to personal safety,
A state of mind caught in even the bitterest wave of the given moment.
Existence is, after all is said and done, only a body, only a life, only a dream.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, stream of imagination, stream of mind.
Call it what you will, it is the same eternal mystery
Playing out however it will.

* * * *

What is any authentic scientist but one who feels beckoned
To explore his fleeting patch of dreamtime to an nth degree.

* * * *

As infinite on the outside as it is infinitesimal within,
And not even a point, a line, a plane, an object, between.
The imagination of consciousness is the origin of all creation.

* * * *

To discern the eternal life, the myriad binds of mind must be undone.
Cut the Gordian Knot of consciousness to discern the freest state of mind.

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway,
Full of whatever has been gleaned from the worldly universe,
All lost and gone forever as memories languish,
And the final breath wheezes away.

* * * *

Here we all are, each and every moment,
All playing our imaginary selves,
All alone, all together.

* * * *

Every age has it conscious witnesses whose artistic endeavors
Leave behind many creations in thought and deed
For as long as subsequent times abide.
Some quickly disappear,
And others become great burdens.

* * * *

The awareness upon and within which consciousness skates
Is an unfathomable mystery prior to and beyond all measure.

* * * *

That any given windfall or disaster is construed as some deity's will
Shows the depth of absurdity to which the monkey-mind is capable.

* * * *

In the ever-streaming course of human events,
Time tends to do more things with a lifetime of creation,
Than the lifetime itself could ever hope to attain.

* * * *

What a cruel, absurd joke it is
To be recognized or acclaimed for anything.
The intrinsic is the highest order.

* * * *

Just because someone is foolish enough to promise the future
Does not mean you have to be foolish enough to believe it.

* * * *

Imagination imagines itself real, but it is not.
It never has been, and will never be,
More than figments of mind.

* * * *

Once you quiet, once you calm, once you still, all the many notions,
What is there but awareness free of any sense of other.
Anything less is just singularity knocking.

* * * *

Sometimes great genius is noted in its own time, sometime later, often not at all.
The whimsy of consciousness is unending in the passage of time born of mind.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream, and death its end.
And ever the great and powerful Quantum of Oz
Before and after and between.

* * * *

What does it take to waylay the conditioning
But the momentary attentiveness called by some eternal life,
That which is prior to the mind-body, and the dream to which it is so attached.

* * * *

The horror, the absurdity, the futility.
What world is worth saving were it even possible?
What can any detainee in this madcap monkey-mind asylum do
But find what serenity and contentment they can in the empty squalor of it all.

* * * *

Show me some supreme being that does not include you,
And I will call it just another hollow absurdity born of mind,
Another idol to whom one tithing or another is likely due.

* * * *

The Way is simplicity its Self.
Only you perceive it complex.

* * * *

To be at peace, to be immersed in the ultimate awareness
That this mortal dreamtime offers in each and every streaming moment,
What greater quality of mind could there be than the intangible brass ring of eternal life?

* * * *

Martyrdom tends to raise the departed to far loftier heights
Than their intrigues could have ever dared hope,
Had they remained mere mortals.

* * * *

Were you not so attached to all the perceptions about your imaginary cosmos,
Of the given existence it could doubtless be asked: Did it ever really happen?

* * * *

Listen to all the birds, and realize their little brains,
Doubling-doubling-toiling-and-troubling in bird consciousness,
Are in actuality not all that different than your own.
We are all cousins of the same puddle,

* * * *

To the ultimate witnessing, the awareness prior to all dimensions,
It has never even once mattered who-what-where-when-why-how about anything.

That has always been, will ever be, for the dream of consciousness to sort out, however it imagines.

* * * *

You are the same awareness, the same oneness,
That has witnessed all eternity and its countless creations.
Only imagination lost in vanity pretends otherwise.

* * * *

What bounds can there be in the ultimate that you truly are?
We are all playing out the conditioning of the given mind-body
In this ever-changing dreamtime born of sensory perception.

* * * *

There is an absoluteness,
In which neither within nor without,
Nor any other distinction of consciousness exist.

* * * *

The many memes of groupthink are cementing consciousness
Into a wide range of extraordinarily contorted assumptions,
Baseball caps, cowboy hats, chewing tobacco, not excluded.

* * * *

You cannot save anybody, much less everybody.
The dream has been doomed from the get-go.

* * * *

Everyone has their own sojourn
To either meander wherever they feel beckoned,
Or blow whatever direction the tempests of dreamtime sends them.

* * * *

So many so caught up in one dogma or another – so conditioned, so habituated, so brainwashed –
That it would likely never occur to them they are not at all free and clear in their imaginary prison.

* * * *

What is any thought but the drip-drip of consciousness
Coming and going, condensing and evaporating,
As does the ephemeral vapor of any cloud.

* * * *

For anyone perceptive enough to take notice,
The Yellow-Brick-Road serendipities it has taken
To reach this here-now are long-and-winding, indeed.

* * * *

Approaching it all as nothing
Instead of the something the senses deceive you into believing,

That is the key for those born to see.

* * * *

Awareness is simply awareness, without any attributes, whatsoever.
It is only consciousness which conceives every variety of distraction.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, really,
Once the eternal beingnesss of awareness
Resumes its default position at the helm.

* * * *

What universe do you perceive but the one you project
Through the frame of reference you imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

All sense of time, all memory, even of just a moment ago, is unreal,
Naught but a figment of imaginary duplicity,
A lie unto thy Self.

* * * *

The facelessness through which all perceive their universe
Draws many a Narcissus to one reflective pool or another.

* * * *

Pass what may, the mortal conclusion is at some point assured.
The veil cloaking the sensory mind is but a momentary dream.

* * * *

Is any religion, any belief system, really any more than contrived philosophy
Double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled?

* * * *

If everyone stayed the dogma of their ever-wagging tongues,
We would all be quite equal in our little dreamtime worlds.

* * * *

There is no authority, much less a higher one.
To say you are author of your consciousness is as close as it gets,
And then only for the briefest of temporal whiles.

* * * *

What is history but the recycling of monkey-mind patterns bred in the jungles of long ago,
Regurgitated daily with new permutations and technologies seasoning the feast of dreamtime.

* * * *

What more could there possibly be than this ever-present existential moment?
All else is nothing more than the smoke and mirrors of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

Imagination is bound only by the limits of any given dimension,
That set by the quantum mechanics regulating the groundwork.

* * * *

The world, the universe you have been interacting with all your so-called life,
Is all in your head, an ephemeral dreamtime entirely imagined from the get-go.

* * * *

Why so many feel such inclination to shackle others in some sort of dogmatic prison
Is the story of power, fame, and fortune, of greed, of every imaginable pleasure,
Playing out the same patterns over and over and over like a broken record.

* * * *

The cosmos is rumored by many thinkers
To have begun infinitesimally small indeed.
Such is the nature of all things imagined.

* * * *

How astounding all the creativity that humankind has wrought,
And to what happy-sad endgame will it take us before it is over?

* * * *

Not everyone wants to exist in this world or any other.
What is suicide but someone saying they are no longer interested
In the hullabaloo of their imaginary version of the world.

* * * *

You are not, have never been, will never be,
The you that you imagine your dream to be.

* * * *

Nature-nurture is a fluid dance
Between mind-body and the winds of time,
Together weaving a dream of existence unlike any other.

* * * *

What you imagine you are, is but quantum stardust.
What you really are, is far older, is far younger,
Than anything that can ever be conceived,
As anything more, as anything less,
Than everything, than nothing.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth.
It is all speculation.

* * * *

As touchy-feely as it ever seems, it is but a dream,
In truth, no different than one in the depths of sleep.

* * * *

The play of the body-mind
Is but a three-dimensional dream
For you to alone witness,
Nothing more.

* * * *

The mystery spawned you,
And you created a vast universe,
A partnership of senses and imagination.

* * * *

You are the field flowering
In every sensory form imaginable,
All together playing, dancing out Eden's fate.

* * * *

There must invariably be conscious witnesses
Wherever, whenever the original nature
Has manifested consciousness.

* * * *

Suffering is the consequence
Of identification with the mind and body.
In truth, you are the awareness
Prior to consciousness.

* * * *

The universe is a vast matrix
In which all things dance
In every manner imaginable
Within the limits of the paradigm.

* * * *

Humanity has imagined so many possible futures.
But which will time's continuum actually harvest?

* * * *

It is all the vain, mortal assumptions
That continue pulling you back
Into this imaginary dream.

* * * *

The sensory play is spontaneously created

Through the mystery of consciousness
To witness an infinity of dreams.
Thou art a drop of That I Am.
How could this not be the truth?

* * * *

It is not some other who defines you.
It is your own imaginary musing
That creates all thoughts,
Both good and ill.

* * * *

Consciousness will play out
As consciousness will play out.
That I Am is unconcerned.

* * * *

The consequences of the many choices we made, or were made for us,
Shape each and every existence, each and every mind, in ways beyond counting.
Causes spin into effects spin into causes spin into effects spin into …
And on and on the finite play of human consciousness
Swirls and whirls and slices and dices,
A paradigm unto its Self.

* * * *

To be as a child is to return to that indivisible state of pure, eternal awareness,
Prior to the smoke-ridden consciousness to which time requires subscription.

* * * *

If all is that which is truly godness, then what is good, what is evil,
But an alliance between consciousness and its Self.
And you, the source, the witness,
Just pop in who, what, where, when, why, how, you please.

* * * *

If you always do your best, if you always strive in a mindset of quality, of excellence, of virtue,
Then succeeding or failing is only of cursory consequence, a relatively negligible detail.
Process is all, and goals merely imaginary pauses along the eternal journey.

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, that which is unknowable, that which is eternal,
That which is prior to all attributes, all properties, all characteristics, all arrangements,
That which is prior to all the divisions, all the dualities, all the contrasts, born of consciousness.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the weather, the geographical features,

The myriad fellow creatures from great to small, all play parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb
To the one and only reality that all creation is eternally interwoven
At such an indivisible level as to make any part absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

From the unassailable inner eye of the one witness,
Prior to consciousness, unmoving, uncommitted, indivisible, all-seeing,
What is there to crave, what is there to consume, really, but sensations of the mind and body,
That ephemerally pass ever-changing from one streaming moment to the next.
Nothing more than smoke drifting through the awareness,
Like clouds moving across in the sky.

* * * *

To live fully in the moment requires that every moment be immediately perceived and released.
Life eternal is an ephemeral quality of mind, a state of unconditional detachment,
In which the you that is the timeless awareness prior to consciousness
Observes without giving weight to the incessant vanities
Of the fictional me-myself-and-I that you imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

Perfect detachment is a state of stillness, of pure awareness,
Prior to consciousness and its ceaseless state of consumption.

* * * *

Though all that is, is of the totality of the great quantum,
Few are drawn to discern the unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still swallow the red pill.
And why would anyone ever choose to endure this inquiry into the unknown.
The hollowness of ignorance, of believing your universe authentic, is its own form of bliss.
Alas in that way-back-when, that you could not help but notice something askew,
That you could not help but ask that first question, take that first step.
Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really-truly any choice?

* * * *

As long as you believe it all real and true,
You will enjoy, you will suffer, the ceaseless passions of existence.
The timeless, ubiquitous, prior-to-consciousness state
Is a tranquil sea abiding neither.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is one who enjoys?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is the one who suffers?
Imagination is indifferent to the agonies and ecstasies it inspires
In the ubiquitous quantum sea through which it larks.

* * * *

Suspension of rational thought,
For hope, for belief, for faith, for superstition, for idolatry, for dogma,
How is that even remotely possible?

* * * *

Thought is the stagnancy in which the mind harbors the notion of existence.
Only in awareness is the quantum essence playing at the cutting edge of dreamtime.
Thought is death, awareness, life eternal; the conceptions of consciousness merely vibration,
Waves crashing upon neuron shoals, naught but imagination confabulating sensory perception real.

* * * *

Nobody can ever know what you have gone through, what you have experienced,
What you have perceived, what you have endured, in your trail of agony and ecstasy.
Nor can you more than guess at any other's version of their world, their universe.
We are all as alone together as ships passing in some nebulous moonlit night,
Only as known as any given insight, any frame of reference, might allow.

* * * *

Where is any god, any deity, but in the innate primal recesses of imagination's origin,
And its need for there to be some meaning and purpose for this inexplicable existence,
As if the inexplicable existence, the existential fray, is in itself not raison d'être enough.

* * * *

All identity, all identification, is nothing more
Than the wind of imagination playing impromptu make-believe.
And when every mind is doing it, it becomes a synergistic collusion we brand humanity.
Nothing more than confabulated delusion from the illusory get-go.

* * * *

A mystery far too incomprehensible, far too enigmatic, far too ambiguous,
To ever more than nibble, scratch, plumb, and ponder.
All any can really do is be it,
As the corollary of dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Concoctions of sweet, of sour, of salty, of bitter, of umami,
All built of the same quantum mystery, all dancing upon the quantum tongue.
Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin – and the brain to which they link,
Are wormholes to their conditional, their arbitrary, their temporal, rendering of a universe.
You daily travel time, you daily travel space, you daily wander, in the dream of mind.

* * * *

There is truly only this ethereal moment
Which none can never really touch or grasp,
Only perceive through and imagine happened,
Play out whatever assumptions the sensory-mind,
Through its filters of conditioning, perchance gleaned.

* * * *

Regarding the so-called supreme being worshipped by many and known as God:
For being an absentee landlord, and very dubious even at that,
He/she/it sure gets a lot of credit for things
To which only assumption and hope give weight.

* * * *

There are some things for which there can be no proof,
Some things that are not subject to the finite boundaries of mind,
Some things for which any answers are too large or too small for any question.
Some things that must remain forever unknown to the ceaseless conjectures of imagination.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Walk through it as you would a dream, detached observer, ethereal witness.
Inscrutable, enigmatic, unfathomable, mysterious, impenetrable, unreadable, unknowable,
Indecipherable, inexplicable, incomprehensible, sphinxlike,
Yet transparent all the while.

* * * *

Each of us with our own unique universe, each of us with our own unique world view,
Each of us with our own unique set, our own unique frame of reference, that we all deem normal,
Each of us perceiving through the untold filters of our time-bound nature-nurture matrix,
Each of us forever here now, forever absolute, forever indivisible, forever alone.

* * * *

Where do you think your wit comes from if not the ever-present, indivisible, quantum essence?
Of course there is intelligent design at the helm of this inexplicable mystery.
And of course it is indivisibly you, and you indivisibly it.
There is nothing to get all vain about,
Because everyone and everything else is, too.
All notion of duality is but delusion of the sensory mind.

* * * *

What universe does a bat perceive?
A tiger? A dolphin? A bird? A cockroach? A tree? A flower?
Surely, you are not so self-absorbed as to believe it is ever, can ever, be the same as yours?

* * * *

A garden world chock-full of two-leggeds,

Many believing they are the pinnacles of normal,
All judging their naughty-nice translation from on high.
Who can ever measure up for long, if at all?

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal purity, the eternal clarity, of all dreamtimes.
The silky-smooth elixir, the cosmic brew of those rare few
Called to discern, to witness, the only reality.
Source to all, source to none.

* * * *

Human consciousness is really nothing more than imagination
Playing an eternal game of hide and seek with its imaginary self.

* * * *

All your busy-ness convinces you that you exist, that you are truly living,
But are you really any more than yet another persona,
Destined to be quickly forgotten
In the human paradigm's fleeting dreamtime.

* * * *

Exploring existence, exploring reality,
Why would anyone in their right mind
Give themselves over to such absurdity?

* * * *

Every mind a solitary journey, a mortal epic in the dream of time.
The challenge is getting past the enticing lure of loneliness,
And clearly discerning the unfathomable aloneness.

* * * *

Mind and body, and the world, the universe, they create,
Are a laboratory in which we are all observers
Exploring whatever we imagine.

* * * *

The senses invoke the make-believe of time, but without them where would you be?
What happens to a mind evolved in time when locked completely alone in a dark, still chamber?
Who can long abide sensory deprivation without tumbling into unutterable madness?

* * * *

If you hope to withstand the harsh winds of the world,
Cherish and nurture and share the given innocence.
It is always there if you will the time to discern it.

* * * *

Lives ripple through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …

And through all the lives they meet … And through …
For as long as memory holds fast against the tides of eternity.

* * * *

Do not for even a second believe your ancestors, even way, way back when,
Were any less intelligent just because their tool-making and other abilities
Had not achieved the ever-expanding bubble of these-our-modern-times.
That is a step-by-step evolutionary process, as is any creative enterprise.

* * * *

Awareness is both the least and greatest common denominator.
The underpinning of consciousness, of all things known and unknown.
The quantum indivisibility through which duality cavorts the mortal ground.

* * * *

Good and evil are the concoctions of consciousness,
Of imagination, of the mind born of time.
The garden itself is blameless.

* * * *

The matrix universe, an unfathomable quantum sea, swirls on and on and on,
Oblivious to cause and effect, to consequence, to destiny,
To any and all notions born of mind.
Time and space are but figments of imagination,
Inspired by the senses in the processor to which they are wired.

* * * *

That you existed even a moment ago, or will even a moment hence,
Is nothing more than imaginary, illusory, delusional, notion.
This moment, this here now, is the one and only reality,
And no thought can infiltrate its timeless nature.
All consciousness can do, can pretend to do,
Is play out its make-believe, its dream of time,
In whatever way the patternings, the memes allow.

* * * *

The awareness you truly are is but eternal witness
Bound in one form or another, trapped in one patterning or another,
For as long as there is a manifest theater, a matrix, for dreams of consciousness to wander.
The inexplicable universe is but a quantum playground in which you will act out
Whatever agonies and ecstasies the given patterning allocates.
There is no escape; you are a captive of time.
Enjoy or suffer; attitude is all.

* * * *

Only the limitations of the senses persuade you, convince you,
Condition you, mesmerize you, hypnotize you, blind you,
Into believing you are at all separate from anything.

* * * *

The other is but an apparition in your mind, an imaginary presence that does not really exist,
But is always upon your shoulder: watching, advocating, imposing, judging,
Your every thought, your every action, your every everything.
To discern there truly is no other, that you are in reality all alone,
Is an insight few have the wit, the strength, the audacity, to ascertain.

* * * *

How fiercely many a mind does slash and tear and scratch and gnaw its imaginary self.
Conquering the universe, building great empires, saving any and all,
Are much simpler than calming the inner beast.

* * * *

The fruit of the garden is really nothing more
Than imagination unleashed upon its own creation.
Not banishment as much as self-imposed exile.

* * * *

The world is changed. You can feel it in the water.
You can feel it in the earth. You can smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember it.
All bell curves collapse, and where will you and yours be when the dominos really begin falling?
If you have not already begun taking steps, it is time to think hard, prepare strong,
For a when-shit-hits-the-fan rough road in the times rapidly unfolding.
Batten down the hatches, lock and load, watch and wait.
Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
May sound trite, but it be true.

* * * *

That destiny, that fate, that kismet, that karma, you vainly believe you somehow just changed,
Well, friend, understand that destiny is really nothing more than the result,
The synergy of all the choices, of all the consequences,
That rippled in thought and deed.
Nothing uncanny or supernatural about it.

* * * *

All combined, the many-faced other has thought everything of you,
And you, in many times, have thought everything of them.
And what matter, really, once it is discerned
That you are every other, and every other is you.
The many differences are but the theater of dreamtime.

* * * *

What if the Messiah that comes down from on-high to save you
Is not even close to what you truly believed s/he would-could-should be?
What will you do then, Faithful Pilgrim? Keep waiting, keep praying, keep hoping?
Or perchance awaken to the reality is that any saving is in the realization of what you truly are.

Yes, you are immortal, once you discern the paradoxes and ironies
Within and without all things manifest,
And that heavens and hells are only states of mind.

* * * *

What is existence but oblivion wandering consciousness,
And non-existence, oblivion non-wandering unconsciousness.
The mystery's definitive on/off state, the byte of life, so to speak.

* * * *

To the indivisibility, a gazillion gazillion universes
Simultaneously transpire in one gazillionth gazillionth of an instant.
You are that, I am that, we are all that, no matter the attributes, no matter the contrasts,
Imagined by consciousness in any space, in any time, in any dimension.

* * * *

The bubble of consciousness in which the awareness you are resides,
Is nothing more than an imaginary invention, the convoluted consequence,
Of insatiable desire and its every moment tango with the abiding fear of not being.

* * * *

One must somehow realize a certain sense of irony and paradox,
A certain shade of doubt, of disbelief, of qualm, to see at all clearly.

* * * *

The streaming dreaming of consciousness sometimes enjoys, sometimes endures,
Its ceaseless jabbering, its mesmerized affirmation of all things manifest.
A quantum universe playing real in the rainbow of imagination.

* * * *

You cannot do what you cannot do,
And you likely have difficulty not doing what you can.
You are your capacities, you are your limitations, in this relatively brief dream of time.
Do not hesitate to investigate all things as thoroughly as inclination allows.
What greater regret can there be, than a stone left unturned?

* * * *

Very obvious, very clear, very true, to the relatively few.
And to the many others: blindness, miasma, illusion, delusion.
Many may be called, but few are chosen, and fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

There have been billions of dreamtimes in the evolving monkey-mind,
As have there been in every genomic line across every time,
In this Gaia-induced musing of the quantum kind.

* * * *

What desire, what fear, what confabulation of mind,

Can ever touch that which is untouchable by naught but imagination,
And then … and then … and then … only in imagination's whirling mind-bound reel.

* * * *

Pure observation without measurement, pure awareness without movement,
Without ripple, without wake, without time, without space,
Is not that the highest form of science?
Is not that the way to discern the reality of the eternal
Within and without the within and without that has never really existed?

* * * *

Believing you know is but a false security to which most minds cling.
To a be as a child, alone and free; to be this instant, unborn and undying;
Is to be the mind realigned with the eternal moment and its inherent insecurity.

* * * *

The religious mind lumps the great unknowable into a concept called God,
And then dreads and worships and dogmatizes the idolatry that comes to mind.
What is the point of mind gorp based entirely on arbitrary, dualistic imagination?

* * * *

What is ego but the fear, the dread, the post-traumatic stress disorder,
The self-protective veneer, the fortress keep in our imaginary fiefdom,

* * * *

What is this deity so many fear and worship and call God by one name or another?
Is it a he, a she, an it, a not-it? Is it everything, anything, nothing?
Is it any more or less a figment of imagination
Than you or anyone else?

* * * *

The only difference between any you and me is a different set of eyes,
Wired into a different central processing unit, programed with a different frame of reference,
Wandering different matrices born of imagination: all alone, together.
We call it life, existence, but what is it, really?

* * * *

Consciousness weaves into concept
An exalted perfection that can never be.
The horse that is but an imaginary conjuring,
Is a horse that never was, a horse that will never be.

* * * *

What is natural selection?
An evolution of sexual discrimination?
The attraction of likes? The loathing of dislikes?
Of intellect? Of whim? Of spontaneity? Of happenstance?
Of brawn? Of beauty? Of claw and fang? Of stone? Of wood? Of steel?

Of alliance? Of intrigue? Of deception? Of tyranny?
Of irony? Of paradox? Of absurdity?
All of the above, and more.

* * * *

An itsy-bitsy bit of nothingness becomes and itsy-bitsy quantum
Becomes an itsy-bitsy molecule becomes an itsy-bitsy form become an itsy-bitsy life form
Becomes an itsy-bitsy fabrication of imagination, of comprehension,
That one day fathoms the nothingness,
The awareness, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

It is perchance time for those rare few who are truly done with the world, truly complete,
Those rare few who are content to artlessly be the most essential timeless state,
To let go of mind, to return to that which is prior to consciousness,
To that awareness which is Eden's greatest potential.

* * * *

What is this mystery but pure awareness, pure intelligence,
Playing out every potential, every possibility it aspires to manifest,
To dream in whatever dimension its infinite dynamic ordains.

* * * *

It is not about belief, it not about idolatry, it is not about groupthink, it not about dogma,
It is not about tradition, it is not about rituals, it is not about symbols,
It is not about becoming anything or anyone.
It is simply about being
What you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The witness, the awareness, the youness, indivisibly permeates all consciousness.
The other, the otherness, is ultimately naught but a fabrication,
Naught but an imaginary, dualistic notion
Of quantum design.

* * * *

Where will believing the best or worst of others take you?
Into what adventures, what rabbit holes, will you tumble?

* * * *

The fixation, the obsession, the mania, the passion, of any given delusion,
Requires a steadfast detachment that relatively few can willingly muster.

* * * *

There is no middleman between you and the mystery you are.
There is no need to endlessly agonize over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.

You are That I Am, you are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free as you allow your state of mind to be.

* * * *

We have a very challenging time facing the fact
That this three-dimensional existence is but a touchy-feely dream,
That absolutely nothing is permanent, that forever is nothing more than an idle concept,
A sound whose only reality is but a insignificant vibration in the indivisible,
That has no binds to time, no commitment to form, whatsoever.

* * * *

Any seed is but a one-time blueprint, which may or may not manage to reproduce,
And cast its temporal patterning a bit further in the streaming dream of space-time.

* * * *

Still the busy mind, and without giving anything any thought, simply be the awareness.
Give full attention to each of the senses: the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The tongue that tastes, the nose that smells, the flesh that feels.
Pay attention to the momentary now, ever-streaming
Through the neural network to the central processing unit.
Where is your world, where is your universe, without the given mind
Projecting, reflecting, through the byzantine filters fabricated of imagination?
All creation is but the ceaseless patterning of nature-nurture set in motion some long ago.
A handiwork that has never been anything but an indivisible quantum matrix,
Never more than an inexplicable dreamtime of unknowable origin.
And the eternal unborn-enduring-undying awareness,
Witness to it all, you are it, and it is you.

* * * *

There is no part, no fragment, there is only the indivisible whole.
The divisible is but the fabrication of imagination,
And its relentless notions of duality.
Play the part, become the whole,
The nameless, prior to consciousness,
And it countless designs born of limitation.

* * * *

Feel the burning sun warm against your face.
Feel its power, its radiation, permeating your being.
Feel its perpetual capacity to create, to preserve, to destroy.
Is it any wonder that the peoples of old worshipped it,
And that the dominant imagined themselves gods.

* * * *

There it is again, beneath all the interminable facades of conscious design,
The essential as-real-as-it-gets youness, right here, right now,
Eternally present in an ever-timeless sort of way.
You are the irrefutable awareness.

There is no other.

* * * *

Look at all that the agonies and ecstasies
Of your ephemeral, very mortal existence have taught you,
And know that it will all be lost when the glimmer of that last electrical signal dims,
When the body and mind to which you are so habitually attached,
Turns off the light, and without further ado,
Quietly exit the dream.

* * * *

You are the mystery of you, the wonder of you, the eternity of you.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

What is always ironically droll is how the scientists measure,
And measure and measure, again and again, and nothing really changes.
What futility to believe our egocentric genus will ever evolve beyond its paradigm.
Imagine the vast collection of books and videos and photos and graphs and … and … and ...
That the aliens will discover in the scar tissue of this garden when they finally arrive.
Or maybe they already are here, watching us play out our narcissistic game.

* * * *

Are you really any more than an imaginary notion
Inspired by the dream into which you were cast?

* * * *

A certain genesis, a certain cosmos, a certain star, a certain world,
A certain distance, a certain whirl, a certain tilt, a certain evolution,
And voilà, here you are, playing out a mortal dream in space and time.

* * * *

When you get down to the nitty-gritty-brass-tacks gist of it,
You are really nothing more than the clear space of awareness
With a way long list of ever-changing imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Consciousness is really nothing more
Than the lightning strikes given meaning and purpose
Along the neuron trails of the brain.

* * * *

Awareness is a dimension without limits, without boundaries, without attributes,
Filled only by the vaporous notions of consciousness, its absorption with, its adoration of,
Its interminable permutations, incessant convolutions, never-ending frivolities, of imaginary origin.

* * * *

To be agnostic, to be uncertain, is to explore for your Self,
No direction known, no answers sought, no conclusions made,
Is to be as eternally present as consciousness in space-time allows.

* * * *

What is the difference between a flake of gold and a grain of sand,
But a level, a degree, a magnitude, an intensity, of quantum vibration.
The appraisals deigned by consciousness are naught but imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is any modern world, any current era, any contemporary timeframe,
But the timeless present kaleidoscoping within the relativity of any given mind.
It is only as real, as tangible, as imagination, inspired by the sensory feed, ordains.

* * * *

Why believe anything, why fear anything, for which there is no rational proof?
To fear the irrational is to dread what is really nothing more
Than the imaginary dross born of mind.

* * * *

Most life forms exist in a choiceless eternal vulnerability
That knows neither birth nor death, nor any measurable notion.
Instinct is the patterning established in all though the Darwinian shaping
Of each and every genomic strand over millions and millions of years of evolution.
Consciousness, as the human ego fields it, assumes an invulnerability that is utterly fictional.
The assumption of free will, of choice, despite all illusions to the contrary,
Is every moment shackled to the instinctual roots of origin.
To suppose that you are truly and completely free,
That you have reign over your choices,
Is a dubious assertion, indeed.
The ultimate truth of it is,
That in any manifest dreamtime,
You can no more alter the given part you play
Than any other living thing acting out its minute function
In this inexplicable, indelible, indivisible, immutable, cosmic hologram,
Born in the vapors of imagination moving to and fro in the clear space of awareness.
To give over to the vulnerability you in reality ever are, is a reflective view to which few are drawn.

* * * *

Whether or not you chose to manifest in this dreamtime,
Is prior to all knowing, and need not be even the barest of concerns.
The point in fact is, you are here, you are now, and for perhaps no reason at all,
Which means you have the opportunity to play around a bit in whatever way may call you.
There will be consequences, there will be agony and ecstasy, there will be death.
Ultimately all smoke and mirrors, but certainly real enough at the time.

* * * *

What is there but awareness.
To call it infinite or infinitesimal is meaningless.
To give it any purpose, to slather it with any attributes, is irrelevant.
To even brand it truth is a beyond-the-pale absurdity.

* * * *

Life is an ever-changing universe, a convoluted maze with many, many doors.
You wander through the halls of your mind's translation, your imagination's rendering.
Some doors open, some do not; some open easily, some never at all; some open now, but not later;
Some are locked now, but open later; and some, many, most, never will.
Each mind has its fate, but only looking back.

* * * *

The weight of the world is but imaginary notion.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, waylay all the desires and fears.
Attend the awareness prior to consciousness, and, poof,
The world disappears in the mists of eternity.

* * * *

Nothing mattered before the beginning, and nothing will matter after the end.
And what is everything between but a stream of every sort of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The horror! The horror!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The bother! The bother!

* * * *

Stop believing all the deceptions the conditioned mind endlessly weaves.
You are the eternal awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What a desolate conception of god has emerged in so many human minds.
How can any abide any vision that is not all-inclusive, all-accepting?
Any view that is cloaked by every imaginable dogmatic absurdity?
What is the point and purpose of all this incessant, nonsensical conflict
Over what is, and has ever been, nothing more than fictional confabulation?

* * * *

What does any timeless, immaculate moment become but a snapshot in memory.
A marker encoded in the filaments of the neuron trail.
Imagination does the rest.

* * * *

Human consciousness is a vortex of desire and fear
And every variety of passion they foster,
Which will draw you in as far as you cannot resist,
With all the flesh and mind delights of Power, Fame, Fortune,

And the Seven Deadlies: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth.

* * * *

Any personal god is nothing more than an imaginary illusion-delusion.
You are the only thing personal wandering about this quantum mystery.

* * * *

No philosophy can ever more than point and sally at truth.
None can dictate more than piecemeal injunctions and futile remedies.
Language can never be anything more than barren distraction
From the inherent mystery peering out from within.

* * * *

The clock hands go round and round and round, and you ever the same.
Whoo-hoo for eternity playing out the dream of space and time
In the awareness of your most thunder, perfect mind.

* * * *

You were told you were this, you were told you were that,
And now you meander the ever-present dream of space and time believing it all true.
A make-believe meme, a conditioned pattern, an autonomous invention,
Woven into the ceaseless chatter of the consciousness,
Each and every moment streaming
In the clear space of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Fabricating deities and grand complex schemas of heavens and hells and purgatories between,
Is really nothing more than a elaborate way of declaring how clueless you truly are.
Much more delusional, much more bothersome, much more absurd,
Than just being quietly, simply, honestly agnostic.
How much more profound it is to neither know nor care.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness you truly are,
Ever be more, ever be less, than what it is right here, right now?
What is this fleeting corporeal existence but a timeless dream, unborn, undying.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you,
But vain attachment to a sack of bones and goo,
A collection of filtered perceptions, of vague memories,
A meme, a recording, a scratchy record going round and round,
The same song playing over and over until breath and beat do you part.

* * * *

How could the timeless awareness you truly are,
That which is without attributes, that which is absolutely singular,
Ever be in any way different, or in anyway separate, from anyone or anything else's?

There is no divisibility but through the imaginary notions of consciousness.

* * * *

What is heaven, what is hell, but potentials of mind given over to equanimity or volatility.
What more can any ask of their dreamtime than to have a mind at peace with its Self,
A mind that is content, a mind that is serene, a mind that is eternal unto its origin.

* * * *

What is the universe of a crow, a tuna, a rat, a cockroach, a microbe?
How vain to believe yours any more real, any more important than theirs.

* * * *

In the ocean of indivisibility, the ocean of awareness, the ocean of consciousness,
In which all things in synchronicity move hither and thither, to and fro,
Existence is nothing more than a habit, a pattern, a recording,
A dream in which the nature-nurture of every seed
Plays out its timeless, inseparable part.

* * * *

If you must hope for anything of this existence,
Hope for a quick, unexpected, painless death.

* * * *

Awareness is the timelessness through which consciousness fashions space-time.
There is naught but now, in which imagination casts itself hither and thither
Like a wind that cannot decide whether to be a zephyr or a hurricane.

* * * *

Who am I? Well, I am me, the same me as you.
Both of us likely just as attached to our flesh and bone guises,
Just as attached to our vain notions in this garden's play of nature-nurture.
We are all nothing more than a relatively brief play of differences
Cavorting in the same vast ocean of indivisibility,
Ultimately born of the same source,
The same awareness,
The same unknowable unknown.
Name it, label it, describe it, identify it, classify it,
Sanction it however you will, it is ever the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

What is imagination but the neural wind of the mind.
Sometimes still, sometimes breeze, sometimes tempest.

* * * *

It is hard to fathom that rational scientific method does not reign across the board,
That superstition, mythology, make-believe, idolatry, dogma, fanaticism,
Still have such an enduring foothold in the human psyche.

* * * *

The quantum mystery will pretend
Whatever meaning and purpose you vainly imagine,
And not even one scintilla of it ultimately real or important all the while.

* * * *

It is more than a little dubious, more than a little moot,
That anyone bothers speaking out about the way they view reality,
When it so often provokes more conflict, more thistles, in the minds of others.
Far more rational, far wiser, far kinder, to go hang out alone in some anonymous venue,
Some serene garden bench, some understated front porch, imbibing the spaciousness of awareness.
Enjoying in solitude, in tranquility, what relatively little mortal dreamtime is left.

* * * *

You are your own witness, your own muse, born of the world, the universe,
That your many attachments to mind and body inspire you to believe real and true.
It is but a quantum dream, but one you must play out for as long as the mortal faire allows.

* * * *

Attempting to replicate another's awakening is impossible.
You must perceive and witness your own mind,
Your own world, your own universe,
Unutterably alone.

* * * *

This dreamtime offers any educated mind incalculable ways to discern, to filter, this quantum theater.
Historian, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
And on and on and on for minds born with the grit and gumption to learn.

* * * *

We tag this indelible mystery with so many names,
Shore it up with so many speculations,
All equally meaningless.

* * * *

We are all wandering in our own very unique, very subjective, very alone, version of a universe.
A timeless conundrum, an inexplicable mystery, an immeasurable dream,
From all beginnings to all endings.
None of us have ever seen our own face, and none of us ever will.

* * * *

Where is the division between consciousness and unconsciousness
For anyone giving the mind and all its movements their full attention.

* * * *

You are, indeed, a quantum jester.
A fool, a wit, a wag, a tool, for the indivisible unknown
To tarry for the briefest of whiles in an imaginary dream of space and time.

* * * *

The mind is a castle keep, and the awareness you truly are its sovereign.
To allow no other to haphazardly trample about the dominion
Is to hold fast against the tempests of consciousness.

* * * *

History is so much greater than any culture, any philosophy, any mound of gold.
And the world, the universe, the quantum field, is far greater than anything imaginable,
And the unknowable, the indivisible, the nothingness, prior to all manifestation, is trump to all.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of courage, a great deal of detachment,
To not take life, to not take this world, this dream, personally.

* * * *

Travel time? How can something that does not exist be traveled?
How can you be anywhere but the here now in which you ever indivisibly reside?
Imagination, the quixotic author of this enigmatic quantum stagecraft,
Is the only time traveler there has ever been, or will ever be.

* * * *

What are you, what is any form, but a derivative of the indivisible totality.
All but infinitesimal widgets thingamajigging within the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Consciousness claiming to be this or that is but the delusion of imagination
Identifying with ever-changing temporal circumstance.

* * * *

Your original state was absolutely, indivisibly, unconditionally flawless.
The only question is whether that unutterably formless, timeless emptiness,
That immaculate awareness prior to consciousness, prior to all whims of mind,
Can be steadfastly reestablished while immersed in the given day-to-day.
It is a homecoming only the rarest of the rare ever contemplate.

* * * *

We are what we have always been: self-absorbed in every which-way imaginable.
There are already far too many of our kind, and daily more and more,
And in spite of our indelible aptitude at inventing every conceivable thingamajig,
It is inevitable that we will ultimately prove incapable of surviving our Frankenstein creation.

* * * *

Life is death and death is life; the two are indivisibly intertwined in this dream of time.
To cling to one or the other is to entirely miss the point that neither truly are or are not.

* * * *

No quarter given, no quarter taken,
The ultimate Darwinian reality in this manifest theater.
Might makes right in every dreamer's dream.

* * * *

Look deadly, be deadly; look deadly, be harmless;
Look harmless, be deadly; look harmless, be harmless.
Survival is as survival does in this indivisible quantum Eden,
This garden of good and evil born of imagination's egocentric notion.

* * * *

Your illusory cosmos is your teacher, it is your frame of reference.
it is a interminable streaming of faces and places and every variety of form.
It is all the creatures from large to small, it is galaxies beyond what any eye can see.
It is words and numbers and sounds and symbols, and whatever else consciousness aspires.
It is the imaginary mind, it is the imaginary you, it is the imaginary not you.
And through it all, the ubiquitous awareness you truly are,
Ever the indifferent, solitary witness.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.
Might makes right, it always has, it likely always will.
The best any can hope for is a benevolent claw and fang.

* * * *

All this time, all this effort, all this angst, all this sillines,
Only to finally figure out that it is all nothing more than a touchy-feely dream
Sponsored by an inexplicable quantum feed.
Argh, indeed.

* * * *

What is human history but the ever-predictable monkey-mind,
Rolodexing its muddle of consciousness over and over and over.

* * * *

In every end, it will be as it was in every beginning,
As it was in every meridian and every twinkling in every between,
And as it is in every imaginable before, as it is in every imaginable after, as well.
Any notion that your "youness" is in any way separate from the eternal
Is nothing more than the delusion of the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Awareness is the perceiving, awareness is the observing, awareness is the witnessing.
There is no observer, there is no witness; the source is not a thing, it is not consciousness,
It is not at all attached to any who, any what, any where, any when, any why, any how.
It merely is – indivisibly, indescribably, timelessly– free and clear of all attributes.

* * * *

Time is the streaming of consciousness.
There is no time in the heart of awareness.
Abandon the ticking clock lodged in your mind,

And apperceive the timeless, immeasurable beingness
You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Do not be ensnared by the temporal mind-body you imagine your Self to be.
It is but ductless glands and viscera, a vehicle of relatively fleeting duration

* * * *

This spinning orb is the universe's insane asylum, oft times called Hell.
For shards of Soul who believe they are separate from the null and void.

* * * *

Discern the timeless stillness of the awareness prior to consciousness.
Become that peace, that tranquility, that calmness, that that serenity.

* * * *

Everyone would do well to challenge, to confront, their imaginary deities,
Their superstitions, their fallacies, their delusions, and whatever other dreads,
At least once and awhile to find out if anything noteworthy really happens.
Take a scientific approach rather than be some meme-ridden puppet.

* * * *

What is human existence but an ever-streaming play of consciousness,
An ever-kaleidoscoping play of some given mind attached to some given circumstance,
An ever-emanating play of minds mesmerized by every imaginable difference
That the delusions of sensory illusion can fashion real and true.
Ultimately nothing more than the quantum enigma
Playing a game of light and shadow.

* * * *

The purgatory of consciousness offers only fragmented peace.
Heaven is the motionless oblivion of pure, unfiltered awareness.

* * * *

The time born of mind reigns through the continuity of its many memes, its many patterns.
Consciousness reinforces these repetitive cultural blueprints through conditioning.
Relatively few are inclined to free themselves from their domesticated lot,
To discern the timeless awareness at the cradle of all imagined.

* * * *

Quantum awareness, quantum consciousness: omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
What more god could you possibly witness? What more god could you possibly be?

* * * *

What is the universe but a quantum creation spun of nothing,
And every existence witness to a unique cosmos of patterned design,
As devised by the senses in their eternal perception of the winds of illusion.

* * * *

We are only joking ourselves if we think anyone,
Much less anyone in the political-economic-religious forum,
Is going to steer a safer course, much less turn our little Titanic around.
We only exist, we only abide, at this absurd level of beyond-the-pale statistical intrigue
Because of oil and our beyond-the-pale tool-making ability, coupled with an insatiable greed for more.
There is no happy ending, no over the rainbow, to the horror story daily unfolding.
Economic and environmental collapse is inevitable;
How and when the only question.

* * * *

Consciousness concocts every imaginable speculation
To grapple with this inexplicable quantum mystery,
But its ultimate reality of is prior any metaphor.

* * * *

What is the dreaming state – the thoughts, the images, the sensations – of sleep,
But the incessant movement of the mind without sensory reference points?
Is there really a division between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
Or is it merely the mind facing or not facing whatever reality is unfolding?

* * * *

The mind is a weaving of attachment to all its imagery.
Everything though and done is founded upon the conditioning
Of space-time since the inception of its first perception.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, the vibration, the lightning storm, of the brain.
Mind is fabricated by the attachment to the many emotional and conceptual patterns,
The conditioning, to which it abides for whatever sojourn the dreamtime of quantum ordains.

* * * *

It is the nature of reflective, earnest doubt that no lie will long suffice.
Once you embark on this solitary journey to discern the truth of this implacable mystery,
There will be a never-ending array of ever-enticing interruptions and diversions.
Every sort of blind alley, roadblock, dead end, and impasse imaginable.
But there will be no turning back, there will be no stopping.

* * * *

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?
What does it matter, they are both illusion.

* * * *

Achieving the so-called higher states of consciousness
– Detachment, wisdom, harmony, serenity, equanimity, contentment –
Are especially arduous, and take a great deal of practice.

* * * *

Standing for nothing is the only way to avoid the exceedingly common human delusion
That existence has some paramount meaning and purpose, that values are authentic and true,
That morals, that ethics, are more than just vain concoctions of a species that has yet to come to terms
With the fact that they are but temporal consequences of evolutionary happenstance.

* * * *

You are the sacrifice, your life has been chosen,
And you are carrying a cross of your own making.
We are all martyrs of our own imaginary notion.

* * * *

What sense can perceive the eternal conundrum of awareness?
What attribute can prove it? What word can define it? What mind can bind it?
Awareness is the sovereignty of all things imperceptible, unprovable, indefinable, unbindable.

* * * *

The dormancy of a deep, deep sleep is the recharging of the vitality.
All the activity of personal mythos, all the sensory shimmering in that imaginary center,
All that desire and dread and passion grind down the corporeal mind-body.
It goes home for a little oblivion, interrupted only by dreams.

* * * *

An indifferent universe witness by an indifferent awareness.
Is the notion of caring any less capricious than the wind?

* * * *

Once you discern there is something more than the mundane temporal to this existence,
Once you realize awareness is the source code to this dreamtime, the rest is up to you.

* * * *

No matter how vividly you might remember anything,
It is nothing more than the mind caught in imaginary notion,
Not the sensory perception of the unfolding moment itself.

* * * *

How quickly attitude can turn on its head.
How quickly perspective can morph into some contrary state.
How quickly white can become black, light become shadow, good become evil,
Clear become murky, more become less, hit become miss, right become wrong, love become hate,
Similar become different, have become have not, smile become frown, ecstasy become agony,
Flexible become rigid, pleasure become pain, interest become tedium, full become empty,
Kindness become intolerance, compassion become cruelty, inclusion become isolation,
Moderation become excess, exotic become tedious, eloquence become incoherent,
Positive become negative, respect become disdain, esteem become loathing,
Logic become arbitrary, harmony become discord, benevolence become malice,
Modesty become vain, honor become shame, virtue become vice, refined become coarse,
Yes become no, trust become suspicion, tolerance become prejudice, sensible become absurd,
Soft become hard, unconditional become qualified, sincerity become irony, reason become paradox,

Deep become shallow, hot become cold, happiness become sorrow, respect become contempt,
Freedom become coercion, paradise become dystopia, indivisible become divisible,
Reality becomes illusion, truth become delusion, red pill become blue pill,
And vice versa and hither-thither gray on all of the above, as well.
What is the psyche but a swirling cauldron of passion.

* * * *

Whether coincidences are anything more or less
Than the mystery creaking silently away in its synergistic fashion,
All speculations aside, is well beyond the pay grade of we playing out the mortal realm.

* * * *

You have often witnessed the absurdity, the inanity, the insanity,
Of those who thoughtlessly, fearfully, abide in one form of ignorance or another.
Seek out those who freely tender sound and compassionate wisdom,
And then only to listen, to learn, and perchance to own.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious indivisible quantum glue of the eternal now
Holds together each and every streaming holograph moment one into the next.
It is just all too fucking boggling for consciousness to ever wrap its wee little mind around.

* * * *

The sins of the universe are erased when the original nature is realized.
The notion of good and evil is nothing more than human vanity
Playing out patterning bred in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

There will be no end to the human narrative, to human storytelling,
As long as there is imagination to sustain the underlying collusion.

* * * *

In the worship of any god or gods,
What are individuals or groups really doing,
But bowing and scraping to imaginary confabulations?

* * * *

To state this ethereal kaleidoscoping dreamtime is all one, quantum fact that it is,
Is for many little more than some after-the-fact-romantic-lyrical notion.
The timeless awareness is the ever-present, intangible reality,
And consciousness, despite all its skillful wordplay,
Can in reality never do much more than grunt and point.

* * * *

At some point in the hereness, at some point in the nowness,
Some minds, bit by bit, little by little, awaken to the given conditioning.
Awaken to the great doubt, the great question, and in that calamity of consciousness,
Begin a long and winding and solitary journey towards eternal reunion.

* * * *

Enthrallment with any of the assorted forms of occult power,
Whether it be called paranormal, sorcery, mysticism, spirituality, religion, or ad infinitum,
Are nothing more the continuing dance of consciousness with illusion.

* * * *

Tombs preserve nothing but the dread and hope of a fictitious reality.
The mind-body is an ephemeral means, a temporal carousel,
Ultimately nothing more than a prospective repast
For a variety of worms and other critters.

* * * *

Is the intensity awash in the true believer's eyes
Really anything more than the vanity of consciousness
Embroiled in its own double-double-toil-and-trouble brew?

* * * *

You wander from trend to trend, craze to craze, believing you live meaningfully.
What folly to think pleasure after pleasure will satisfy the ceaseless yearning for more.
The insatiable craving of consciousness for everlasting exhilaration is a barren vine.

* * * *

Those who would explore the expanses of the eternal mind
Will wander through many cycles of limbo, of anguish, of despair.
In the play of consciousness, there are no heights without nadirs between.

* * * *

Telescopes and microscopes, and all the technologies,
Have conveyed humanity to every conceivable large and small,
But it is ever the same sensory set, the same monkey-mind, filtering it all.
We are both masters and slaves to our tool-making capabilities,
And the imagination to which we so earnestly cling.

* * * *

Someone may point out this inexplicable, indivisible mystery,
And perhaps offer thoughts and suggestions and cautions and encouragement.
Call them teachers, call them gurus, call them priests, call them mystics, call them what you will.
But there are no followers in the journey, the expedition, the quest, the pursuit, for Self.
There are no disciples, no believers, no devotees, no partisans, no adherents.
Only friends and acquaintances, and perhaps the vexing adversary,
All inquiring, very much alone, into what is real and true.

* * * *

In the innermost voyage of awakening,
Attachment to the given mind-body has less and less footing.
From the ultimate panorama, the corporeal arrangement, the perceptual patterning,
Is nothing more than a temporal, sensory vehicle,

A means, not an end.

* * * *

If you do not say it now, if you do not do it now, whatever it is needs doing will not get done.
Now is the one and only moment, now is the one and only the time, now is the one and only way.
No matter who-what-where-when-why-how says it, no matter who-what-where-when-why-how does it,
If it is not said now, if it is not done now, how else will time play out its imaginary dream?

* * * *

Life and death are intertwined: one is not without the other
In each and every moment of this play of imaginary design.

* * * *

All mythologies are mind-made narratives; none abide in the eternal abyss.
They are not foundations to anything more than arbitrary, capricious cultural memes.
Thumb-sucking security blankets for those unable to endure alone the winds of temporal illusion.

* * * *

Free your Self of the concept of original sin,
The dualistic notion decreed by ignorance upon innocence,
That you were involuntarily forced into by being cast into the human epoch.
None are born wicked, none are born offending any god or gods,
None are born transgressing any moral imperative.
There is no sin, no evil, only separation.

* * * *

In the figurative, rhetorical, metaphorical sense, we all commit suicide.
Merely by having been flung into existence by the genetic lottery,
Each seeks out, through many choices, consciously or not,
One manner of tangible decline and fall or another.

* * * *

You are reminded of your immortality, yet choose the death of separation.
All for a few coins, the vanity of the senses, and an ceaseless variety of illusive dreams.
We are all parts in each other's plays, witnesses to an infinite diversity.
Use your awareness to discover the unicity of it.

* * * *

Belief is a spurious brainchild of dualistic notion.
To believe implies that the subject is not connected to the object,
That the beingness is some dynamic force outside you, the observer, the witness.
It is a denial of the unicity of all that is seen, and all that is unseen.

* * * *

What need for belief? What need for creed? What need for faith? What need for prayer?
What insecure beasts we are that such inflated, hollow notions are given more import
Than the timeless awareness offered in each and every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

The obvious fact is that every life form
Is a drop of that which is the truth, the life, and the way.
To maintain any lesser vision is delusional, and serves no significant purpose,
Other than to create perpetual, meaningless, divisive struggle.

* * * *

In this ever-changing cause-and-effect reverie, there is no going back, there is no rewind button.
You cannot change what is not changeable, you cannot mend what is not mendable.
You must enjoy in ecstasy or endure in agony whatever consequences
Your ephemeral window of dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

There is much more faith in timelessly abiding in the awareness of the given moment,
Accepting whatever gifts, enduring whatever tortures, the eternal dreamtime manifests,
Than can ever be concocted by any fear-based belief system fabricated of the human mind.

* * * *

Does the dreamtime in your head
Ebb and flow from one extreme to another?
Only you can fathom the many thoughts, the many passions,
To which you so steadfastly, resolutely cling.

* * * *

All belief systems of mortal persuasion are fear-based, greed-laced, and mundanely played.
It takes much more courage to stand alone, absolute and free in the indivisible dreamtime of eternity,
Than it ever will milling about, mindlessly ditto-heading with any time-bound, idolatrous herd.

* * * *

What a curious thing to believe anyone across the world
Is ever thinking about you as relentlessly as you yourself do.
Even the most saintly of mothers moves on at some point.

* * * *

Your mortal stance, when contrasted to the eternity you truly are,
Is really no longer than that of a fruit fly, or even the universe.
What is it that entices you to believe this worldly theater real?

* * * *

What an incredible thing to give your dream over to whatever winds blow,
To sail through life, no direction known, tacking to and fro as caprice dictates,
Each and every harbor yet another quest, another exploration, another adventure.
To set aside dread and desire, to leave behind all who would dictate otherwise,
Is a life for which only the rare few have either enthusiasm or audacity.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness is there anything resembling free will,
And even then the patterned meme filters the dreamtime theater.

* * * *

What is mating between male and female but two half-strands of genomic material,
Evolved from the same double-double-toil-and-trouble puddle of life's origin,
Coming together into a new universe of sensory-inspired imagination.

* * * *

You peruse these many thoughts,
But how you translate them
Is entirely based on the frame of reference
Through which your time-bound mortal dream timelessly filters.

* * * *

Despite all groupthink to the contrary, you must work out your own eternal salvation.
Believing, hoping, praying, that some other will do it for you misses the reality.
Embracing agnostic oblivion is the true potential offered by awareness.

* * * *

Every human being has their own raison d'être,
Their own meaning, their own purpose, their own rationale.
Their own motivation, ethos, inspiration, philosophy, belief, and hope.
All are equally imagined, so there is no point in judging.
Be and allow, as the given moment allows.

* * * *

A child does not yet comprehend its ever-expanding universe.
Its innocence is transparent, its mind unblemished, its heart untarnished,
By the innumerable agonies and ecstasies the mind-body in consciousness has in store.

* * * *

It is awareness that is the immortal aspect, not consciousness.
Consciousness is but the filament of imagination,
The means to create and play in time.
It can never be real.

* * * *

The real gold of this ephemeral dreamtime existence
Is right relationship with nature, with all life in its myriad forms.
To value that which is but glitter, that which is but greed,
Is to miss entirely the quality of existence itself.

* * * *

One Screen to rule them all.
One Screen to find them,
One Screen to bring them all
And in the absurdity bind them.

* * * *

To detach completely from everything, from all clung to by body and mind,
From all things, from all concepts, from all sense of self as identity.
All desires, all fears, all passions, all me-myself-and-I,
So as to be nothing but the anonymity of pure consciousness.

* * * *

You travel through existence believing it all real and true,
Until in one fated moment of realization, who knows when, kapow!
The cadaver suddenly seems both older and younger than you once thought.
And you spend the rest of your dream watching its bones turn to dust.

* * * *

You must act in order to exist in this manifest dream.
The challenge is not allowing the day-to-day to weigh you down.
To curtail the inherent friction of temporality upon the ever-present mind.

* * * *

In consciousness, desire is an insatiable, unquenchable force,
And fear its excruciating, insufferable, irrational alter-ego.

* * * *

Everything thought – everything seen, felt, heard, smelt, tasted – is but projection.
A perpetually kaleidoscoping a priori reverie of remembering and forgetting.
Really nothing more than sensory perception given imaginary significance.

* * * *

What is consciousness but wave after wave bound to attributes.
Awareness is the nothingness, the unknowable unknown of eternity,
Prior to all dimensions, all imaginary dreams of space and time.

* * * *

The decline of age involves not being near as bright and clever as you once were,
And perhaps finally discerning enough to at-last-long-overdue apprehend
You were never near as bright and clever as you once believed.

* * * *

How can you ever make sense of something so absurdly wacko,
That rationality gave up and is drinking alone in some forsaken bar.

* * * *

Imagine you suddenly came into consciousness in an adult body without any prior experience.
No narration, no knowledge, no conditioning, no language, no attachment, no desire, no fear,
No family, no friends, no enemies, no sense of identity, completely alone, an absolute abyss.
Just pure awareness, observing the sensory feed without it making any sense, whatsoever.
A stranger in a strange land, wandering the ephemeral garden orb, as free as free can be.

* * * *

You are but a momentary portal to that which is unknowable.

An ephemeral window between what is and what is not,
In which the eternal witness has the opportunity
To observe its Self through a worldly dream.

* * * *

You are Quantum: creator-preserver-destroyer of universes beyond counting.
All across this world, in every epoch, you have sung many songs
And left behind many writings, many creations.
You are all that has ever been, you are all that will ever be.
And in your wake, every possible ripple, every imaginable consequence.
All creation emanates within and without the indifference of your timeless awareness.

* * * *

What if the entire human spectacle, the entire world, the entire universe, the entire creation.
Is merely a means, a scheme, a ruse, a gambit, a ploy, a plan, a tactic, a stratagem,
For the ultimate awareness, the ultimate intelligence, to discern its Self.
What if the definitive speculation is all about you sitting there,
Quietly reading these words, and realizing it true,
And you Soul witness of your version.

* * * *

Why keep investing in anything that can never possibly bear fruit,
Anything doomed to a pattern of self-absorption,
And all the delusions born of it.

* * * *

Consciousness requires attributes to play out its spew of imaginary notions.
Without forms, without concepts, it is caught in the abyss of awareness.

* * * *

What is the main reason for the study of history,
But fathoming how our kind reached this point in dreamtime.
We do not have to keep repeating our patterns, continuing our collusions,
But the possibility of any meaningful change is right up in there with the flying pigs.

* * * *

In the play of space-time, why would, why should, how could,
Anyone ever live their life according to some translation
Other than the one their sensory dream imagines.

* * * *

If you examine everything through a Darwinian filter,
What makes humankind so potent is that in our evolutionary stampede,
Consciousness has magnified the underlying animal instincts to such a beyond-all-pales degree
That we are well past changing course or slamming on the brakes in any meaningful way.
Ergo, we are exponentially accelerating pedal-to-the-metal in every imaginable venue,
And only a few inches from a very solid, a very certain wall built by natural law.
Yet another petri dish experiment confabulated by an indifferent universe.

* * * *

Memory is a dead thing thought living,
A swirl of energy given meaning, a notion given relevance.
Imagination, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Death will arrive in a moment very much like this one,
With consciousness coming to an end, and eternity steadfastly carrying on,
Without the you as you have come to know it in the identification with the mind-body dreamtime.
The one and only real you, that you always are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

What is the paradigm of human consciousness
But a perpetual, whirling dance of the seven emotions:
Hate … adoration … joy … anxiety … anger … grief … fear …
And occasionally the unwritten eighth: contentment.

* * * *

Any and all idolatry is but the imaginary confabulation of the conceptual mind.
It was not any deity who created us in its image, but we, he-or-she-or-it, in ours.
Give this moment, this instant, no thought, and awareness is the unalterable alter,
The matrix, the hologram, in which you very much alone, in every twinkling, reside.

* * * *

Through a variety of Darwinian happenchances, humankind evolved
Such that its imagination created the fictional collusion of time.
To accomplish this revolutionary leap from Eden's instinctive rhythm,
Every manner of delusion was incorporated to cultivate and expand its viability,
The sense of identity being the first and foremost thread in its intricate, illusory weaving.

* * * *

What is any historical notion, whether individual, or tribal to whatever scale,
But consciousness playing out its perpetual vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity cadence.

* * * *

Human consciousness is but one lineage,
Of the of the natural-selection quantum mystery of evolution.
The synergy of awareness, brain, brawn, sensory nerve endings, opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera.
Witness that you are, have ever been, will ever be,
It is all about you, and not all about you all the while.

* * * *

Try to forget the little self, the fictitious identity, at least once and awhile.
Expand into the indivisible universe, the timeless totality, within and without.
Be the awareness, the big Self, that you truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Each and every moment, inhaled and exhaled, examined and released.
The eternal life is not for those who cling to the imaginary concoctions of mind.
The vague memories of all that is ever come and gone, is not real living.
It is the stillness of awareness that is the fountain of existence.

* * * *

Is consciousness higher or lower in this monkey-mind theater,
Or more likely a long and winding continuum of endless complexity:
More or less intelligent, more or less attentive, more or less knowledgeable,
More or less perceptive, more or less creative– all about different things.
How amazing anything exists at all, much less evolved to such a degree
As to expand this mystery to an even greater scale of unfathomable.

* * * *

What are you but a temporal assumption, a mind made known,
The unconditional playing out a self-actuating algorithm,
That the programmed you, constrained by dreamtime, calls self.
The me-and-myself-and-I to which the human collusion vainly subscribes.

* * * *

What forges any hell, any purgatory, any heaven, but relationship with others.
Other imaginary selves with whom your imaginary self synergizes in so many ways.
We are all the same monkey-mind, destined to the agonies and ecstasies of every passion.
Only in the relativity of an enduring detachment is there any possibility of a moderate course.

* * * *

Sisyphus need only let the rock roll back down the hill.
Atlas need only shrug his shoulders and set the world down.
So many things to which we cling for so many imaginary notions.

* * * *

The chatter and imagery of dreams is no different than that of the awake state.
Consciousness and sub-consciousness, and other imaginary conceptions,
Are not at all as distinct as the delineators would have you believe.

* * * *

No matter where we meander, no matter where we rest our weary heads,
Getting through any given instant still boils down to a mindful dollop of detachment.
Not taking it all so seriously, not taking ourselves so seriously, is the first and last challenge.
Conscious of it or not, in one way or another, we are all playing out the Atlas of our conditioning,
And learning to set down our imaginary universe may not be as hard as we choose to believe.

* * * *

Does everything you believe you possess in reality possess you?
Are commitments to anything in reality anything more
Than twists and turns of irony and paradox?

* * * *

History is but smatterings of stories passed down from generation to generation.
Much of it egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric braidings of imaginary notion,
To which the blameless future often incoherently, irrationally, binds itself.

* * * *

How can any gaze out into the immeasurable universe
And truly believe some vain, wrathful deity
Born of their feeble imagination
Did all that and more?
Pfffft.

* * * *

Many if not most need some imaginary deity on the outside,
Because they fathom themselves so measurable on the inside.

* * * *

What identify with anything in this manifest dreamtime?
All the mind-body-universe concepts, you are none of them.
Allow the sovereignty of the inherent aloneness reign supreme.

* * * *

What if no one but you really exists?
What if it is all noting more than imagination
Playing out a sensory dream in the void of awareness?

* * * *

No one can rouse those who sleepwalk undoubting through their given reverie.
Awakening is a banquet to which all are invited, but for which few are earnestly ravenous.
The kaleidoscoping dreamtime of light and sound hypnotizes and seduces most.
You alone must strive to awaken in whatever way your mind allows.

* * * *

What is any other but what you,
In the dream of mind, choose to push, choose to carry.
Let the boulder go, Sisyphus, let it go.
Shrug, Atlas, shrug.

* * * *

Once you cease identifying with the mind-body
And all its imaginary-illusory-sensory-temporal creations,
What to do with whatever dreamtime that remains is a daily wander.

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but the ways and means
By which the three-dimensional dreamtime of awareness plays on,
But ultimately ever the same essence, ever the same androgynous indivisibility.

* * * *

Humankind, the world, the universe, and all its many creations, is doomed to destruction,
Because there is nothing that can be saved or preserved in this quantum hologram.
Attachment to attributes, attachment to illusion, binds you to such concerns.

* * * *

Every humanoid since the species evolved in the jungles of long ago,
Each with its own exclusive twist of a monkey-mind,
Plays out a completely different aspect of the same swirling consciousness,
Entirely based on the draw in the genetic lottery, and the winds of time into which the seed is cast.
We are all witnesses to completely unique quantum universes born of imagination.

* * * *

Your true religion is how you choose to live each and every moment.
Whether you create heaven or hell, are angel or demon,
Is played out in every act, in every deed,
And though none can ever see their part unequivocally,
Only you even begin to fathom the whole truth of your imaginary realm.

* * * *

Always a good idea to bring along layers.
Fine to hope for the best, but prepare for the worst, as well.
No one ever knows which way the wind will blow, for how long, or how hot or cold.
We are temperate beasts, and do not easily transcend the whims of nature.

* * * *

How can this unfathomable mystery not be boggling prior to and beyond all belief?
What need for faith? What need for religion? What need for philosophy?
What need for anything but to meld into the timeless nature,
The eternal awareness pervading all creation.
What need to more than realize the indelible enigma of it,
And to freely blossom into the inexplicable reality that you are it, it is you.

* * * *

Despite all the encumbrances about your body and in your mind,
You have never really possessed anything or anyone, and never really will.
You are but a temporal squatter in an erstwhile dream born of quantum playing time.

* * * *

The personal mind, the quantum mind, the cosmic mind, the eternal mind, the no-mind,
Are all the same ephemeral awareness, the same witness, the same youness,
Really nothing more than alternating frames of consciousness,
Filtering as the whimsical moment inclines.

* * * *

Human beings tend to believe they are the most special concoctions this garden has ever created,
But, despite their self-congratulating, narcissistic claims of innate superiority, they are not.
Might may make right, but it is only the absurdly surreal arrogance of consciousness

That embraces the delusion that some are, in the ultimate reality, more equal than others.

* * * *

Whether or not there is consciousness
Anything like it has been manifested in our own garden world,
Whether or not this is a one-of-a-kind, once-upon-a-time, unique moment in all Creation,
Is a question to which mu will ever be the one-and-only answer,
For those who even bother to ask.

* * * *

The ever-changing faces and names, are they ever really all that different?
Consciousness weaving its way down neurological trails
Born of the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

How many different perceptions, different judgments,
The many others have allotted you in their dreamtime passing.
From archangel to fiend, you are assigned every ecstasy, every agony,
That the rungs of hell and purgatory and paradise might in imagination offer.
Raised on high or condemned, the you, you truly are, is ever immaculate, ever absolute.

* * * *

Who does not begin a journey assuming they will arrive?
Who does not go to sleep assuming they will awaken?
Who does not assume, not believe, not trust, not hope,
Anything will happen just as imagination would have it.
Alas that mortal faire does not subscribe to wishful notion.

* * * *

The road less traveled is less a road than a solitary, interminable, cross-country odyssey,
Through an uncharted, untamed, no-direction-known wilderness
Complete with every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

Humankind has been at each other's throats
Since its puddle origin, long before it ever exited the jungles,
For every imaginable reason ever concocted.

* * * *

What is this magical-mystery dreamtime
But a teensy-weensy sliver of imaginary perception
Sandwiched between the pre-historic and post-historic unknown.

* * * *

You are this eternal nowness, and this eternal nowness is you.
This is the one and only nowness awareness ever is, has ever been, will ever be.
In some soon-to-be mind-body space-time, you will be "doing" something else in the same nowness.
And still later, it will be the same awareness "doing" something else in the same nowness.

The timeless mind prior to the kaleidoscoping dreamtime is ever the same.
Eternal life is being mindful in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

Nature is the timeless filament of all creation,
The source code by which all things come to pass,
The brush used by the quantum unknown
To paint itself the dream of time.

* * * *

What is the first and foremost vanity but you believing your identity real,
But you being attached to your body, your mind, your world,
None of which has ever really been yours at all.

* * * *

Realize it or not, you are in reality born again and again and again, each and every moment.
It is only in the collusion of imagination, the collusion of so-called humankind,
That you believe, that you accept, the seeming continuity real.

* * * *

Can you imagine a buzzard pulling at your entrails?
A worm peering out your left eye socket?
Something else crawly, drifting up your right nostril?
Your bones bleaching into dust beneath a blazing summer sun?
In one way or another, that is your fate etched in the vapors of dreamtime.

* * * *

Painting oneself royal in any of the many fashions
Is nothing more than another shade of illusory delusion,
Played out by pretenders who really believe their shit superior.
Dress up any given pig however you will, it will always be
Just another hog scampering down the same chute.

* * * *

In every age, there are those rare few in any and every imaginable context,
Who awaken to the timeless awareness within all things great and small.
Some fashion what will become dogma; others wander serenely alone.
The mystery in which all equally reside gives its Self freely to any and all.

* * * *

One day or night in some long ago, intentionally or not,
Your mother and father merged their seed lines, and voilà, you.
The only question is, do you play out this dream according to their meme,
The established meme of some other groupthink, or your own?

* * * *

Point of reference, frame of reference, box of reference, matrix of reference, hologram of reference,
From small to large, each and every mind fabricates a unique rendering of a universe,

All ultimately nothing more than the endless spinnings of imagination.

* * * *

Whether quantum space-time is the function of the sensory-mind,
Or the sensory-mind the function of quantum space-time,
Or both are indivisible partners in awareness,
The resulting interweaving, the resulting dreamtime,
Is nothing more than a very real-seeming, figment of imagination,
Consciousness hypnotizing its Self into believing its timeless concoction real,
An illusory theater playing out every imaginable manifestation in every imaginable way.

* * * *

Across the planet throughout all time, every human being, every life form,
Playing its little quantum-chemical-biological-cultural patterning real,
To whatever degree awareness through consciousness perceives.

* * * *

Call it what you will: pattern, meme, array, form, display, shape,
Design, prototype, plan, model, outline, draft, scheme, blueprint;
It is what you imagine, it is what you pretend, not what you are.

* * * *

What were cave walls, what were clay tablets, what was papyrus,
What was Gutenberg's printing press, what is the world wide web,
But progressing eruptions in humankind's big bang of consciousness.
Whether or not there is anything like it out there in the vastness,
Is a question we will more than likely never find answer.

* * * *

It is in the winds of complete and attentive breathing,
That you will be as alive as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

What is eternal life but the ephemeral awareness you truly are,
Paying as much attention as possible to the one-moment-at-a-time universe,
To which the given sensory mind-body dreamtime of temporal consciousness subscribes.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a massive, indivisible quantum matrix.
Matter patterned into every imaginable organic and inorganic permutation.
Continuously changing, altering, shifting, fluctuating, mingling, consuming, emanating, evolving.
A mechanism so beyond-all-bounds incredible as to be forever boggling.
And however you may or may not partake the truth of it,
You are it, and it is you, there is no other.

* * * *

What is real meditation
But the turning off of time-bound imagination

For a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

The momentary awareness perceives through the senses
What the mind born of the quantum essence has engineered.
Always something to see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell,
Yet ever the eternal nothingness in each and every while.

* * * *

Everything spun of consciousness is nothing more than the wind of imagination.
And there is no need to kowtow to any of its countless fabrications.
Despite what the middlemen would have you believe,
There is no deity that does not include you in its conception,
And bowing and scraping to any idol is but the absurdity of vanity.

* * * *

The closest thing to free will, to self-determination, to freedom of choice,
In this infinitely choiceless universe fashioned of every imaginable patterning,
Is the timeless awareness of the quantum essence from which all things stream forth.

* * * *

Is organized religion really anything more
Than a vain rationale to be absurdly delusional
To whatever nth degree consciousness allows.

* * * *

So many things you said, so many things you did not say.
So many things you did, so many things you did not do.
So many ecstasies, so many agonies, in this dream of time.

* * * *

Observe the mind and its many thoughts,
What are they but a muddle of conditioned patterning,
Founded upon whatever perceptions, whatever frame of reference,
Imagination has arbitrarily formulated in the winds
Of the given nature-nurture dreamtime.

* * * *

What is identity but the psychological adaptation to the given nature-nurture circumstance.
The personality you project, the character you portray, is but an imaginary fabrication,
Sculpted by the dreamtime your spirit has from conception every moment endured.

* * * *

The egocentric nature of human consciousness
Has always believed itself and all its fabrications
Far more important that they will ever, can ever be.

* * * *

So much make-work, so much make-play, so much make-whatever,
In this our busy-busy, vanity-vanity, absurdity-absurdity paradigm.

* * * *

Awareness, that which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior even to the quantum indivisibility,
Is the mysterious potential from whence all things manifest,
The matchless singularity, prior to one, much less two.

* * * *

From pleasure palace to torture chamber, in solitary confinement all the while,
The mind-body's neural highways play out its dream in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

What do you think all this is founded on, if not the indivisible primal source,
The quantum matrix of timeless origin, the one-and-only oneness given over to space-time,
Creator and creation in the one-in-all-and-all-in-one grand singularity,
The awareness in which all dreamtimes spring.

* * * *

Stepping on the toes of political correctness is always a chuckle.
Imagine if you said or did everything that came to mind.
It would be a padded cell or the guillotine for sure.

* * * *

The world is full of true believers entangled in one conviction or another.
What it is matters less than whether or not it can be colored black or white.

* * * *

To all belief systems that imagine god separate,
Why would you ever cater to such limited concept?
To a notion that does not include you one in the same?

* * * *

Memory of any thing is never the thing itself.
Memory is the architect of time.
Reality is timeless.

* * * *

The limits of perception are obvious,
The doors of perception, immeasurable.

* * * *

Yet another millennial whose mother never told him life is not fair,
Another millennial who got too many participant trophies,
Another millennial who got too many inflated grades,
And really-truly believes they mean something.

* * * *

What is history but a perpetual game, to which chess and go and dominos are but artless analogies.
It is an ever-streaming, ever-emanating, ever-graceful, temporal play of consciousness.
Imagination given context in the hologram-matrix of quantum space-time.

* * * *

Conscious breathing, the awareness of every inhale, every exhale,
Is as present as present can be in the matrix hologram born of mind.

* * * *

No matter the speculation, no matter the assertion, it always ends up being the same inexplicable mystery.
So what is the point of endlessly arguing, much less slaying others who will never see it the same.
Discern the tranquility of an agnostic framelessness of mind, and make that your harbor.

* * * *

What is it we label God by countless names but all things quantum,
Including the timeless awareness you believe your own,
Peering out through the given sensory array.
Duality is illusion; all is singularity.
Thou art That I Am.

* * * *

What is known of the immeasurable reaches where the unknown reigns,
But the shimmering attributes that imagination adjudges real and true.

* * * *

Any given mind succumbs to the perjury of self-deception
As often as needed, to whatever degree delusion requires.

* * * *

You are as free as the mind is empty,
As free as the mind is naught but pure awareness,
As free as consciousness that has set aside any and all concern
For its Pandora's Box hodgepodge of endless bothers.

* * * *

We are all just temporal recordings of consciousness,
Each and every one of us playing out one little meme or another.
Yet at the essential level, each and every one of us is the same quantum source,
Each and every one of us the same unfathomable awareness.
What is to argue about, what is to kill for?

* * * *

And why would not so-called God be so infinite as to include you in its creative process?
How ridiculous to believe your imaginary self separate in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

You may believe you have broken a habit, a pattern, an addiction,

But chances are, you have only exchanged it, morphed it, repackaged it,
Into another variation, another alteration, another mutation, of the same stripe.
A bottle, a needle, a god, any obsession, in what way are they different?

* * * *

Is it space-time that passes,
Or the awareness that travels a dream of time,
Ever steadfast, ever true.

* * * *

Illustrate, if you can, where you are in a mind that is still,
Where you are in the timeless quietude of pure awareness?

* * * *

Were the so-called seers and mystics and prophets in ancient times and places, early scientists?
Or merely charlatans taking advantage of fearful, gullible flocks for their own ends?
Any answers are but assertions of one unverifiable speculation or another,
But of the muddled, tangled histories played out since, we can be much more sure.

* * * *

Awareness sets in motion the pretense of existence.
The brain is but a fertile recording and processing apparatus,
That the senses permeate with an ever-present universe,
In which the mind plays out its imaginary theater.

* * * *

You could conceivably play anything out any way you please,
But the given genetic patterning, the given cultural conditioning, the given nature-nurture,
Have shaped your thoughts and actions to such a predictable degree,
That any assertion of free will is absurd.

* * * *

If you are the ever-present awareness every given moment offers,
What need for identity, or any other contrivance of consciousness.

* * * *

Your ancestors had their slice of dreamtime, you have yours,
And, if you have descendants, they will have theirs.
Do not feel the need to impose all your inanities upon them,
Past what is pragmatic for their fleeting portion of conscious design.

* * * *

Is any organized religion anything more than a parade, a carnival, a pageant, of idolatry?
Whether it be a persona, a boulder, a figurine, a set of writings, or merely a concept,
How is it anything but groupthink absurdity garnished in self-absorption?

* * * *

You are in no way, no shape, no form, separate from the totality of this mystery.

Call it what you will – God, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, turtles ad infinitum,
All dualistic notion is founded upon believing the illusions body and mind weave,
Upon believing the ever-kaleidoscoping sensory input real.

* * * *

Let us differentiate between reality and perceptions of reality.
The former ever is, and all the latters are figments of imagination.

* * * *

Just what 'part' of the mind-body-spirit do you believe is immortal,
If not the indivisible awareness, that vast totality both within and without,
In which within or without are nothing more than confabulations of imagination.

* * * *

To be the undying awareness is to wander without attachment to the dream of mind,
To endure, free of time, free of all the agonies and ecstasies imagination musters into notion.
Eternal existence is for the rarest of the rare, those few and far flung who render themselves whole.
One must be absolutely fearless to ascertain the immutable immortality
They are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Just too fucking annoying sometimes, the price life requires,
The unceasingly heavy toll consciousness so often metes out.

* * * *

Life is full of every imaginable pain, every variety of suffering.
Some are long forgotten, but some persist ever-present,
And fold into each other like subprime mortgages
Until they twist into debilitating default.
Ain't nothing Golden Pond about growing old.

* * * *

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness cloaked by the attachment of consciousness
To the mind-body presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Consciousness is the source of all disparity.
In the quantum indivisibility, there are none.

* * * *

All notion is nothing more than filtered imagination.
Perception may be all, but it is nothing all the while.

* * * *

It is the rare few who are called to journey outside the boxes of limited thinking,
Where the imaginary vastness of consciousness dances without consequence.
What need for wings of wax when all the suns of the universe abide within.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a baggage train of notions
Slung about by imagination as if it were real and true.
As if it was more than a nebulous collection
Of pluses and minuses streaming about a neuron matrix.
Discern the awareness you are, disentangle from thought, wander unbound.

* * * *

A good toke of clean, fresh, oxygenated air,
Is far more likely to steady that passionate mind
Than any neural contortion of consciousness.

* * * *

One of the many disturbing discoveries in this vanity-vanity existence
Is that you are likely not as intelligent or powerful or important
As you might have in more youthful moments once believed.

* * * *

No point worrying about death, it is going to happen one way or another.
Whether the means is infection, cancer, blood, endocrine, mental, nervous, circulatory,
Respiratory, digestive, musculoskeletal, genitourinary, perinatal, congenital, or some external cause.
The flesh and bones to which you are so attached is fated to melt back into the indivisibility.
If is useless, and vain hope for something more, nothing but idle speculation.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, keep moving while you can.

* * * *

Suffer not the vain, puny, frivolous deities concocted by consciousness
Convoluted assumptions and endless absurdities do not for truth make.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum changes. the chemistry changes,
The body changes, the mind changes, the world changes, the universe changes,
But the awareness, that which perceives that which exists only in imagination, is ever the same,
Unborn, undying, each and every indivisible, indelible, enigmatic moment.

* * * *

And what has all that pride, all that vanity, gotten you, really,
But yet another life, yet another existence, yet another dream of time,

To which only the ever-evaporating vapor of imagination clings.

* * * *

What anyone thinks, what anyone does,
Is absolutely nothing in the ultimate mind's eye.
All judgment is but human concoction, human absurdity.

* * * *

Granted, little boys may be made of snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
But little girls, despite all fairy tale indoctrination to the contrary,
Are most definitely not sugar and spice and everything nice.
Going overboard on surreal notions is a bumpy road to delusion.

* * * *

You are but an imaginary blend,
A concoction born of the nature-nurture dreamtime
Into which your temporal seed was cast.

* * * *

You have been hypnotized, conditioned, brainwashed, mesmerized, indoctrinated, deceived,
Into imagining you are what you are not, have never been, and will never be.
In the one and only indivisible reality prior to consciousness,
You are timeless, you are without bounds.
Know this and break free of all limits born of mind.

* * * *

But for the currents of consciousness,
It is as quantum indivisible on the inside
As it is quantum indivisible on the outside.

* * * *

The world is afire with the madness of humankind's incessant vanity.
What is there to hope for when faced with such insurmountable odds.

* * * *

All creation is nothing more than a subjective reality,
Born of the human mind, born of imaginary conception.
Objectivity can never be more than an unattainable notion.

* * * *

Jews claiming they are the chosen people
Is nothing more than yet another ethnocentric absurdity.
It would be analogous to Woody Allen asserting he is God's favorite thespian.
No offence, Woody, but it just ain't ever gonna be so.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how can any dreamer perform their imaginary character,
But through the nature-nurture sculpting assigned by the genetic lottery.

Embrace it or endure it, from all beginning to all endings,
We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.

* * * *

What is any human existence but a tentative, arbitrary collection of memories,
Perceptions of a dream of time forever forgotten with the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The irony is that this garden world
Has freely provided everything humankind needs
To drive its brief little dream into complete and utter extinction.

* * * *

Who is the I that believes this awareness their own,
But a brief fiction of imagination entirely alone.

* * * *

All time, all history, all narration, whether individual or cultural,
Is nothing more than the play of consciousness, a paradigm of imagination.
All illusion, all delusion, all nothing more than the existential collusion of memory cells.
You are, have ever been, will ever be, the ever-present, right-here-right-now of eternal awareness,
The singular observer, the solitary wanderer, in the infinite-infinitesimal
Of nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The eternal life offered by pure awareness is the one and only true religion.
It has no name, and requires no faith, no scripture, no dogma,
No idols, no symbols, no priesthood, no followers.
Those who believe otherwise muddle in the fog of vanity.

* * * *

Contemplation is about consciousness
Putting your imaginary universe in perspective.
Meditation is about being the awareness you actually are.

* * * *

What difference between provincial and cosmopolitan, really,
But arbitrary variations in the shaping forces of nature and nurture.
After all, imagination is just imagination is just imagination.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.
From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

The explorer of consciousness is very much alone
In the maze-like concourses of the eternal fabric,

The imaginary hologram of the passionate mind.

* * * *

Baal is Baal, Tao is Tao, Brahman is Brahman, Buddha is Buddha, Allah is Allah, God is God,
No conception devised by consciousness can ever be more than a temporal metaphor.
The unknowable, ineffaceable truth of this mystery is timelessly indivisible.
Infinitely, infinitesimally, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

The indelible mystery you indivisibly are, is neither friend nor enemy.
It is indifferent to all imaginary notions, indifferent to all temporal attributes.
What attachment can that which creates and preserves and destroys,
Without motive, without remorse, have to anything?

* * * *

This here-now is what you are, is what you have been all along, is what you will ever be.
The sensory dreamtime is but imagination steeped in illusion,
Is but a mirage cloaked by delusion.

* * * *

Being domesticated, being cultivated, being trained, as a human being,
Does not make you any closer to godness than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between you and any other organism
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human drama is nothing more than a collusion of consciousness,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an ingenious, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
All the critters born into this mystery did not stand a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

* * * *

How could the observer not be the observed
In this indivisible, kaleidoscoping, quantum mystery theater?
Pfft, even the most supreme being humankind can ever imagine knows that.

* * * *

Who is there to prove anything to, really?
Apart from an imaginary vanity-vanity show,
What more is there than the quantum beingness?
What more is there than awareness of the singularity?

* * * *

The human drama is rooted, is steeped, is bound, in vain notion.
It is nothing more than the perpetual confabulation of imagination.
What solution can there ever be to what was never real from the get-go?

* * * *

All those thoughts, all those desires, all those fears, all those emotions;
What are they really ultimately but the illusory poof of imagination.

* * * *

Quantum brain, quantum eyes, quantum ears, quantum nose, quantum tongue, quantum skin,
Quantum nerves, quantum ductless glands, quantum viscera, quantum everything.
A quantum matrix, a quantum hologram, by and for its Self to play,
Perchance to perceive, to realize, to comprehend, its inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how creates this kaleidoscoping theater of dreamtime,
But the eternal awareness neither within nor without the quandaries of imagination.

* * * *

And why would anyone ever believe any one culture in any given time,
Would ever hold the key to truth, or be favored by any one deity?

* * * *

There is only the here-now, there is only eternal life.
All vain notions about it are ultimately meaningless.
Be anonymous within and without, free of all claims.

* * * *

Where is the apex of the human drama?
Where is the point of diminishing returns?
Have we yet to pass over the bell curve's peak?
Or is it already a memory in the rear-view mirror?

* * * *

All those memories, all those things, all those sensations, all those thoughts,
All those patterns, dreams, habits, relationships, loves, likes, hates, joys, sorrows,
Skills, awards, derisions, pleasures, beliefs, opinions, notions, hopes, fears, ad infinitum,
All those many experiences, no matter how dear, must all eventually be released and forgotten.

* * * *

Within the pool of awareness,
All possible universes, all possible dreams, dwell.
The creative potential of the quantum essence is infinitely choiceless.

* * * *

What you perceive is but a quantum veil that the sensory mind arbitrarily measures.
Of the immeasurable from which all dreams manifest, there is nothing to be known.

* * * *

Who is more foolish, the writer who penned nonsense in some ancient past,
Or the babbling dittoheads who give it true-believer weight in the here now?

* * * *

What is any worldview, any frame of reference, any paradigm,
But an imaginary state to which the mind every moment clings.

* * * *

Every organism under any given star has a completely different translation of the universe.
Which begs the question, is there even a real universe that stands alone and true?
Or are all nothing more than unique, arbitrary quantum creations,
Done and undone and done again times beyond counting.
Light dancing its Self manifest, for whatever forever dreamtime allows.

* * * *

If there is ever to be any real revolution of consciousness in this human paradigm,
It will have to begin within the plebeian minds of the wayward mob.
Holding your breath may not be the best strategy.

* * * *

To many unanswerable questions in this dreamtime mystery,
Always springing up here and there like zombies in the fields.

* * * *

What can any human being, no matter the time, no matter the geography, ever really experience,
But their own unique egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric sensory universe.
That which is perceived through their unique nature-nurture frame of reference.
Every part and particle of it born entirely of subjective, self-absorbed, imaginary notion.

* * * *

How ironic.
How paradoxical.
How absurd.

* * * *

Everything in this touchy-feely-three-dimensional-space-time dream
Is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.
Yes, absolutely all of it.

* * * *

How would any of this be if the awareness you truly are were not bound to the mind-body,
If you were not attached to all the notions inspired by the sensory dream.
The universe did not exist before the unborn was born.
It will not exist after the unborn dies.
Die to it now.
Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

What is prior to religion, prior to doctrine, prior to faith, prior to belief,
Prior to all notions of gods and devils and their myriad minions,
And the countless heavens and hells they spawn in time.

* * * *

What a strange thing it is to hear, to see, any word, any concept,
And realize all the antiquity it took for it to evolve to this point in time,
And that it, and all the other words in the sea of metaphors in which it swims,
Shall ever continue to morph for as long as human consciousness manages to survive.

* * * *

There will always be true believers willing to live and die
For whatever cause they have discerned most noble and true.

* * * *

Whatever path to glory might be devised by any given mind,
It is ever nothing more than the vanity born of imagination.

* * * *

What is awareness? What is consciousness?
A chemical reaction? An electromagnetic storm? A quantum wind?
The unknown playing known? Nothing playing something?
A stream unto its Self, however mind conceives.

* * * *

Happiness and contentment are delusional ideals born of sorrow and dissatisfaction.
Consciousness ever ebbs and flows through the ductless glands and viscera.
Abiding in the moment, in the awareness prior to all the chatter,
Is the as-good-as-it-gets any given mind can offer.

* * * *

What pattern is not born of conscious design,
And why would the quantum ground, the source of all,
Be bound by any notion, no matter how grand?

* * * *

Outside the last box is that awareness prior to consciousness,
And where can any box abide in that which is indivisible.

* * * *

Contentment, satisfaction, gratification,
What are they but variations of the vanity-vanity,
The usual suspect steeping in every moment of conscious design.

* * * *

The mystery is prior to all thought, prior to all knowledge, prior to all emotion, prior to all passion,
Prior to all language, all science, all math, all music, all everything ignited by consciousness.
It is the primal awareness from which the unknowable bursts into timeless creation.

* * * *

Eternal peace is merging into the indivisibly, the aloneness, free of attributes.

Giving the world no thought: some call it heaven, some call it madness.
What matter what any other thinks, what any other believes?

* * * *

This quantum theater is never more real than a dream.
The awareness you are is never not the witness.
The only question is whether or not you are aware of it.
And from all beginnings to all endings, and all endings to all beginnings,
It really does not matter if you wake up to it or not.
It never did, it never will.

* * * *

The so-called scriptures are not really belief systems.
They are histories, archives, field guides, instruction manuals, schemas.
Insights set down by seers across time and space who have discerned the mystery firsthand.
Does the quantum indivisibility need to worship the forms into which it is made,
Some imagined sculptor, or the essence that is its truest nature?
Does it really need to venerate anything at all?
Is not simply being enough?

* * * *

There is the wacko two-legged in the first standard deviation: we call that normal.
The second, we call eccentric; the third, crazy; and beyond that, insane.
Really all just different shades of the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

The discernment of truth in the human mind, in the human paradigm,
Has really always been very much the same across the world throughout time.
But all those who see it are bound by the filters of their conditioning: bound by culture;
Bound by creed; bound by language; bound by ego; bound by the thirst for power, fame, fortune;
Bound by the seven deadly intoxications: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth;
Bound by the perpetual tango of desire and fear in the quest for security.
Is it any wonder that these modern times are so chaotic,
So confused, so conflicted, so contrary,
That only the rare are willing and able to see past
The incalculable differences entirely created by imagination.

* * * *

Of course, there is what many, by one name, by one concept, by one dogma or another, call god.
But the fundamental reality is that it is a timeless, indivisible, unattainable mystery,
That cannot be bound by any form, by any circumstance, by any creed.
It is not some dualistic invention like a Zeus, a Jupiter, a Shiva, or a Santa Claus.
It is not a deity, a goddess, a divine being, a celestial being, a divinity, an immortal, or an avatar.
It is not an idol, a graven image, an icon, a totem, a talisman, a fetish, or a juju.
Of course there is a god, and it includes the essence you truly are.
Do not confuse any fabrications of consciousness
With the reality of awareness.

* * * *

In truth, you have no past, you have no future.
You are but a subjective dream of consciousness, of imagination.
There is only now, there is only awareness, there is only quantum, there is only eternity,
Timelessly witnessing an indivisible, kaleidoscoping, sensory play.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, your dream, is an imaginary invention,
Founded upon the sensory input, as interpreted by your patterned mind.
However you see anything unfolding, is what it is, always was, and will ever be.
Whatever you imagine others think, they think; whatever you imagine others do, they do.
You are perceiver, witness, observer, viewer, watcher, eyewitness, onlooker, bystander, ogler, spectator.
You are the one and only awareness, acting out a programmed, conditioned, habituated persona.
Immortally absolute, indelibly sovereign, timelessly unconditional, eternally indivisible,
And unutterably, irrefutably alone, in your center stage of Self-consciousness.

* * * *

To discern your true Self, to discern the awareness that is source,
Is to discern all possibilities upon which imagination might draw.

* * * *

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

* * * *

You are the only one and only observer watching you.
All the deities, all the angels, all the demons, all the avatars,
All the santa clauses, tooth fairies, and other mythological creatures,
Are nothing more than figments of imagination given credence.
You, the singular aloneness, are the one and only witness.

* * * *

What is each and every imagination-born existence, but a brief window of history.
A brief flickering of light and shadow, playing out in the dreamtime of mind.
A brief span in which awareness witnesses a timeless creation born of consciousness.
A kaleidoscoping quantum theater playing itself real over and over in every conceivable way.

* * * *

You who give the mind over to its inexplicable source,
Will never be appreciated unconditionally by the human paradigm.
Thought and emotion are but evolutionary by-products of ductless glands and viscera.
It is not possible to gain the full acceptance of any meme, any group, any followers, any true believers,
Any brainwashed, conditioned, indoctrinated collusion to which consciousness is so attached,

For the capricious mix is incapable of comprehending that which is cradle to all.
You must, in awareness, stand very much alone, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

Without the thought, the idea, the notion,
The brainwave, the inspiration, the theory, the belief,
The concept, the opinion, the plan, the conception, the philosophy,
How would the imaginary identity you delude your awareness into pretending
Play out its meme-bound who-what-where-when-why-how collusion?

* * * *

There appear to be many others of every imaginable variety,
But it is all really truly the awareness you very much alone are,
Translating the sensory play as the ever-present now unfolds.
The singular you, chattering away to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

There is nothing in this manifest dreamtime to which you can ultimately cling.
You are awash in imaginary notion, and if that gradually dissipates,
Where can you ever be but the given right-here-right-now,
As infinitely, as infinitesimally immeasurable,
As the mystery of awareness ever is.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, with all its histories, whether written and unwritten,
Is nothing more than collusion founded upon the capricious spark of imagination.

* * * *

That which you imagine you are is replete with every sort of passion and pain and regret.
That mystery which you truly are, that which is prior to consciousness, is indivisibly immaculate.
The mind is a collection of perceptions to which unmitigated detachment is the only salvation.

* * * *

Whether or not there are other dream worlds,
Other Gaias out in the immensity of the indifferent universe,
We will likely never know because we have not valued our own world enough
To insure our survival for more than a relatively few minutes in the space-time continuum.
The clock is tick-tick-ticking, and we are rushing madly towards extinction,
Or certainly a very harsh, very downsized paradigm shift.

* * * *

Dreaming itself immortal,
Consciousness is indelibly linked
To the finite creation of quantum design.

* * * *

We are all the same oneness playing out the parts, the same oneness playing out the many.
We are all a kaleidoscoping hologram of inestimable, immeasurable, infinite proportion,

A quantum matrix emanating a dream of time in the timeless indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

To be vulnerable is the challenge of complete surrender to the moment.
To be totally open without the psychic walls of the me-myself-and-I,
To the ego that is nothing more than a castle built of imagination.

* * * *

Your imaginary personality is how your awareness adapted
To the winds of the nature-nurture into which you were cast.
It is but a temporary temporal thing; best not get too attached.

* * * *

In this manifest dreamtime world, history has countless times proven that might makes right.
As Vegetius put it in De Re Militari: si vis pacem, para bellum, if you want peace, prepare for war.
Anonymity is the first line of defense, the second is to be a chameleon, to avoid becoming a target.
From then on – care you to abide, care you to survive – whatever level of readiness is required.

* * * *

It is only in imagination that all players are fashioned.
The grand holograph is seamless; there is no other.
The inscrutable indivisible is without partition.
All withouts are within, all withins, without.

* * * *

Is it the quantum universe that creates the quantum mind?
Or is it the quantum mind that creates the quantum universe?
Or are they the same quantum creating each other,
This very much the same moment?
Yet another dreamy day,
Same old chicken or egg conundrum.

* * * *

The ever-motionless awareness of the eternal mind
Is prior to all movement of consciousness,
And the myriad attachments therein.

* * * *

Why would you want to follow anyone?
Why would you want anyone to follow you?
Both are but the endless narcissism of vain notion,
The imaginary saga of the self-absorbed mind.

* * * *

Once upon a timeless in some long ago, an ancestor sat on a branch alone,
When another ancestor nearby uttered a sound that s/he thought s/he understood.
Thus fell the metaphorical fruit of knowledge, of good and evil,
And the solitude of the garden dreamscape

Was, for a brief spate of the mind born of time, undone.

* * * *

To be caught in the web of time
Is to play out the death born of imagination.
Only in the timelessness of eternal awareness can existence
Be as real as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Stars and planets stream silently about the heavens, oblivious to your vain existence,
And all the passions that play out the ceaseless dramas in your hollow imagination.

* * * *

The moment, the instant, the second, the minute,
The jiffy, the flash, the tick, the twinkling, the trice:
What are they but concept after concept after concept,
Consciousness ever trifling the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

What an isolating thing, the groupthink of any tradition.
All attempts of consciousness to bring together
Only further and further splinter.

* * * *

Your ego, your vanity, wants to matter so much, but in reality it does not, never did, never will.
You are a brief dream of awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Find harbor in the futility, the uselessness, the pointlessness,
The worthlessness, the fruitlessness, of it all.

* * * *

Everything about the dreamtime of human consciousness
Is generated from two primal forces: sustenance and procreation.
All the vanities, all quests for power and fame and fortune
Are marinated in those two interwoven hungers.

* * * *

It is only imagination that feels happy or sorry or anything else for its imaginary self.
Imagination ever-translating the ever-streaming sensory perceptions
Into endless shades of emotional gratification.
How can the timeless awareness prior to consciousness
Feel anything for the nothingness from which it springs eternal?

* * * *

Every imaginable bread-and-circus interruption and diversion and agitation,
Has made its way into conscious design, and daily more, more, more.
What superficial, pathetic creatures human beings truly are.

* * * *

So much time already passed, so much history already written,
How much more can be left in this dream of human consciousness?

* * * *

The hatred that gives so many lives meaning
Is but a finite mortal dream from beginning to end.
And what is hate but the fear, the dread, of all things different.

* * * *

How long will you recall things that do not matter?
How long will you cling to things that were never important?
How long will you abide the infliction of illusion upon your awareness?
This is your brief dream to live, or not live, as your courage to stand alone allows.

* * * *

Your universe is really nothing more than neurological sensations, electrical-chemical reactions,
And the many perceptions, the voluntary-involuntary responses and reactions,
Filtered by the attachment of consciousness to them.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

Sometimes angel, sometimes demon, what matter either way, really.
Gods are but the contrivance of the dread of imagination,
And an insistent hope for what can never be.

* * * *

Time is as imaginary, as ethereal, as intangible, as vaporous, as fictional,
As illusory as the given mind from which it like cotton candy springs.

* * * *

You have imagined who.
You have imagined what. You have imagined where.
You have imagined when. You have imagined why. You have imagined how.
You have imagined everything the quantum mirage has allowed.
Now imagine the nothing from which all sally forth.

* * * *

Discern the primordial awareness prior to consciousness.
Stay with that timeless moment, that stillness,
And know the serenity of eternity.

* * * *

How absurd to believe anyone is watching you.
How absurd to believe no one is watching you.

* * * *

Something else and something more, always distracting,
Always agitating, always disordering, always disturbing, always confusing,

Always tugging the mind ever forth in the dream of time.

* * * *

All we think we know is but a grain of sand in an infinity of unknowable unknownness,
And in reality all our invention is nothing more than the happenstance
Of our own genetically habituated imagination.
It is all a mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Many a label is designated to undermine the power of the thing itself.
It is the grappling of consciousness with its ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever unyielding wheel of creation-preservation-destruction.

* * * *

Buddha has already played.
So have Jesus and Rumi and Nietzsche.
It is your turn now to whirl your way in dreamtime.
No need to follow or imitate anyone else.

* * * *

Where are within and without
When all barriers are but the illusion
Of the sensory mind-body born of imagination.
The indivisibility of the quantum scale knows no bounds.

* * * *

Who are you or I? Who is he or she? Who is we or they?
So many dualistic distinctions born of consciousness,
And its myriad delusions born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

The you, you imagine your Self to be,
Is but the barest sliver of a sliver of a sliver
Of that which is, and is not, totality.

* * * *

To comprehend reincarnation, re-embodiment, rebirth, re-creation, reawakening,
You must discern what it is, and what it is not, that is born anew.
That the same essence in one permeates all,
And that all are but the one in every guise imaginable.

* * * *

The human paradigm is immersed in the stew of its own self-made knowledge.
The mind's voracious, insatiable, craving-to-know nature blinds itself.
The screens, the veils, the shrouds, the divisions of knowledge,
No matter how scholarly, no matter how insightful,
Are the source, the creator of all delusion.
The space-time matrix, as tangibly real as it seems,

Is but the invention of an imagination-laced quantum dream.

* * * *

You need not allow the world into your eternal sovereignty,
Unless you feel like being mesmerized by the quantum illusion,
And all the habituated conditioning it has in the given mind stirred.

* * * *

Take away your family, your friends, your acquaintances, your adversaries, your enemies,
Your work, your hobbies, your things, your pets, your memories, your reveries.
Take away all the parts and pieces, all the trappings of your existence,
And what remains but an indescribably ephemeral awareness,
To which no thought, no appendage, can ever attach.

* * * *

The mind is an ever-stirring brew of erstwhile knowing; of knowing this, of knowing that.
But until it truly discerns that it knows nothing but its own imaginary concoctions,
It can never be free of its endless self-delusions, its endless self-deceptions.
It can never rediscover the child mind that perceives the given moment ever anew.

* * * *

Cheerleaders for delusion live in a bubble of unreality.
It is completely wacko to think there is any possibility
That there is some sort of happy ending to this fiasco.

* * * *

Like a hamster running madly, getting nowhere in its spinning wheel,
The mind is ever questing security in its dream of temporal persuasion.

* * * *

At best you might do something
That might slightly spin history some new direction,
But what is history but imaginary notion
Given credence by the same.

* * * *

What ever-present instant is not of eternity?
Only the countless dualistic notions of consciousness,
With all its delusions born of desire and fear,
Would have you believe otherwise.

* * * *

Dualistic notion is but a fabrication of imagination.
All opposites are equally true, equally false,
Equally everything, equally nothing.

* * * *

Is your inner default setting consciousness or awareness?

Are you the imaginary figment, the mortal you?
Or are you the eternal immortal You?

* * * *

What perception has ever been real?
What perception has ever been more than an imaginary notion,
Combining with other notions to make a sizable collage of arbitrary notions in each and every mind;
The synergy of which compounds into a very much unrehearsed human paradigm.
All history is nothing more than the perpetual vanity of consciousness
Playing its make-believe game of space and time real.

* * * *

If you are practicing some sort of idolatry, then you, my friend, are stuck.
If you have a conclusion founded on some sort of mythology,
Some sort of fairy tale, some sort of fantasy, some sort of mind gorp,
Then your doubt has stalled, and you are as stuck as imagination can enable.
The only question is whether you can rekindle the skepticism and carry on the quest.

* * * *

The persona is the harbor of attachment,
Ever-changing throughout the rumored existence,
All obliterated with the last wheezing breath,
Never more than imagination allows.

* * * *

Science and politics are mutually-exclusive dynamics.
To politicize science is an absolute absurdity foisted
By blatant obfuscation of its point and purpose.

* * * *

Time rises and falls in every mind,
And is but a biological mutation in the evolution of humankind.
It does not truly exist as anything more than the mind-made, imaginary notion of consciousness.
There is only this now … and now this now … and now this now … and now this now …
An immeasurable quantum matrix, ever-kaleidoscoping, eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Curious how the apostates, the absconders, the true believers,
Always accuse everyone else of that which they are most guilty.

* * * *

There is no you; there is no me-myself-and-I.
There is only awareness confined in a corporeal configuration,
And imagination creating everything under the sun.

* * * *

To believe you can change anything
In the patterning running this merry show

Is absurdly laughable to the nth degree.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe,
But an illusory dream constructed by the senses.
Naught but a neural veil, a sensory shroud, a quantum vibration,
Of imagination creating much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Creation and creator,
How can they possibly be separate
But through imagination's endless confabulation?

* * * *

It is imagination, not awareness, that identifies with the mind-body.
Consciousness creates a world, a cosmos, to which awareness is but witness,
Absolutely detached – separate, apart, disconnected, isolated – in every which way.

* * * *

Here we are, staring into our many screens,
Passively questing every imaginable distraction.
What did paltry Rome know of bread and circuses?

* * * *

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.

In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

* * * *

You are playing the script of space-time's patterning,
But you are not the script, you are not the part,
You are not the body, you are not the mind.
It is all nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Of awareness it can be said: This is it, this is all there is.
Everything else is imagination born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

How could any man-made concoction
Ever have any ultimate, accurate, truthful answers to anything?
Only in the stillness of awareness is the one and only conclusion discerned, and it is serenity.
And it is the end to all uncertainty, to all speculation, all concern,
Over what is knowable, and what is not.

* * * *

You need not meditate with others for consciousness
To merge back into the awareness which you ever alone are.
The within and without the without and within that are and are not.

* * * *

The endless attempts by the consciousness born of mind
To mold reality into static concepts will ever soundly fail.

* * * *

Regarding it as only a dream requires the end
Of the who-what-where-when-why-how
Upon which imagination anchors.

* * * *

All histories are ever forgotten or misconstrued or revised,
As they were never more than make-believe from the get-go.

* * * *

Pretending there is precision in words,
How absurdly wearing.
Just be.

* * * *

Eternity, the mystery that  is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.
The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,
About being born into the dream of time,

About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

* * * *

The timeless awareness of eternity is unconcerned what you do with your dream of time.
Only human vanity – egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric – believes otherwise.

* * * *

From the upwelling, round many bends,
The river of the human paradigm,
The stream of consciousness,
Is rushing back to the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

How immaculate the moment you are.
Only in imagination are you tainted.

* * * *

Imagination, from whence all stories arise, into which all stories recede.
A statistical ripple as indivisibly predictable as any other quantum creation.

* * * *

What is, is.
What was, was.
What will be, will be.
Time is illusion.
Now is all.

* * * *

Once you have clearly discerned that it is all you,
Who is the giver, who is the taker? Who is born, who lives, who dies?
Who is the creator, who is the preserver, who is the destroyer?
It is but vain notion that subscribes to all distinctions.

* * * *

A story.
Another story.
And yet another story.
Story after story after story.
Mine, yours, his, hers, theirs, ours.
All equally imaginary from any beginning.

* * * *

Why on earth would it matter even one iota
Whether or not you are conscious to some other's satisfaction?

This is your universe to witness however you will.
There is no prescribed format.
There is no other.

* * * *

Forget who you think you are, and all you think you know.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness with all its bothers
About who and what and where and when and why and how,
And all the logical and illogical designs to which mind subscribes.

* * * *

Partake whatever you will, the hunger for more, more, more,
Remains the insatiable constant of human consciousness.
Satisfaction and serenity are the realm of awareness.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught, nor can it be unlearned.
It can, however, be soundly ignored, even forgotten.

* * * *

All histories, all stories, all accounts, all chronicles, all parables, all narratives,
All folklores, all legends, all myths, all sagas, all fables, all fairytales,
All tall tales, all fish stories, all jokes, all puns, all yarns,
All anecdotes, all witticisms, all descriptions,
Are imaginary from any get-go.

* * * *

No, you will not be back.
It is a one-time cabaret for each and every player.
Different strands of DNA, all witnessed by the same unborn-undying awareness.
Nothing personal about it, despite all notions to the contrary.

* * * *

All heavens, all hells, all purgatories between, pass ever the same.
All others are but sensory ghosts of consciousness's imaginary design.

* * * *

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could you possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come a moment when you never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come a moment when the mind born of time no longer calls you?

* * * *

You have been brainwashed, hypnotized, conditioned, programmed,
Indoctrinated, molded, convinced, mesmerized, trained, habituated, spellbound, inured, compelled,
Into believing this world and all its creations are real and important.
Think again.

* * * *

The sensory mind-body evolved in DNA's quest to continue,
To survive the creation, to abide the quantum field.
The vehicle you occupy is the result of that ever-present eternal dance,
And whether or not you continue to pass on that dream-state is a decision only time will tell.

* * * *

The creations of physics and chemistry and biology
Have again and again conspired to shape you, to pattern you,
Into a false identity that you might again and again awaken to your Self.
Is the matrix any more than a ruse to explore the mystery in every way imaginable?

* * * *

The many words, the many concepts of consciousness
Are but passing clouds in the clear sky of awareness.

* * * *

The past is only reference.
The future, only hope.
Only now is real.

* * * *

The hands of time spin the fate of humankind into an abyss of its own making.
Human consciousness cannot forever maintain the raging pace hat its insatiable nature ordains.
As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

To pretend an identity does not mean you are forced to believe it.
You are the creator of your dreamtime world, your psychic prison,
And only reside there because desire and fear anchor your mind,
And draw you back again and again into the clutches of illusion.

* * * *

To pretend an identity does not mean you are forced to believe it.
You are the creator of your dreamtime world, your psychic prison,
And only reside there because desire and fear anchor your mind,
And draw you back again and again into the clutches of illusion.

* * * *

More, more, more … more power … more fame … more fortune …
More food … more sex … more castles … more things … more everything …
Enough is never enough for the many whose consciousness ever shines its light outward.

* * * *

Why would death be anything more to fear than falling asleep?
The only difference is no more dreaming and never again waking up.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe, any hologram, any matrix,
But a kaleidoscoping dream inspired by a sensory quantum feed.
A light and sound show vibrating away in the given mind's neural trail.

* * * *

Extinction is an inherent, intractable fact of life.
Most of what you once remembered is long-forgotten.
Granted, it may still be locked somewhere in the neuron trail,
But for all practical purpose, access denied is the same as forgotten.
It was never more than vague, imaginary perception anyway,
So, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

What is sorrow but the mind's longing for it all to be real.
For it to be more than a kaleidoscoping, ungraspable dream;
A dream that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

* * * *

The quantum divide is but the separation of the sensory mind,
Deluding itself, imagining that it is the indivisibility that is unreal.
Nothing more than the neuron trail asserting it alone reigns supreme.

* * * *

Each and every seed has its own epic journey, a one-time play in the space-time matrix.
A concoction of heaven and hell in an imaginary backdrop, real and unreal all the while.

* * * *

You are not the body-mind identity.
You are not consciousness.
You are not the world.
You are not the universe.
You are not the quantum stardust.
You are that which is prior to all creation.
You are the awareness, you are the indivisible unicity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is no need to dread what you do not believe, what you do not distinguish real and true.
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and monsters in dark forests, are but cultural memes for children,
As is everything rendered for adults adrift in the muddle of uncritical, gullible, credulous minds.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is that which we who forever quest,
Are ever seeking within, are ever seeking without; sailors wandering an ocean without shore.
Why is that which is everything and nothing, that which is nothing and everything,
So challenging for the vapor of consciousness to both embrace and resist?

* * * *

The body issues forth from the indelible quantum mystery;
From the merger of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture,
To its environment, to its window of time, all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding cosmos of consciousness burst into being;
Indelible quantum mystery all the while.

* * * *

To quantify the quantum mystery as infinite or infinitesimal is all but absurd,
Once it is without doubt realized that the enigma of awareness is immeasurable.

* * * *

Death is the outcome of every existence.
No need for hope nor faith nor any creed.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; players, thespians,
Automatically, spontaneously, extemporaneously,
Playing out the perceived, imaginary, temporal roles
Nature-nurture has patterned us to believe real and true,
But really no more real and true than any man in the moon.

* * * *

Beginning becomes end; end becomes beginning.
Wax becomes wane, wane becomes wax.
Rise becomes fall; fall become rise.
Flow becomes ebb; ebb becomes flow.
Cause becomes effect, effect becomes cause.
The dream of time is the play of waves ever roiling.

* * * *

Perfection in consciousness is but an ideal.
There are pluses and minuses to practically everything,
Unless you are Mary Poppins or some other imaginary fabrication.
Only in the indivisible nothingness of eternal awareness can perfection be realized.

* * * *

It is the body-mind's instinctual patterning to always seek the illusion of security,
That gradually morphs it into so many variations of fear and loathing.
To stand aloof from the herd, to stand free and clear of all,
Is not a state, a quality of mind easily attained.

* * * *

There is life, there is no-life.
Consciousness on, consciousness off.
It is nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness,
But it is up to you to discern the implication
Of that far-reaching, life-changing realization.

* * * *

The mind-body is about the consumption of its quantum dreamtime in every way imaginable:
Food, drink, sex, power, fame, fortune, spirituality, materialism, et cetera, et cetera.
A unremitting quagmire, and ultimately all much ado about nothing.
As William Shakespeare puts it in Macbeth's soliloquy:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

* * * *

The mind-body dream to which you are so attached
Is nothing more than a from-the-get-go fabrication.

* * * *

Abandon the mind and all its thoughts of identity and personality and character.
All the histories, all the narrations, all the time-bound concoctions you imagine real.
Be the awareness, the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, you timelessly are.

* * * *

Why would truth ever require meaning and purpose,
When it already is and is not, has ever and never been, will ever and never be,
All the meaning and purpose consciousness might ever prescribe.

* * * *

The confines of the mind can grow very small or very large,
Depending upon the awareness, and the consciousness it inspires.

* * * *

Wealth is not the only realm of the one-percenters.
Every medium has its winners and losers, its rulers and subjects,
And only the most steadfast, only the most determined,
Are allowed entry into the given fraternity.

* * * *

In the struggle between consciousness and awareness,
Is there a victor, or simply the serenity of cessation?

* * * *

Why should you, would you, ever blindly believe what you cannot discern for your Self?
Why accept another's assertion if no convincing, tangible evidence is available?
You, scientist, have the right, the obligation, to explore any hypothesis,
Without unwarranted pressure from any individual or group.

* * * *

The mind devours through the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
What is it but imagination's craving for a permanence it can never attain,
For it is but an intangible dream of the indivisible quantum hologram.

* * * *

No, you are not going to change the ever-changing world,
This garden orb will spin on and on the same as it always has.
Your brief window of time will be just another vain, hollow flurry
In a seemingly endless emanation of vain, hollow flurries.
Our vain, hollow drama is not near as critical as we,
For whatever reason, always seem to believe.

* * * *

How challenging when you are young and vibrant,
To imagine the mortal frame someday old and feeble.

* * * *

Your personality, all you imagine yourself to be and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to abide vulnerably in awareness, you must still all thought,
And merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so is to be born again into the indelible indivisibility,
Into the absoluteness, into the mystery that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Self imagery is nothing more than imagination's rainbow,
A panorama of every conceivable color, or every shade of gray.
It is the awareness in which you are every moment truly born anew.

* * * *

Waking up from the dream of mind is a rare feat.
One that is not without many trips and falls,
And every variety of distracting detour.

* * * *

What is time but the assumption, the illusion, the delusion of memory,
Nothing more than the evolutionary happenstance of the neuron trail.

* * * *

The conditioning is strong.
There is no way you can be free of it
But through becoming very still, very present,
Free and clear of all imaginary traces.

* * * *

What is this very human need to identity with this or that?
What a thing to imagine your make-believe persona real and true.

* * * *

The real youness is prior to consciousness,
Prior to all conditioning, prior to all imaginary perceptions.
To realize the unconditional requires an abeyance
Only full attention to now can give.

* * * *

You were born again many, many times
Before imagination did a gradual sunrise in your mind,
And the rest is a history only you can know.
And everyone else the same.

* * * *

What is any personality, any character, any ego, but the response, the reply, the answer,
The retort, the rejoinder, the comeback, the reaction, the survival mechanism,
That the winds of time in mind shaped your imagination to play out;
To enjoy, to endure, the agonies and ecstasies of existence.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.
Still the imaginary mind.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

Make-believe can never be real.
It is all make-believe.

* * * *

Truth beckons those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.
Let the true believer believe all the lies his blindness allows.

* * * *

Without the herd, without the other, you would not have the opportunity to stand quietly aloof;
To observe, to watch, to view, to scrutinize, to monitor, to study, to examine, to survey,
To witness a dream of consciousness, an imaginary theater, as only you can.

* * * *

There is no yoke to truth.
It is the conditioning of consciousness, of imagination,

That fabricates all encumbrance.

* * * *

It does not matter what you say or do,
Believe or do not believe, know or do not know,
The timeless awareness ever emanates exactly the same.

* * * *

Most human beings are quite unattractive; even unapproachably ugly.
Without clothing and accessories, and a inordinate amount of self-absorbed delusion,
We likely would have never made it out of the jungles of Africa,
Much less overpopulate the entire planet.

* * * *

It does not matter how you are.
It does not matter why you are.
It does not matter who you are.
It does not matter what you are.
It does not matter when you are.
It does not matter where you are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same you.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring you the harmony of peace, nothing will.

* * * *

We are but a whim of the quantum matrix,
Players in a universe of differences
That are but vibratory illusion.

* * * *

What a human-born absurdity to strive to be a historical footnote.
Even more so to be the title to a chapter, a book, a movie, or a college course.
And wackiest-beyond-the-pale of any and all is to be the source-point
To some obnoxious, overbearing, sanctimonious religion.

* * * *

In every mind across the manifest board,
The ethereal winds of imagination huff and puff helter-skelter
In their own little singular double-double-toil-and-trouble bubbles of space and time.
The world, the cosmos, the unicity, is ever eternally unmoved, indifferent,

To all the self-absorbed dramas of the human paradigm.

* * * *

What will be said and done after your departure from the theater is not for you to know,
And what is knowing, anyway, but vague perception given credence one way or another.

* * * *

Cannot say whether or not God is dead,
But Jesus most definitely is, and whoever he was, or was not,
He was not in this mind's eye any more or less that which is God than any you or I,
Or any other land or water or air critter, great or medium or small.
We are all equally born of the same quantum mystery.
Only the vanities pretend otherwise.

* * * *

But for the mind caught in its own snare, its own vice, its own egocentric notion,
There is no sure, no clear, no particular way anyone or anything must be.
The indelibly indivisible quantum mystery this all is, this all is not,
Is without any principle or meaning or purpose, whatsoever.

* * * *

If you have turned to hope to solve a problem,
Then it is likely already well beyond too late.

* * * *

The mortal persona that you imagine you are
Is in the all-seeing awareness of totality gazing out
Through the quantum senses into a quantum hologram.

* * * *

Rationality decries and derides irrationality,
But what of the unknown prior to consciousness,
Where all rhetoric becomes absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

To die to the world, to die to the garden of temptation,
Is the most arduous challenge you can ever un-imagine.

* * * *

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes:
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural, and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious the monkey-mind
Is too entrenched in all its emotional passions,
All its imaginary impulses, to ever evolve from its jungle of origin.
The fate of our kind, of the world, of the universe, is etched in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

How meaningless all speculation.
“Tis but chatter of a busy mind.

* * * *

There is only one source, one creation, one soul, one quantum.
Only consciousness imagines its countless splinterings real.

* * * *

Humankind has always been about making into its own image, into its own imagination,
That which has no image, that which is eternally faceless, that which is eternally nameless.

* * * *

Pretend each and every moment is your last.
In a very subtle way, it most definitely is.

* * * *

Very challenging to participate in the world, and not get drawn in believing it all real.
The conditioning, the habituation, is strong, and the mind weak and easily distracted.

* * * *

All creatures from great to small have the same awareness as you.
It is only consciousness that endlessly fabricates the notion of duality.
It is only consciousness that continually divides youness into me and them.
It is only consciousness that deludes itself separate from the indivisible.

* * * *

Without all those memories, without all that knowledge,
Without the collusion of all the myriad others around you,
Who-what-where-when-why-how would you have ever been?
The quantum feast is an indivisible creation of intelligent design.

* * * *

Why be a true believer in anything or anyone?
Why allow the slaves of ignorance access to your mind or body?
Why trust any mass movement to take you anywhere you cannot get on your own?
Let the one-percenters and their minions wage their own wars.
Let the corporate empires fall on their own swords.
Let the creeds play out their dogmas.
Stand alone, sovereign.

* * * *

Everything you think you are, everything you believe the cosmos to be,
Is nothing more than a subjective, haphazard collection of vague perceptions
Imprinted throughout the brain: a neural transmitter of evolutionary confabulation;
Organic fiber bundles firing this way and that; a lightning storm blazing away inside a skull.
You are nothing more than a figment of imagination perpetuating a delusion.

* * * *

Is it any wonder so many across the board of human existence
Mitigate their mundane existence utilizing whatever escape is available?
Whether it be religion or sports or politics or drugs or soap operas or any whatever,
The suffering of consciousness, of sickness and injury and aging and dying,
Is a burden all humans equally shares, no matter the given lot.

* * * *

It is the awareness of the light within that shines out upon the world, upon the universe,
But it is consciousness that invents your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences that come and go within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

* * * *

Eternal awareness is the state
Of those who have shed name and identity,
Of the rare few who bear no memory of that needing none.

* * * *

You know because you agree to know.
You esteem knowledge because your conditioning
Has disciplined you to commit to memory minutiae unending.
It is the underpinning of all identity, and commotion and spectacle unending.
The human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

That is done, that is done, and that is done, too.
When nothing is done, nothing is ever left undone.
In the watermelon sugar of time's imaginary notions.

* * * *

Fresh from the given womb, a filament of consciousness is cast into a windy dream of time,
Where sickness and injury and aging and demise are but a relatively few breaths down the road.
What is there to do but to live it out, to enjoy, to endure, as best as the kaleidoscoping moment allows.

* * * *

The quest for truth, the quest for eternal nature,
May be less about discovering something else,
May be less about experiencing some higher state,
Than it is simply unchaining from everything imaginable.

* * * *

You need not believe in anything, you need not believe in anyone.
The human drama is bursting with a ceaseless array of empty assumptions,
Steeped in endless cravings for, and endless fears of, all things known and unknowable.
There is no respite, there is no serenity, for the willy-nilly, unbridled mind.

* * * *

You are the absolute nothingness of totality playing out an imaginary fabrication,
A random, subjective, arbitrary, dreamy, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime reality.
Boggling beyond all horizons, all conceivable pales, yes, but that is just the way it is.

* * * *

Truth is not exclusive to the human paradigm,
But being human offers an opportunity to perceive it
In a way no other creature, to the best of our knowledge, can.
But it is a mighty humungous cosmos, so the jury will be out for awhile.

* * * *

The mind seeks solutions, clarifications, explanations, remedies, resolutions, results, antidotes, cures;
And many if not most minds will create one answer or another if one is not easily available.
Hence the proclivity toward assumption, superstition, prejudice, stereotyping,
And all the other numerous varieties of delusional cogitation.
To be rational is to stand alone, aloof from the resolute cloud of ignorance.

* * * *

You have got down all the right-sounding wordplay,
But is it just a good memory, or have you really got it?

* * * *

If you were completely on your own,
Would it have ever occurred to you to imagine some deity?
If you had no other mythological influence, no other source other than your own eye,
Would it have occurred to you that you were in any way separate
From the here now playing out all about you?

* * * *

What does the human paradigm demonstrate again and again,
But that nothing is as truly important as imagination ever seeks to deem it.
Even the so-called spiritual quest is ultimately an à la mode absurdity.

* * * *

The dreamscape of the dreamtime is constantly changing.
What cannot adapt, what cannot abide, diminishes or perishes.

* * * *

Are you streaming through a dream?
Or is a dream streaming through you?
Or is it neither-nor-both-one-in-the-same?

* * * *

Hoping so makes nothing so.
One must get down and dirty in the muck of time
For the H-word to glean any reality.

* * * *

Does anything created of the human mind
Matter anywhere near as much as so many vainly believe?
How can truth be attached to anything confabulated
By the imaginary notions of consciousness?

* * * *

The splintery fence between awareness and consciousness is not easily straddled.
Sometimes you are awake, sometimes you are asleep, sometimes you are merely a tad drowsy.
So, in the end of all beginnings, it all boils down to: Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Notions, notions, notions, so many notions.
Questions, questions, questions, so many questions.
The pitter-patter-chitter-chatter of the busy mind is unending.

* * * *

There is only the ever-present moment,
There is only the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
And there is no need to habitually encumber it with every variety of imaginary notion
Of what was, what is, and what might or might not be.

* * * *

What is history but a collection of ambiguous perceptions,
Superimposed as reality, oftentimes for ulterior purpose.

* * * *

Consciousness is the game awareness is forced to play
In order to survive and endure in this manifest dreamtime.
It serves no other rhyme or reason in the ultimate sense.

* * * *

How much of your life do you spend trying to justify your existence
To one imaginary other or another wafting about in your neuron trail?

* * * *

What is time but vague perceptions of memory cells
Projected day-in-day-out into every conceivable imaginary whatever.
That, coupled with vocal chords, opposable thumbs, two legs, and a flair for tool-making,
And, voila, a never-ending, dreamtime collusion of human scale.

* * * *

There will never be political, economic, or social resolution to the human condition.
Consciousness itself would need to evolve into making the paradigm shift,
And that is about as likely as flying pigs or raining cats and dogs.

* * * *

Most human beings are mindlessly happy, mindlessly content,
With the given conditioning, the given frame of reference, the given idolatry.

To be a seer, doubt is required, and disbelief, skepticism, cynicism, are scarce commodities.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Look left, look right, look up, look down, look all around.
Everything perceived is mind-eye's projection: arbitrary, capricious, whimsical,
Random, chance, unpredictable; casual, wanton, unmotivated, motiveless, unreasoned, unsupported,
Irrational, illogical, groundless, unjustified, personal, discretionary, subjective.
The you that you in so many indivisible moments believe you are,
Is nothing more than an imaginary creation.

* * * *

What is the truth but the ever-present, ethereal, timeless moment,
To which memory is but a figment of imagination
Carrying on as if it were real.

* * * *

What is existence but an ever-kaleidoscoping array of colors, sounds, smells, tastes, and sensations.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional streaming of physical and mental gymnastics
In a corporeal collection of bones, flesh, and slime,
To which the given mind
Become attached in every way imaginable.

* * * *

It is imagination that is born.
It is imagination that exists, that enjoys and endures.
It is imagination that attaches; imagination that ascribes and fastens to this and that.
It is imagination that dies.

* * * *

To not value learning is to miss out on the dreamtime about you.
A sturdy, profound education – robust, strong, determined –
Is the key to discerning the truth, the reality of all things,
And how they make their way in the mystery of time and space.

* * * *

Ultimately, everything is simultaneously happening at the indivisible quantum level.
Chemistry and biology are but the means by which the manifest illusion
Plays out every possible illusion, every possible delusion.

* * * *

The quantum mystery creates you, and you in return perceive it,
In whatever way the conditioning of your consciousness ordains.

* * * *

A different world,

A different universe,
A different everything,
All stitched of imagination.
All alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind, a different reality,
A different world, a different universe.
Every one imagined real and true.
All indivisibly alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind, a different reality,
A different world, a different universe.
Every one completely real, completely true.
Every one a fabrication of imagination.
Every one entirely alone, together.

* * * *

What does a rock perceive, what does it do,
And how in quantum is it different from you?

* * * *

How can you perceive Self
When there is no Self to apprehend?
The only evidence you have that you even exist
Is provided by the same imagination collecting the data.
Awareness is all there is, and even it is more than a little equivocal.

* * * *

Fractured by imaginary ideas and impulses of every possible tint and hue.
Heal thy Self if you have will and wit enough to see it through and through.

* * * *

Dying to time, dying to memory, dying to identity, as simple as it is,
Is not an easy thing for the ever-moving, ever consuming mind to do.

* * * *

What is complete and utter detachment
But a mind given over entirely to its natural state,
Given over to the awareness, the stillness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Those who fathom eternal life abide artlessly in the ever-present moment.
To embrace the duality of space-time and all the assumptions of identification,
Is but the living death fashioned by the usurpation of awareness by consciousness.

* * * *

If you were a train engine running down the timeless track,
How many cars worth of memories would you be pulling?

* * * *

What is the best word to describe the passing of time?
Moving? Fleeting? Marching? Happening? Unfolding? Streaming?
Emanating? Projecting? Reflecting? Kaleidoscoping? Matrixing? Holographing?
The mystery that defies any and all description would likely guffaw long and hard, had it a voice.
The indivisible, ephemeral now is all there is; time is but the creation of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness you – and all that is dualistically perceived as otherness – timelessly are,
That which is prior to consciousness, that which is prior to the indivisibility,
Is without attributes, without blemish, and permeates all as one.

* * * *

What an ephemeral thing this me, this my Self, this I,
This awareness that has no bounds, no limits,
But those concocted by imagination.

* * * *

It is consciousness that imagines all divisions, all boundaries, all classes, all conflict.
The singularity, the awareness, from which all things emerge, is without attributes.

* * * *

What you truly ever are, and are not, is prior to all assumptions,
Prior to all assertions "I am this" or "I am that,"
Prior even to the most austere conscious declaration: "I Am."
The prior that is the immaculate, indivisible awareness permeating all creation.

* * * *

Every mind born anew
To wander the yellow brick road
Offered by the sensory quantum holograph
Timelessly emanating from the mystery of imagination.

* * * *

The human mind evolved to survive the savagery and hardship of its jungle origin.
To solve problems, to design tools, to fashion weapons, to politic with others in its domain.
And when it does not have families to raise, widgets to fabricate, fields to harvest, or battles to win.
There can be a tendency by drama-queen sorts to summon insoluble difficulties out of thin air.
Ergo, an overpopulated world overrun by monkey-consciousness in near-constant flux,
Much of it, inordinately, indisputably, undeniably, beyond-the-pale pointless.

* * * *

The awareness you are observes the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness you are observes the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness you are, call it what you will: observer, watcher, witness;

Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery traveling dreams of time in mortal patterns of every hue.

* * * *

Quantum is the building block, the source code,
And awareness, through consciousness, the designer,
Gradually awakening through eons of creative evolution
To the insoluble mystery of its inexplicable source.

* * * *

The awareness you truly are is not bound to any form or identity.
The inexplicable mystery which is indivisibly, irrevocably, undeniably, irrefutably, indelibly alone,
Gazes out through two eyes, listens through two ears, smells through two nostrils,
Tastes with one tongue, and feels through a maze of nerve endings.
The you that you pretend to be in this quantum play,
Is but a temporal sensory universe,
A dream born of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How can there be karma if you are nothing more than the eternal moment?
Karma is nothing more than yet another imaginary notion
Playing in the smoke of the given mind.

* * * *

Creation is the awareness, through quantum stardust, evolving from atoms into molecules,
Mutating into genes, into cells, into life forms, playing out consciousness,
In whatever way the patterning of the mystery allows.
And the one and only you, the real you, always the witness.

* * * *

Soul |sōl| noun … is defined as the spiritual or immaterial part
Of a human being or animal, regarded as immortal.
Part? What part? How can it be a part?
Let us not confuse that which is indivisibly, immortally eternal
With the imaginary personality, the trite character born of time-bound consciousness.
Let us not fall into the egocentric trap that its ephemeral nature
Is anything that is in any way exclusionary.

* * * *

To be that which is prior to consciousness,
To be that which is but unending awareness,
To be that which is nada-nil-zilch nothingness,
To be that is to be the eternal unicity in all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

Where would time be without stars and sun and moon?

Without the tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock of clocks on walls?
Without ever-changing digital numbers scribing silent screens?
What is time but a mind-made collusion pretending eternity is real?

* * * *

In the tale “The Emperor's New Clothes,” a tale of a vain king swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if you step back a bit, you will clearly see the human paradigm
Is based entirely on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality to which eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

* * * *

Whether it is a rock, a statue, a painting, a concept, or flesh and blood;
Whether it is Persian, Greek, Roman, Taoist, Hindu, Buddhist, Celtic, Aztec, or any other;
Idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Just because it is your cultural construct,
Does not make it any less narrow or false or absurd.

* * * *

Is there really a universe, a cosmos jam-packed with galaxies?
Or simply an indivisible matrix, an awareness,
Timelessly dreaming a universe?

* * * *

If you can imagine anything, without having to act everything out,
You will have an interesting, stimulating, easy-going existence,
With far fewer consequences to play out in the long run.

* * * *

The stream of consciousness is everything
From shallow and wide to deep and narrow,
From slow and tranquil to swift and untamable,
And meanders every variety of tack across all time.

* * * *

To give your self completely over to the awareness,
Is to be free of conditioning, witness to the dream.

* * * *

We are all the same inexplicable, indivisible, immortal quantum essence.
It is consciousness that conceives every imaginable difference.
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

So many regrets, so many things you would do differently, or likely not at all.
Would that there were more of a rewind button than mere imagination.
But, then again, what regrets would there be but for imagination?

* * * *

Is the time born of consciousness
Anything more than the creation of desire and fear,
Indelibly imprinted in the genetic code?

* * * *

You are awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Everything else is but the endless confabulation of imagination.

* * * *

In the wrestling match between nature and human consciousness,
It is not all that arduous to predict which will inevitably triumph.
Malthus was only off by a relatively few cycles of the given star.

* * * *

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid, in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persist in propagating consciousness
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever ad infinitum.

* * * *

And the moral of the story of the human epoch,
And its imaginary stream of consciousness
Through all its myriad mortal filters,
Is?

* * * *

You think there is point to all this absurdity?
Well, no, there is not, there never was, there never will be.
It is simply an emanating, kaleidoscoping, hologram of pointlessness,
Seemingly destined to play out until there is absolutely nothing left to play out.

* * * *

The senses created the illusion of time,
And time created the mind.
A quantum circle.

* * * *

The nowness that you perceive, the nowness to which you cling,
The nowness that you every moment spin into your dream of time,
Is already nothing more than the ephemeral ash of imagination.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning and all the passions of vanity are overrated.

Only in unmitigated detachment is there any resolution to the human absurdity.
Stop knowing, stop caring, stand alone, wander alone, absolute and free.

* * * *

Where are you in the ever-present moment,
But the neural theater of consciousness, of imagination.
That play of mind that you believe, that you assume, real and true.

* * * *

Scientists are explorers of the mysterious unknown, of the perpetual enigma,
Using ever-evolving technology to fathom beyond the limits of the sensory panorama,
Yet restricted all the while, by the conditioned mind through which they perceive,
Through which they futilely measure but a veil of that which is immeasurable.

* * * *

All speculation shall hereby cease and desist,
And all well-meaning witnesses shall from here on refrain,
From any further mentioning, any further hinting, any further pretending,
About anything of the esoteric that they do not, cannot, know.
They shall be silent and keep counsel to themselves,
That the thistles of the world might declaw,
And the age of humankind carry on
In a more agreeable manner.
Pfft, yeah, right, sure.

* * * *

Unify within and without until within and without dissolve into a stillness
In which the boundaries, the movement of imagination, disappear.
And the harmony of the manifest becomes Self apparent.

* * * *

Awareness peers out from the empty stillness through the filters of consciousness,
Which tailor the world, the universe, to its own conditioned, self-absorbed design.

* * * *

In consciousness, you are a human becoming.
In awareness, you are a human being.

* * * *

What is death but one day not waking up,
And the ripples of corporeal existence ceasing to emanate
Into whatever portion of the universe your given dreamtime played out.
Whether or not you had great or little impact thereon out is not for you to ever perceive.
Only the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent quantum unicity witnesses all,
In the awareness, the nothingness, the oblivion, that is and is not.

* * * *

Another moment transforming into yet another vague memory

In the baggage train of mind and all its vain perceptions
Of your so-called life and the human collusion.

* * * *

To put behind you all paradigms consciousness might concoct,
Is to expand into a state of sovereignty no finite mind can grasp.

* * * *

Eternity whisks away every footstep without thought, without remorse.
Only the sensory mind bound to the dream of time imagines any of it real.

* * * *

We all have many things that draw us, many interests that lead us down our long and winding pathway.
It could be family or friends or community or work or politics or religion or business or Ivory Tower
Or creativity or nature or travel or cooking or shopping or sports or current events or heroic causes
Or sex or gambling or drugs or lying or cheating or stealing or wreaking or blathering incoherently,
Or merely perching day after day in front of a television or computer, or in taverns and coffee shops.
The scroll is as long as imagination allows – we encounter many things in our given windows of time.
But as our dream streams on, as we grow older, our diversions, our amusements, slowly whittle down,
And whatever it is in the end that drums most loudly in our mind's eye will be the capstone of one's fate.

* * * *

Challenging as it may be to detach
From the many pleasures and pains body and mind tender,
The ultimate reality is that nothing ever actually touches the immortal you that you truly are.
Imagination has always believed itself more real than it can ever be.

* * * *

When it comes down to the nuts and bolts of this whodunit,
It is what it is, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Nothing that anyone believes about it truly matters.
It is all the same grist; it is all the same mill.

* * * *

There is me, and there is Me.
There is the you that is separate, that is different,
And there is the You that is the same as Me.
One imaginary, the other real and true.

* * * *

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,

Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions
In the hard-wiring of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

* * * *

Awareness is the baseline of all consciousness,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the dimension.
Prior to that eternal stillness, that timeless now, naught but mystery.

* * * *

How real, how alive, can the quantum of the electromagnetic spectrum ever be,
But through the streaming mix 'n match of the given sensory theater,
And whatever delusions of imagination it orchestrates.

* * * *

Eternity does not at all careen or lurch.
It does not sputter, it does not shake.
It does not jerk, it does not strain.
It does not stick, it does not slip.
It does not tick, it does not tock.
It does not do anything but be exactly what it is,
Which is to stream, to emanate, smoother than silk in every way imaginable.

* * * *

How convenient to get yourself martyred at such a brash, insolent, marketable young age.
What a foolish pretender to wander into Jerusalem thinking anyone really cared
What you had to say or do if it threatened their world in any way.
Power and fame and fortune need not be surrendered to cold, dead hands.

* * * *

What need for faith in anything?
What is faith but a form of intellectual laziness,
A lack of discerning exactness, a lack of discipline for critical inquiry
To discover the truth of this mystery for one Self.

* * * *

You think imagination reigns?
Think again, Pilgrim, think again.
It will soon be as if you were never born.

* * * *

Do not confuse the brain that is creating this timeless manifest dream,
With the time-bound mind that is through imagination interpreting it.

* * * *

To know that which is godness, that which is absolute,
You must engage in the ever-present moment to such a degree,

As to completely forget whatever temporal role
You imagine the awareness to be.

* * * *

Eternal life is not something remembered, not something born of the mind in time.
It is merely being the timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, the timeless emptiness, you truly are.
There is nothing to become, nothing to prove, nothing to maintain, nothing to pretend.
To be in that state of timeless quietude is to be all there is to be.

* * * *

The conditioning, the habituation, the programming, the indoctrination, the brainwashing,
Is hypnotizing, mesmerizing, absorbing, enthralling, spellbinding, captivating, convincing, blinding,
How much more challenging it is to be what you really, truly are, than what you pretend to be.

* * * *

If you are a hardcore religious wingnut, a true believer of the dittohead persuasion,
What would you do if you actually met your messiah, your prophet, your guru,
And did not adore him, did not believe him, wished you had never even heard of him?
Would it aggravate you, would it wake you up, or would you just start searching for another?

* * * *

No belief, no faith, no dogma, is required.
Let go of consciousness, of thought, of imagination.
Simply be the awareness you truly are.
Simply be the given here now.

* * * *

You have never existed as more than a thought.
How can the ephemeral ever-present, the timeless moment,
The indivisible quantum, ever be alive, but through imaginary notion?

* * * *

See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, as awareness alone, uncarved,
Without the imaginary self-perception and all its a priori attachments.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity; there is no way out.
The delusion that you even think you exist is vanity.

* * * *

The absolute is absolutely indifferent
To the variable winds of agony and ecstasy
That transpire in the consciousness born of mind.

* * * *

You have played out every conceivable mythological role:
God, Allah, Brahmin, Tao, Buddha, Christ, and on and on ad infinitum.
None of them are anything more than collusions born of the idolatrous monkey-mind.

Let them all go, give Self over to the eternal awareness prior to all naming, prior to all imagination.
There absolutely is no need to be, to pretend anything more than the timeless stillness,
The quantum indivisibility you are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Does the tiger think itself a tiger? The whale, a whale?
The shark, a shark? The crow, a crow? The snake, a snake? The frog, a frog?
The ant, an ant? The spider, a spider? The worm, a worm? The weed, a weed? A microbe, a microbe?
Or do they all merely act out the given instinctual patterns
That all this mystery's creatures small to great,
Play out in harmonized fashion; a ballet that knows no bounds.
And is humankind, despite all the pretenses of consciousness, really doing any different?

* * * *

The quantum matrix is a timeless, spaceless, immeasurable fact.
Measure it, appraise it, in every way imaginable until kingdom come,
All you will ever calculate, all you will ever speculate, is but the veil of illusion.

* * * *

Once the sensory universe convinces the mind to take its awareness seriously,
It is condemned to play an imaginary, impromptu role until death does it part.

* * * *

Physical pain and discomfort have a tendency to put a damper on attitude,
And along with watching this garden orb spiral into every sort of horror and absurdity,
Can be a substantial challenge to any Sisyphus daily rolling the boulder up the hill,
Any Atlas bothering to carry the weight of heaven and earth upon his shoulders.

* * * *

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

**Soundbites**

Consciousness is but waves crashing, tides ebbing and flowing, in the its dream of time.

* * * *

Continuity? Only in your dreams.

* * * *

Joy is as imaginary as sorrow.

* * * *

The world is for those who lack imagination, and the one with the least is often first to pull the trigger.

* * * *

Daily you wake up, and there you are, nothing pretending something yet again.

* * * *

Believe this or that if you must, but what a tedious way to get through the day-to-day.

* * * *

What need does a newborn have for belief?

* * * *

Awareness coupled with consciousness, we all are.

* * * *

The pace of consciousness leaves all in one wake or another.

* * * *

You do not have to believe any of it, you know.

* * * *

Without awareness, without consciousness, without imagination, what is there?

* * * *

The god you have in mind, the god you imagine, is not god.

* * * *

You have played the monkey every way imaginable; what more is left?

* * * *

What are you but a point of consciousness in an indivisibility without center.

* * * *

It is a choice to hold on to your dream: What does it take to let it go?

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness leaves no trace.

* * * *

Imagination carries the day.

* * * *

A quantum-schooch-quantum dream.

* * * *

You are a time machine in imagination only.

* * * *

The difference between any given here now is the difference only consciousness knows.

* * * *

Another self-absorbed existence underway in the bon-voyage-agony-ecstasy of all things imaginary.

* * * *

All the world's a stage, and all we mortal players merely the dreams of oblivion.

* * * *

No human outcome can ever but hope to be more dynamic than its collective vision.

* * * *

How can imagination ever more than imagine reconciling its make-believe with reality?

* * * *

Belief has nothing to do with the reality, the truth of what is, and what is not.

* * * *

Where stillness is not, there is one delusion or another.

* * * *

Vain notion cloaks any vision of the quantum field.

* * * *

In the relativity of consciousness, perspective is all.

* * * *

Only human beings pretend to be what they are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

We are all made strangers through our imaginary differences.

* * * *

What is any memory but a vague shadow of the original perception.

* * * *

What bounds can there ever be to the vanity born of imagination?

* * * *

What bounds can there ever be to the vanity born of imagination?

* * * *

Just another thing come and gone in the dream of it.

* * * *

That little attachment is the dream, too, you know.

What else can bliss be but the perception of the indivisible pervading all.

* * * *

You are a portal through which the quantum mystery has achieved consciousness.

* * * *

All histories are but vague notions, all biased one way or another.

* * * *

How the dream does reek of unsubstantiated bullshit.

* * * *

It is all much greater than the limits of any imagination.

* * * *

The dream of space and time is only real if you believe the sensory body-mind.

* * * *

You are nothing but a mind chock-full of vain notions.

* * * *

Trust consciousness to sometimes bend you over and forget the lubricant.

* * * *

Another day of consciousness playing out everything imaginable.

* * * *

Insanity rocks, baby.

* * * *

What part of “It is just a dream” do you not get?

* * * *

Consciousness is the weaver of Samsara, awareness the witness.

* * * *

Dream on, Dreamer.

* * * *

Imagine going to your grave still asleep.

* * * *

What a worthy opponent, this Grand Illusion!

* * * *

It may only be a dream, but it is your version, a one-time show, indeed.

* * * *

Consciousness weaves you into beingness.

* * * *

Another day in the dreamtime of the quantum ether.

* * * *

Ask not what consciousness can do for you, but what you can do for consciousness.

* * * *

It is about being, not becoming or believing.

* * * *

More egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, chronocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric absurdity.

* * * *

Why would you need an imaginary friend when you are already your own?

* * * *

More pandering to hope.

* * * *

Imagination, the source of all vanity.

* * * *

Is this world an insane asylum, or what?

* * * *

For good or ill, you must play your little part for a relatively brief notion of time.

* * * *

All belief systems have their extremes; moderation is a rare talent.

* * * *

How challenging, even the most simple existence in this manifest dream.

* * * *

Hope is the far-flung vapor of imagination.

* * * *

Just when you think it cannot get any more absurd.

* * * *

You are smack dab in the middle of your universe, sensory illusion that it is.

* * * *

Which to value more: The flower, or the memory of it?

* * * *

Always a curious thing what any given set of memory sells will glom onto.

* * * *

Abandon hope all ye who enter here, no sugarcoating allowed.

* * * *

“None of the Above” is the answer to absurdity.

* * * *

When did absurdity ever stop anyone bound and determined?

* * * *

Imagine a garden world where the richness of existence was its gold.

* * * *

There is always someone willing to spin whatever lie you are willing to believe.

* * * *

The awareness prior to all movement of consciousness.

* * * *

Never believe any prediction until your head is hot, cold, or wet.

* * * *

Why should anyone ever feel at all obligated to being bound by ignorance and absurdity?

* * * *

Futile as it is, there is always hope.

* * * *

What we call regular life is really science fiction of the first order.

* * * *

Ever empty, despite all the efforts of consciousness to fill you fuller than you.

* * * *

Where there is quality, there is a value to which words can only hope to aspire.

* * * *

What bitter end will you endure to play out this very worldly dream?

* * * *

How many times has it been said or written: The world is for those who lack imagination.

* * * *

When it comes to the grand infinity of it all, always paint the largest picture you can imagine.

* * * *

Consciousness is a web of its own making, with filaments linking every mind.

* * * *

Step back and watch that life you pretend with the detached eye of awareness you really are.

* * * *

The indolent mind is the breeding ground of superstition, dogma, delusion, and other absurdities.

* * * *

The vapor of nothingness pretending it is somethingness.

* * * *

The orgasm is imagination's explosion into oblivion.

* * * *

It is the absurdity of fools to think genius can be educated.

* * * *

In consciousness, you are just another monkey; in awareness, well, that is another matter.

* * * *

Truth is greater than any fiction, but you must get past all the stories to discern it.

* * * *

Your skull is the finite edge of your infinitely imaginary universe.

* * * *

is but an intoxicating dream, an illusion which few have wit to set true.

* * * *

It is through reflection upon the looking glass of imagination that all is seen and unseen.

* * * *

Self-absorption makes possible every absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

A tincture of absurdity is remedy to the same.

* * * *

In what way-back-when did the first hint of imagination flicker?

* * * *

And then consciousness lost the reigns, and all evaporated into nothing again.

* * * *

The senses are mesmerizing deceivers in this quantum dream, and the mind the willing deceivee.

* * * *

What is identity but the wind of imagination.

* * * *

Always beginning, always ending, consciousness is like that.

* * * *

All knowledge is spun from the nothingness of the awareness prior to imagination.

* * * *

What is any given moment but another set of perceptions quickly vaporizing into vague memory.

* * * *

Another snippet for the neuron trail to slice into vague perception.

* * * *

Hope and pray all you please, but not being prepared is on you.

* * * *

Revenge: Sometimes a long memory thing; sometimes something best remedied quickly.

* * * *

knowing is ultimately nothing more than imagination pretending itself real.

* * * *

In the very still, here-now moment, not a hint of memory is abided.

* * * *

The optimist's delusion, the cynic's joy, the pessimist's creed, the fool's preserve.

* * * *

Is the freedom imagined by consciousness really freedom?

* * * *

The tree rings of imagination weave through the dream you play.

* * * *

All that treasury donated to mere ideas, hopes, and dreams.

* * * *

What is the saturation point of your realm of consciousness?

* * * *

Good and evil exist only in consciousness; the ultimate is quite free of either.

* * * *

Best face your demons if you are ever to discern they are nothing but imaginary notions.

* * * *

The eternal moment perceives no wind, no attributes, whatsoever.

* * * *

The smoke of consciousness whirls and curls in the sea of awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine in which you daily travel.

* * * *

To be utterly alone in the swirl of consciousness, that is the momentary challenge.

* * * *

What is consciousness but eternity playing in time.

* * * *

You are as infinitesimal or infinite as you imagine.

* * * *

It is all you in every shape and time imaginable.

* * * *

How my imaginary ego views your imaginary ego is the story between us.

* * * *

It is all just a big game of pretend, a make-believe-to-be-or-not-to-be theater from the get-go.

* * * *

Putting the human species on a pedestal is nothing more than self-serving absurdity.

* * * *

What is belief but believing in so many things; all of it, in fact.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything when just being is mystery enough.

* * * *

God is but another of imagination's countless inventions.

* * * *

The Wild West of imagination is without end.

* * * *

What is desire but a primal hunger on steroids in consciousness.

* * * *

Though it is but a brief dream, your mortal fate is unchangeable and inescapable.

* * * *

Time: A delusion of an illusion.

* * * *

You can imagine it whatever you will, or just be it, pure and still.

* * * *

Naught but an imaginary dream, the smoke of time wafts where it will.

* * * *

Awareness is the ether in which earth, wind, water, and fire dance in consciousness.

* * * *

And what indicators are you using to field that little play of delusion?

* * * *

Consciousness, it can be enjoyable, it can be painful, but not for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Looking back in the vague traces of memory, has not the awareness always been the same?

* * * *

Rest assured that your vanity and my vanity are equally absurd.

* * * *

The winds that sculpt any mind-body are uniquely imagined.

* * * *

Count your blessings, for they may well be more than many can ever hope to be allotted.

* * * *

No belief can achieve what you already are.

* * * *

To pretend to know what you cannot: How can you lie to your Self like that?

* * * *

What is the moment but a puff of nothing pretending something.

* * * *

It is as finite or infinite as you imagine it to be, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

Any assertion that you are this or that, or that or this, is entirely imagined.

* * * *

Perception rides the neuron trails, gradually sculpting them into their nature-nurture fate.

* * * *

For what can any cynic hope but that this is a one-life stand?

* * * *

Cannot help a dream that will not help itself.

* * * *

It is imagination that consumes itself, as it is in awareness witnessed by its Self.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness are stilled by attention to the awareness through which it blows.

* * * *

Every imaginable vanity skyrocketing exponentially.

* * * *

Imagination feeds upon itself.

* * * *

Open up to the vast maw of awareness, inexplicable host to consciousness.

* * * *

And every day you slog on in your little dream of time.

* * * *

You are as likely as forgotten or misplaced or misperceived in their heads as they are in yours.

* * * *

Faith abides delusion much more happily than doubt.

* * * *

The truest believer, the truest faith, is agnostic.

* * * *

No limits but what consciousness imagines.

* * * *

Animals with consciousness, a dangerous combination, indeed.

* * * *

What is ego but a psychic barrier built by imagination.

* * * *

Only in imagination are dreams made true.

* * * *

That new is always better is dubious, even shallow notion; the same with old.

* * * *

You can only see as far as imagination allows.

* * * *

This is one whacked out dream, of that there is no denial.

* * * *

The illicit you eschew today, is a clear conscience tomorrow.

* * * *

The lie that imagination built is founded upon temporal whimsy.

* * * *

World weariness is just running out of adrenaline for absurdity.

* * * *

Without imagination, what can there possibly be?

* * * *

All self-imagery is but the lie of imagination.

* * * *

What happened at any point of your dreamtime only matters if you hold onto it.

* * * *

No need to pretend something is what it is not, never has been, and will never be.

* * * *

The fiercest, most frightening demon is the other born of your own imagination.

* * * *

The eternal awareness, is prior to manifestation, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

How tiring to pretend interest in things that no longer interest you.

* * * *

Questions without answer hear only their own echoes, and believe them true.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory, and payback can be meted out in many ways in many tempos.

* * * *

The abyss equally grinds all notions into the indivisible they always were.

* * * *

Both truths and lies are spun from the same nothingness of imagination.

* * * *

What are words, what is language, but the boundaries of concept, the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

Arguing over which imaginary conceptual framework is better, how pointless is that?

* * * *

Chew on it however you will, the tasteless is prior to all sensory notions.

* * * *

Awareness is a still sea through which consciousness is the only churning.

* * * *

What a show: indivisibly divisible, perfectly imperfect, consciously unconscious.

* * * *

What is death but a dreamless sleep blanketed by every sort of notion.

* * * *

Resistance is futile, and all delusions about it meaningless.

* * * *

Individuality is the assumption of imagination, as is everything else.

* * * *

The instinctual mind caught up in consciousness is a voracious beast.

* * * *

The only wake imagination churns is the roiling of illusion and delusion.

* * * *

The mind is a prison of its own imaginary design.

* * * *

Everything is illusion … Yes, all of it.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are the soulmates of absurdity.

* * * *

Perception is the root of all vanity.

* * * *

What are dreams but the subterranean rumblings of the three vanities: the Me, the Myself, the I.

* * * *

What more can be said of good and evil, but that they exist only in imagination.

* * * *

Here we all are waking up to another day of pretending it all real and important.

* * * *

What is any attachment but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Your perception is as real and unreal as anyone else's in this quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

How can the mystery witness its Self, but through one dream of time or another?

* * * *

The world has an unending array of mirages to continually entice your absorption in its grand illusion.

* * * *

is life but solitary confinement in sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

Time, an imaginary construct since the dawn of mind.

* * * *

Round and round we all go in the rat wheel of speculation.

* * * *

Is faith anything more than dread translated into the delusion of hope?

* * * *

Your existence is but an imaginary reverie playing out in the synapses of the mind-body.

* * * *

Awareness, the font of consciousness, ever the same.

* * * *

Void are you but for the swirl of imagination.

* * * *

What judgment can awareness, need awareness, conveyer of all dreams, ever muster?

* * * *

And what will you do when all that glory is but a fading memory?

* * * *

What is so absorbing about the idolatry of an imaginary god in the human psyche?

* * * *

Is any history ever anything more than a collection of vague perceptions?

* * * *

How aware is awareness without the wind of consciousness to create and explore its empty expanse?

* * * *

The boundaries of imagination are … well … imaginary.

* * * *

All potentials of consciousness are revealed by the choices in which they find harbor.

* * * *

Seriously, folks, is there really any reason to continue playing it out at this level of absurdity?

* * * *

Drugs only alter consciousness; the witness is ever the same.

* * * *

The perfection of all things quantum is in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

That you exist as anything more than a figment of imagination is an assertion of the same.

* * * *

Distill the nectar from the dung as the dream allows.

* * * *

If you must speculate, take it to the farthest reaches your imagination will allow.

* * * *

The burden you carry is as serious as your imagination makes it.

* * * *

Nothing exists or ever existed but what you imagine existed.

* * * *

There is no heaven or hell but what imagination decrees.

* * * *

All assumptions are the breadbasket of delusion.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you, but an imaginary, conditioned frame of reference.

* * * *

There is just too little time to be caught up with the minions of absurdity.

* * * *

Living the dream.

* * * *

New is old and old is new, only in the ever-changing hues of conscious stew.

* * * *

The god born of imagination is no god at all.

* * * *

Imagined as it all is, some states of mind are far easier to endure.

* * * *

Embrace absurdity.

* * * *

ever-shifting consciousness is the granite and quicksand of imagination.

* * * *

Dualistic delusion is so much easier than having to actually think for your Self.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe some deity is tracking your every move, your every thought.

* * * *

Quantum dream, quantum dreamer.

* * * *

To realize time does not exist requires pretending it does.

* * * *

The world, the universe, are nothing more than a set of ideas, a bag of imaginary notions.

* * * *

You are the unknown made briefly known through the delusion of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is any burden but a state of mind inspired by imagination.

* * * *

Hope is but begging the question.

* * * *

Absurdity plays ways beyond counting.

* * * *

What is real, and what is not real, is the awareness upon which all imagination is founded.

* * * *

History only has as much weight as imagination gives it.

* * * *

Wealthy beyond belief.

* * * *

Imagination is a prison of its own design; awareness its emancipation.

* * * *

Every mind a unique dream, a unique universe, sovereign unto its Self.

* * * *

That you pretend you are not at least occasionally a hypocrite is the first and last hypocrisy.

* * * *

The all-embracing, ever-indivisible Great Nada; nothing pretending something.

* * * *

Rest on whatever laurels your path to glory has managed, imaginary as they are.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, you.

* * * *

Look closely, and what you will see is a dream playing out.

* * * *

In the face of reality, hope is little more than laughable.

* * * *

It is and is not whatever illusion-delusion you care to make it.

* * * *

Quested in the mind of consciousness, it rests in the heart of awareness.

* * * *

It is not you who makes anything happen in this sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

Nothing exists for a while, pretends for a while, but ever succumbs to its true nature.

* * * *

There are those who believe in god, and those who are god, and never the twain shall they meet.

* * * *

This dream is going nowhere very, very quickly.

* * * *

If you believe only the countless lies the senses weave, your destiny is mortal faire.

* * * *

You are witness to a cloud of consciousness ever-swirling in the winds of illusion.

* * * *

Do not believe your own propaganda, much less anyone else's.

* * * *

What is awakening but conscious witnessing.

* * * *

What is ego but the force of imagination getting over-attached to its endless stream of notions.

* * * *

Another day for consciousness to raise its crescendo yet another notch.

* * * *

What is faith but imagination given the wings of hope.

* * * *

Large talk, small talk, all talk, nothing more than the tick-tock-tick-tock of consciousness.

* * * *

The line between what is and what is not, is drawn in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

What is any savior saving but imaginary projection.

* * * *

Consciousness is bound by limitations of its own making.

* * * *

Truth will play along with whatever you imagine it to be.

* * * *

Heaven and Hell are both imaginary states.

* * * *

The dream of consciousness, or the reality of awareness, you each and every moment choose anew.

* * * *

The beingness prior to belief requires no dogma.

* * * *

What are hope and faith but slothful reaction to the dread of imagination.

* * * *

The stars have no memory.

* * * *

A very brief, very mortal dream, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What is human existence but the venting of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The Eighth Deadly Sin: Speculation

* * * *

To more than a few absurdities, eye-rolling is the only coherent answer.

* * * *

Always curious how god's will is so often in accord with that of the given believer.

* * * *

Here you are, passing through a dream.

* * * *

Be ever-watchful in the prior-to-consciousness awareness sense.

* * * *

Are you consciousness being watched, or awareness watching?

* * * *

We are the gods of dreamtime.

* * * *

Mind is movement, and no-mind, the awareness prior to all.

* * * *

How pointless to judge another's dream.

* * * *

Slice by slice, the pie becomes but a memory; it is only a pie as long as it stays whole.

* * * *

Such a cluster; no wonder so many cling to hope.

* * * *

It is all just a dream in your head, the same head you have never seen.

* * * *

The universe nothing more than a lightning storm of imagination.

* * * *

Any given life is its own unique play of consciousness, a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

Rationality is a myth, objectivity a lie, inspired by the madness of consciousness.

* * * *

Suspend your fabricated notions of identity, and the universe you have in mind imagined.

* * * *

Breathe in the dream, breathe out the dream.

* * * *

The true believer projects, the truth believer receives.

* * * *

Speculations abound, including yours.

* * * *

Imagine, if you will, that humankind is nothing more than a binge of imagination.

* * * *

You are the quantum gold prior to all dreams.

* * * *

Whether singular or plural, is love anything more than imaginary notion?

* * * *

Yet another idealistic notion for which history has at best rudimentary interest.

* * * *

Those are the rules of the road … this dreamtime.

* * * *

Breathe easy, consciously, and nirvana will unfold its graceful wings.

* * * *

Normal is nothing more than the middle ground of this insane asylum.

* * * *

It is only consciousness that changes hues; the palette of awareness is ever the same.

* * * *

Vanity is the source of every imaginable mishap.

* * * *

An imaginary center in the middle of nothing.

* * * *

You imagine your Self you, and I imagine my Self me, the operating word imagine.

* * * *

Yes, it will happen to you, too, despite all your hope and the many designs to which you cling.

* * * *

Where is the center without imagination to muster it.

* * * *

The endless quest to know what can never be known is delusional notion from the get-go.

* * * *

Consciousness blurring into an indistinguishable din of stillness.

* * * *

It is all illusion; no cherry-picking.

* * * *

Life is but a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is only in imagination that all players are created.

* * * *

Holding the inner awareness and outer illusion in balance is the challenge.

* * * *

If the world, the universe, is but an illusion, why do you keep subscribing to it?

* * * *

To be That I Am is to let go, to release, to ignore, all that is imagined.

* * * *

What is time but the measurement of imagination.

* * * *

Consciousness is smoke; awareness, fire.

* * * *

What is time but perception projected by imagination.

* * * *

Your little footnote is but human absurdity.

* * * *

Illusion knows no bounds but the ones you set.

* * * *

Humankind's capacity for delusion is insurmountable.

* * * *

Is the discernment of truth a matter of believing, or of seeing?

* * * *

All histories are a mirage born of the vagaries human consciousness.

* * * *

Science is ultimately nothing more than the observation and measurement of illusion.

* * * *

Consciousness is the harbor of illusion, and the source of all delusion.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but imaginary domains.

* * * *

It is only through the illusion of duality that unicity can awaken to its Self.

* * * *

The point and purpose is whatever you imagine it to be, or not to be, no question.

* * * *

Life is the dream between naps.

* * * *

Did you live it? Or merely dream it?

* * * *

A ceaseless game of pretend played by the one in the same quantum pretender.

* * * *

Perception is all and none.

* * * *

Abide as best ye may, and do not pretend anything is forever real.

* * * *

In consciousness, you are splintered; in awareness, you are unified.

* * * *

Are you a conditioned identity, or just awareness pretending to be a conditioned identity?

* * * *

Memory cannot guarantee anything.

* * * *

Illusion is but a sensory overlay.

* * * *

Imagination, imagination, all is imagination.

* * * *

The earth was doomed the moment it was perceived as a resource.

* * * *

All community is arbitrary invention inspired by the appearance, the notion of otherness.

* * * *

What is any dimension but a sensory fabrication of consciousness.

* * * *

Imagination feeds off its own concoctions.

* * * *

All saints, all demons, and everything between, are born of imagination.

* * * *

Belief, faith, hope: the triage of the mind caught in the delusions of time.

* * * *

Best if you can ignore all the imaginary bothers hopscotching through your head.

* * * *

To be human is to participate in a never-ending insanity that evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

There is but one source, and it is nothing the pinnacles of consciousness can more than pretend.

* * * *

The other is but the dream in the neuron trail that has made this all possible.

* * * *

It is desire and fear that have molded you from pure awareness to finite consciousness.

* * * *

The ‘I’ you play is but the filament of imagination dancing along a neuron trail.

* * * *

Reality transcends belief and faith and hope.

* * * *

It is as large or small as you imagine it.

* * * *

Consciousness is but clouds passing through the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

The politics of recognition are a distraction to which human consciousness ever succumbs.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a dream that never happened.

* * * *

Space-time offers far more than memory banks allow.

* * * *

Time is but the figment of imagination.

* * * *

All in a dream, as if it never happened.

* * * *

A dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but, like it never happened.

* * * *

is all a dream, no part more real than another.

* * * *

Only the mind believes its tripe real and important.

* * * *

Greed works as well as anything imagined.

* * * *

Dualism, a sensory-induced imaginary notion; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Still the mind, still the thoughts, still the imagination, and what is left of you?

* * * *

The whiff of permanence is but illusion.

* * * *

How much are you willing to suffer for an idea, for a whimsy born of imagination?

* * * *

Imaginary as it is, we are all drug along in the wake of history's future-past.

* * * *

Yet another story, true or fictional, you decide.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all lies; it has no jurisdiction over truth.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but states of mind to which imagination easily succumbs.

* * * *

Pretending you are an identity is a far lesser charge than true-believing it.

* * * *

A vast quantum matrix conceived and nurtured in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

What another thinks of you is but imaginary notion to which you need not subscribe.

* * * *

consciousness is born of an imaginary, subjective center.

* * * *

Rationality sponsors many an irrational notion.

* * * *

Even the most well-meaning memory is but a lie of selective perception.

* * * *

Just a dream of time filling itself with all sorts of self-absorbed gobbledygook.

* * * *

The truth is but the given moment, and thus neither the purview or the domain of consciousness.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a fiction of a neuron web locked in a vain little skull.

* * * *

Sugar and spice and all things nice is unadulterated, delusional propaganda from the get-go.

* * * *

Heaven is the invention of imagination to make endurable the perdition of earthly existence.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning, born of imagination, on a road through perdition.

* * * *

Devise whatever claims you will about awareness, all are speculations, none are real.

* * * *

Vanity-vanity-all-is-insatiable-ductless-glands-and-viscera-delusional-blue-pill-vanity.

* * * *

No matter how resolute, science is ultimately limited by the doors of human perception.

* * * *

The indivisible nothingness slathered with imagination is still indivisible nothingness.

**Breadcrumbs**

This is the thesis I would have liked to have had available early on in this life,
And hope is still floating about if perchance I am required to one day begin anew.
If there is a deity of the supreme variety, hopefully he/she/it will not be so malicious
As to fling me back into this often hellish dream of gratuitous suffering and angst.

* * * *

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
Written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
To what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
During the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
Of the United States of America, a nation-state
In what seemed the zenith and early decline
Of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs
So the accuracy of all predictions in time
Is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
As they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

* * * *

Why spend so much time penning all this rather meaningless silliness, you might well ask.
Well, the woeful truth is this aging mortal container can only carouse
So many hours of these winter daze, anymore.
And what remains is philosophy.
The title of the next book might well be:
The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness.

* * * *

Herein is what these eyes have seen,
Given freely for time to do with it what it will
In whatever way the theater of consciousness dictates
In its unparalleled experiment of free will.

* * * *

Thoughts of every variety written for a relatively small audience,
And who they are, or where they are, entirely unknowable.
Ergo, the Johnny Appleseed scatter-it-about approach.
And if nothing comes of it in the dreamtime to come, so be it.

* * * *

Leaving the dreamtime these thoughts to do with whatever it pleases.

* * * *

Do not for a second believe all these thoughts are in the order they were written.

* * * *

This is the work I would hope to find were I ever come back to the is fine mess.

* * * *

Yet another mortal player penning endless absurdities about nothing much ado.

* * * *

What a prison the body can become as it loses its wellbeing,
Especially to a spirit no longer intoxicated with the vanity of existence,
Incarcerated in the space and time of a mind, of a body, of a world, of a universe,
Playing an infinitesimal function in an ephemeral dream for which there is no longer appetite.

* * * *

Biding my time, making the best of this perdition.
Not at all interested in being a human being ever again.
Have experienced far more that would have ever been imagined.
Existence is no longer necessary in any dimension.
The quantum singularity beckons.

* * * *

The only Gaia that could call me back
To another voluntary existence
Would be the one before fire was harnessed,
The one before humankind began its cancerous ascension.
But, alas, that garden, that Eden, is long since spent, long since played out,
And no time machine, no portal, no wormhole, but imagination, at the ready at this reckoning.

* * * *

The dream can do whatever it wants with these many words.
They came to mind in their own effortless way,
And it was an enjoyable process
Putting pen to paper.

* * * *

Still here, still collecting that statistical sample
On what it is to dream a very human dream.

* * * *

What to do when the favorite time of day
Becomes the oblivion of dreamless sleep.

* * * *

So many staring into the screens of technological absurdity,
Mother Nature all but abandoned, little more than a resource.
What is to come of it all but a mystic philosopher's musing.

* * * *

These many thoughts redundant? Well, of course they are redundant.
The entire human drama is redundant to an absurd degree,

And not likely to be any less so anytime soon.

* * * *

An eclectic existence, a statistically sound sample from beginning to end.
What richer life could one have ever hoped for, much less planned?
Are tranquility and contentment at some point even a choice?

* * * *

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given mind calls.

* * * *

What a laughably absurd fate
To have given so much of the existence given
To setting down these many thoughts
For a potential readership,
So few of which
One will ever chance to meet.

* * * *

Pondering the dream one ditty at a time.

* * * *

All these thoughts, what is consciousness up to, to use this mind so?
What will be the future part, if any, they might play in this dreamy play of time.
Who can ever begin to fathom the impact they have had on this theater during their brief time,
Much less after the food-body's inevitable, often arduous dissolution.

* * * *

The memes are too strong, too fierce, too greedy for more.
Just cannot summon the energy to fight the fight that needs to be fought
To put this out-of-control dream on a more sustainable track
Of caring guardianship of this frail world.

* * * *

Good these many thoughts might be working for some,
But I only penned them as they bubbled into consciousness
Because the writing process was an interesting way to fill the time.
In no way do I believe they will ever significantly alter the human drama
In any way or shape or form that might be deemed significant and meaningful.

* * * *

Is it what you want, or is it what consciousness wants?

* * * *

Never had much of an agenda for this dreamy world,
So I just played out whatever time and circumstance allowed.
And when the fellow with the sickle finally tapped me on the shoulder,
The bucket was as empty as the day I arrived,
And the much ado about nothing
Was happily left behind.

* * * *

Ever wandering back and forth between the everything and the nothing,
Delving in the here and there, watching the show in whatever way the dream calls.
The Buddha mind and the Michael mind, the dreamer and the dreamed.

* * * *

My, you do dally in absurdity, you fool, you.

* * * *

So much suffering
For these many thoughts
To brew into the misty dreamtime.

* * * *

Another contribution to the dreamstream.

* * * *

It is consciousness that wrote this,
And it is consciousness that will employ it
To whatever end it may or may not have in mind.

* * * *

These many thoughts,
Born of this mind's brief dream,
Are the best I can do for you
Who seek the truth of You.

* * * *

The never-ending conundrum of the human spectacle,
With all its ceaselessly inane and insane problems and absurdities,
Has finally grown too pointless to give such daily focus.
In whatever time remains in the given dream,
This coffee shop philosopher-mystic
Is at last, finally, all but done.

* * * *

Toying with human history's future-past,
A verbose back-burn, so to speak,
For what dreams may come.

* * * *

It being the nature of this epic manifestation,
Somebody was destined to write it,
And in this act, it turned out to be little old moi.
Not anticipated, not planned, not sought, let me assure you.
It just sort of dripped into consciousness.
It just sort of wrote its Self.

* * * *

Dream taster.
Gistmeister.

* * * *

The scribe's foremost habit in this world
Has been writing the fleeting perceptions
Observed in his stream of consciousness.
Something to do with the journalistic sense
Of the human drama as he has witnessed it.
An idle, somewhat meaningless academic bent
In the mind's passionate, surrealistic sensory drama,
A journey on the far side if there ever was one.

* * * *

And who else could articulate this vision clearly
But one who has entertained enough possibilities
To discern that the innumerable differences
Are merely fabrications of imagination,
To which pride is the only harbor.

* * * *

This would not be written if it were not true
Beyond the farthest shore this mind's imagination
Could both fathom and articulate in this aphoristic fashion.
Anything less would be false, and there is no point to another lie.

* * * *

In the aphoristic fashion that springs forth from this mind,
The articulation playfully fathoms the unfathomable
Beyond the farthest shores of imagination.

* * * *

How pointless, how absurd to write a body of work
That very few, if any, will ever even attempt to read in full.
You are a solo act … tinker, tailor, soldier, spy …
From the field beyond all naming.
Mission impossible,
Indeed.

* * * *

If I was God,
I would want to be me.
Wait a minute,
I am God,
And I am me.
Yowza, imagine that.

* * * *

This was written to make things very clear.
In part, for all those limited by their imagination,
But also, so I would not be bothered to come back anymore.
Maybe fins or wings, or perhaps something with four, six, or eight legs,
But, please, no more of this ludicrous two-legged existence.
It is just too annoying to watch and participate
In such a nonsensical madhouse.

* * * *

Consciousness has written all this
For whatever purpose, if any, only it knows.
As sages across time and space have left similar thoughts,
So, too, shall these be left to time's reckoning.

* * * *

These many thoughts were written for Self by Self.
An offering for every vista imagined
In this One's time
For what time there is to come.

* * * *

I do not care what happens to this dreamtime after I am gone,
But I will scribe my thoughts on it while I am here,
For any to do with them what they will.

* * * *

How these words will play out in history's unfolding,
The scribe can only wonder, but does not pretend to know.
Just a large collection of random thoughts that came spontaneously
Which he wrote down because the mystery had shaped him into a witness.
Is it a message of the divine, or just the inanity of a foolish madman?
You decide, if you have the inclination to traverse the attempt.

* * * *

Hope all this does something useful,
But me vital breath is long since expended.
Just drink some cheap whiskey and piss on me grave.
I will catch what buzz I can manning the furnaces.
You know how it is; we are darned busy
Down in the underbelly of things.

* * * *

Human existence is chock-full of philosophers,
And this is just one of who-can-fathom-how-many works.
It is likely not zenith of the hill, but it has been what it is from this end.
An interesting pastime to scribble down so many of the thoughts that come to mind.
One can only wonder if anything will come of it in the dreamtime to come.

* * * *

Another day of pretending it all real and important underway.
Whoo-hoo for what dreams may come magically coming true.
How agreeable it will be to be done with this diminishing body.
Death will be a release from all this limitation, all this absurdity.
Entertaining, yes, but no longer necessary, and never was, really.

* * * *

Remarkable to be on such a loquacious level
With that which is prior to consciousness.
A long, unwieldy commentary, indeed.

* * * *

Do not mistakenly believe even for a moment,
That when I say you are the truth, the life, the way,
That I am in any way referring to the imaginary vanity
To which you are in body and mind so attached.

* * * *

This personality, this arbitrary collection of vain perceptions,
Is as bound to his own universe, his own way, as surely as any.

* * * *

Signed one book once upon a time, and have hoped ever since that it was lost or thrown away.

* * * *

Do not know more than the nitty-gritties of mathematics,
But how is it that zero is a number, much less a cardinal one?
No doubt many can illuminate it, but is it a harbor to what is real?
Is it really more than yet another useful but arbitrary notion?

* * * *

Yet another relatively anonymous sojourn.
Shoots spring into leaves, leaves fall into winter.
All life, born to live, born to die, in this dream undying.

* * * *

Perhaps the best thing about being towards the end of a sound existence
Is that you are no longer young trying to figure out what to do with your life.
No more tests, no more papers, no more hawking yourself, no more so many things.

So many games, so much pretending, all of which now seem nothing more than tiresome.

* * * *

Curious how many aphorisms often change mid-flight
Into something entirely different, entirely unique in their own right,
Perhaps even cleave into two or more, or combine with some erstwhile ponder,
The original insight likely forever lost in the filament of consciousness,
Unless it again at some later juncture happenstances into mind.

* * * *

Of the dream, for the dream, by the dream.

* * * *

A somewhat cynical perspective
To those who embrace the optimism of hope.
Most definitely not a cheerleader for this world-o-drama.

* * * *

A dagger for the hearts and minds of consciousness.

* * * *

I most definitely am not Jesus,
But if I was, do not even for a second believe
That I would be at all happy with the countless absurd ways
My name and thoughts have been used and abused, twisted and confused.
Rest assured that it would not be happy camper time for any self-congratulatory Christians
Were I truly the Son of Santa Claus, and for whatever reason bothered to return.
Rapture would not be quite what so many believe it is going to be.
Mwahahahaha …

* * * *

In this world at times, and other times not.
Walking both sides of the veil, playing this little part,
In the churning agony-ecstasy of this Shakespearian dreamtime.

* * * *

I do not say there are not ghosts or aliens or dragons or elves or dwarves or vampires
Or sasquatches or unicorns or tooth fairies or angels or whatever or whatever,
But I must discern them with my own eyes, my own ears, my own mind,
Or the minds of others who I perceive harbor a taste for truth.
I am too much of a scientist, too much of an agnostic,
To accept anything that cannot be verified.

* * * *

At times into inquiry – chock full of wisdom, opinions, conjectures, assumptions, delusions –
And other times into the nothingness prior-during-beyond the veil fabricated by consciousness.
It is bothersome, but somebody had to do it, and it looks like moi drew the short straw this round.

* * * *

If you ask what I think will become of all these thoughts,
I would more than likely laugh and reply, “Little to nothing at all.”
It has been an enjoyable hobby, but to believe it could ever turn things around,
Would be nothing more than vanity having its way with me.

* * * *

If there is some sort of supreme deity, and he/she/it wants/needs me to subscribe,
To believe, to follow, to conform, to idolize, to worry, to dread, to worship, to serve, to witness,
Then he/she/it needs to speak up much louder in a much, much more convincing way.

* * * *

I am often almost forgetting me;
Why should I hope more of anyone else?
History is nothing more than the imaginary realm
Of the many-faced other.

* * * *

A wee little footnote in the play of imagination.

* * * *

Just here a-wandering the dream,
Taking a look-see, a walkabout, so to speak.
This experiment in free will certainly has been interesting.
Thank you for all the incredibly convincing, impromptu performances,
And best wishes to all who will endure the bleak future that is very rapidly unfolding.
Too bad so many are so blinded by every sort of narcissistic notion
That there is very little abiding interest in anything
But more pleasure, more luxury,
More this, more that.
More, more, more … the insatiable more.
Well, our kind, and all the myriad creatures great and small,
Are on an inescapable, harsh path, to find out
Just how much less more really is.

* * * *

I am as bound up in all the differences, all the stereotypes, all the prejudices, as anyone.
Just have the inclination to step back occasionally to fathom the larger context.
Otherwise, just as irrational and absurd as everyone else in this circus.

* * * *

I will Johnny-Appleseed these many thoughts in as many ways and places as possible.
Whether or not you will happen upon them is for the dream to manage however it will.

* * * *

Few ever know of writings such as these in the time they are written.
It is for history to note whether or not they unfurled in the winds of consciousness.
Will they be known, will they be lauded, will they be reviled, will they play any meaningful part?

Or will they merely have been an amusing pastime of yet another forgotten mind?

* * * *

God better hope he does not exist because I am going to punch him in the nose big-time if he does.

* * * *

Absolutely mad, mad beyond belief, of that there can be little doubt.

* * * *

Peter Pan does not even rank choir boy in this make-believe mind.

* * * *

Same old me, my Self, and I, streaming away in dreamtime's busy-busy.

* * * *

All these thoughts have come of their own accord.
Some sort of stream-of-consciousness-word-association-channeling thing.
And as much as I dislike using that jargon with all its new-age-babble connotations and affiliations,
It is, regrettably, one of the more accurate ways to describe the process.

* * * *

Be wary what you weave, Dreamweaver, for you must wear it for as long as awhile whiles.

* * * *

It has been a remarkable thing to exist, to be a witness to the beyond-all-pales incomprehensibility
Of this imaginary make-believe theater, kaleidoscoping in a space-time-continuum illusion.
But I am long over this hollow touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime matrix.
I yearn for oblivion, for nothingness, and am only putting up with existence,
Until the body-mind becomes too agonizing, or the world too annoying,
To want to bother about waking up to battle windmills ever again.
Alas, I am afraid life is akin to a cold that will not go away,
A case of "you-can-check-out-any-time-you-like-but-you-can-never-leave."
Not me in the manifest-worldly-time-bound sense, of course, but me ever just the same.

* * * *

Am as indifferent as possible as often as possible to whatever degree consciousness allows.

* * * *

The older I get, the more insane it seems.

* * * *

Hope all is well, or at least well enough.

* * * *

How typical, how predictable, how mundane, how absurd,
He thought to himself, not for the first or last time that day.

* * * *

All I do is open up ye old inner eye to the abyss of awareness,
And yet another brain wave ditties into consciousness
For this busy mind to occupy its wayward way.
Tick … tick … tick … cannot help my Self.

* * * *

Rest assured that the Great Quantum,
No doubt as wayward a roguish scalawag as I,
Finds my inflated bubble of dreamtime tolerably amusing.

* * * *

Unpaid work, but work ever just the same, when it is not play.
My little offering, free of charge, to the dream of time.
Take it or leave it, leave it or take it, as you will.

* * * *

A jester in a joker's dream.

* * * *

Whoo-hoo for an existence for which I do not recall ever asking.
What the blankety-blank am I still doing in this absurdity asylum?

* * * *

Imagine, if you will, a shapeshifting alien living here among you,
Watching, chronicling, your peculiar little human theater,
Waiting impatiently for the mother ship to return.
Alas, that it was destroyed by an asteroid,
And his whereabouts unknown to the mother world.

* * * *

Get behind me, true believers, get behind me.

* * * *

Always interesting to see how these many ditties play out as they come to mind:
As they are first written down, what happens in translation when they are transcribed,
What happens when they are edited, how they are read, if they even are read.
Any given ditty can mutate into something very different at any stage
From the original thought first bubbled into consciousness.

* * * *

Why and how these many thoughts keep coming to mind
Is a question for which I have no answer, other than to say nothing else calls.
To be an observer of existence, a truth-seeker, a philosopher, a seer,
Is to be all but done with the dreams of consciousness.

* * * *

He woke with a dash of hope, but it being only four letters, did not last long.

* * * *

Saw a smidgeon of hope today, and scrunched it before it could even squeak.

* * * *

Believe you me, I have given in to every enticing distraction,
And it is always the inner awareness to which I return.
A marriage to my Self that can never be escaped,
No matter how tempting the siren's song.

* * * *

Addressing the endless stream of calamities
That have created so much confusion and adversity,
To whatever endgame the synergy of consciousness chooses.

* * * *

No doubt some would deposit this scribe in a shallow grave
If they were to comprehend these many thoughts are analogous
To the folktale of the lone stonecutter bit by bit by bit chipping away
Deep within the bowels of the imaginary mountain.

* * * *

Those born after the Great Fall
May discern it in their best interest
To give attention to these many insights,
Both to aid in comprehending what happened,
And to clearly discern what it will take
To re-align with the Garden
From which life,
With so little inhibition,
Manifests in every form imaginable.

* * * *

I am about exploring consciousness in my singular way,
So, to Hades with all your meme-ridden judgments
And sundry notions of political correctness.

* * * *

Another memory swept into oblivion in the given mind's neurological ebb and flow,
Yet another indication, another reminder, of this dream's inevitable decline and fall.

* * * *

It all this wordy absurdity is ever going be known,
It will be in some other portion of the human epoch,
Because this slice is sure not at this writing interested.

* * * *

As these words are born into manifestation,
They are composting into a hearty potential

For times none can do more than imagine.

* * * *

A decentralized manifesto,
Left for time to do what it will, or will not,
In the vanity faire of consciousness.

* * * *

Did not ask for this, believe you me.

* * * *

Politely received, politely ignored,
Perhaps because it is all so passé at this point,
Or perhaps because I am not playing the spiritual game
The way others believe it should be played.
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

Maybe you are clever, maybe you are wise, maybe you are foolish and absurd,
Maybe you are, as all monkey-minds are, a slice of each, all rolled into one.

* * * *

An advocate for nothing, whiling away the dream.

* * * *

I leave it to the dream of time to do with these thoughts what it will or will not.
No fame, no fortune, no power … ever came of them at this writing.
The popes can have their crystal and gold cathedrals
And the echoes of hollow applause.

* * * *

It makes absolutely no difference who I was,
Where I was born, how I looked, how I lived, how I died,
Or any other superficial differences anyone might imagine important.
All that matters is what you or any other critical thinker discerns
In the many thoughts that have come through this mind.
No veneration or dogma or groupthink is required
On the meandering road of Self-discovery.

* * * *

Please do not make the mistake of making about the scribe.
He is nothing more than another cauldron of imaginary notion.

* * * *

If there is some sort of supreme deity, some sort of all-powerful being,
And he/she/it is as petty and possessive and downright mean
As the minds of our kind have so often ordained,
Well, all I can say is fuck him/her/it,

And willingly cast this life force back into the obscurity,
The indivisible oblivion from which I perceive all creation is made manifest.

* * * *

A ghost fading even in his own dream.

* * * *

These many thoughts are dedicated to future incarnations of awareness,
Others who are not others, but awakened versions of the same discernment.
We all play out consciousness in our own way, but at the source, ever the same.

* * * *

And thus is imagination cast out to its limitless reaches.

* * * *

Fortunately, rhyme and reason are someone else's delusion.

* * * *

For a guy who did not want much of anything,
I sure ended up having and doing and thinking
Way, way more than I would have ever dreamed.

* * * *

If consciousness wants these thoughts to be known, it will devise a way.
If not, how can what was barely known be more than barely forgotten?

* * * *

Another day of absurdity infinitum … Ho-hum.

* * * *

The I that I dream came into existence in Hughson
In Stanislaus County in California in the United States of America.
Specifically, 37°36′11″N 120°52′1″W of this our Gaia, speck in the Cosmos that it is.
This mind-body is male, Caucasian, American English-speaking, with an all-rounder set of abilities.
It was raised on a small peach farm by decent parents a mile outside a decent rural town.
It was given a generic education that ended with a generic business degree,
Followed up a decade later with a generic teaching credential.
It worked a wide variety of occupations in a wide variety of geographies.
It interacted with a wide variety of people and participated in a wide variety of experiences.
At age 36, it began what would evolve into a substantial body of written work.
What a remarkable thing the happenstance of being conceived.
What a remarkable thing all the happenstances that happen along the way.
And as for having free will, well, some claim it true, but these eyes see it a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Are all these thoughts written that humankind might realize worldwide harmony?
No, impossible that, the inherent genome is far too Darwinian for such an idealistic notion.
No, they are penned for those singular few who yearn, who pursue, Self-knowledge to such a degree

That they may one day divine the immortal serenity of the grand indivisibility,
And perchance pass it on to others of the same bent.

* * * *

The imaginary moi awakens to a new day.

* * * *

I leave you neither ist nor ism,
Nor anything else to which you might vainly cling.
I leave you nothing to believe in, nothing to embrace, nothing to hope for.
I leave you to alone wander the long and winding pathless path through the fires of a mind never born.
I leave you to alone discern the awareness of the mystery that you truly are:
That which has no name, needs no name;
That which is timelessly sovereign, timelessly free;
That to which the bothers of mind have no meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Partaking the dream one sip at a time.

* * * *

Nothing I care to more than imagine doing.

* * * *

If I did not do it, or could not do it, I imagined it.
And if I did not imagine it, so-well-oh-well, no big deal.

* * * *

If the world, the universe, is but an illusion, why do I keep subscribing to it?
Because I can be just as hypnotized by craving and dread as everyone else.

* * * *

Never ceases to dumbfound how anxious some women seem to be for a relationship,
Especially as they age and become too wrinkly and obese and uninviting to easily snuggle.
Some sort of cavernous loneliness that takes on delusional proportion in their “beauty” parlors,
Their store-bought flowers, their dime store romance novels, their yowling cats and yapping rat dogs,
Surrounding them on their pissy-smelling sofas as they watch happy-ending Hollywood chick flicks.
And if they do get a boyfriend, perchance a husband, who cuddles with them through the night,
They carve his soul into something good for little more than pushing their grocery carts.
And then it is not long before they are complaining about his many shortcomings
To all the girlfriends who earnestly lend their ears, heads a-bobbing.
Endlessly nauseating and eye-rolling to say the least.
The delusions of romance and forever-after
Should be most benignly left
To the make-believe of youthful ignorance.

* * * *

You are lead dreamer in your cosmos, and I in mine.
Would that we were both fully awakened

That we might see together
How equal all things truly are.

* * * *

And why would you even begin to believe, to imagine,
That I was at all interested in being your idea of normal?

* * * *

Be sure to clearly realize that I am just as mentally deranged as anyone else.
A fair dollop of rationality laced with all the same passion and turmoil and vexation
As any other human who has ever roamed this three-dimensional dream of space and time.
All these thoughts are merely the aptitude to step back and articulate all the adventures endured.

* * * *

To call the United States of America either a democracy or a republic,
To call it anything but a mammon-worshipping corporate oligarchy,
Is to blindly, absurdly, gloss over the bitterly harsh, often cruel reality,
That it has become little more than a greed-serving, dystopian war machine,
Raining destruction down upon innocents and enemies alike all across the planet.

* * * *

A work scribed by the fluid spontaneity of the unknown,
Given over to the vagaries of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

God save me from your puny, petty, pathetic god.
The condescending absurdity of it makes me wretch.

* * * *

I am awareness, you are awareness,
The entire manifest dreamtime is awareness,
All the same, all alone, all together, forever, such as it is.

* * * *

Soon enough, I shall join the graveyard of dead philosophers,
And all this absurd babble will play to what end I need neither know nor care.
Likely as not, it will evaporate back into the prior-to-consciousness abyss all but unknown,
And the human species shall continue racing madly toward the dualistic destiny
Ordained by its vanity-laced Darwinian genomic predisposition,
Which is so oh-well-so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on the way it is,
In the grand schemelessness of all things manifestly grist-for-the-mill eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Iconoclast, critic, skeptic, heretic,
Unbeliever, dissident, dissenter, infidel, rebel, renegade, mutineer:
Yet another ditty from the coffee shop philosopher guy,
A street-level critical thinker with a view.

* * * *

To all Christians and other faithful true believers,
While you have paid out ten percent of your hard-earned treasury
To sit in hard wooden pews, listen to mind-numbing sermons, and sing tedious hymns,
Pretending to love people you loathe, fearing a deity who is but an invention of irrational imagination,
Idolizing a martyr long dead that you might well detest if he were to actually show up,
I have spent many a Sunday sunrise enjoying long, contemplative wanders,
Breathing in and breathing out the one and only true cathedral.

* * * *

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

**Corollaries of Yaj Ekim**

Chuang-Tzu (The Butterfly as Companion):
Once upon a time, I dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was myself. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Or neither dreaming both.

* * * *

Mickey Knox's father's last words
Before he blows his head off with a shotgun
(Natural Born Killers):
Do you believe in fate, boy?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Nothing but.

* * * *

Plato:
Only the dead have seen the end of war.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

Hamlet:
Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;
He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!
My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.
Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs?
Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Poof!

* * * *

Old Adage:
Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words will never harm you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And when you do let words hurt, what is it that is hurting but vain self-imagery,
All the self-deceits, all the insecurities about your fictional persona,
That spin their way to suffering of the imaginary kind.

* * * *

Mooji:
Consciousness creates a problem in order to experience transcending the problem.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Consciousness is the problem, or at least human consciousness.
No other creature on this planet has ever even once confabulated
All the ceaseless bother we through all our little whirl of time have.

* * * *

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:
Four score and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation,
Conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Do not be deluded about the fact that the United States of America,
With its Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights, and who knows how many laws,
Was founded upon the genocide of the Americans who inhabited it long before Columbus,
The enslavement of tribal peoples abducted from their village homes in Africa,
And destruction and annihilation all across the planet ever since.

George Orwell in Animal Farm:
All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

Thucydides in the History of the Peloponnesian War:
Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must.

* * * *

Jason Brown:
I just don't 'like' women anymore.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Certainly not as easy once the overpowering delusion of that lower brain diminishes.

* * * *

Doug Honeywell's candid response to these writings:
Nice words, but they don't do anything for me.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Not sure they do all that much for me, either, frankly,
But they keep bubbling into consciousness,
And I ain't got nothing much better to do most daze.

Temporal gratification of the creative mind; ain't it wonderful.

* * * *

George Santayana:
Only the dead have seen the end of war.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

Sandra Maa (Sandra Heber-Percy):
Referring to a caricature of a donkey pursuing the Carrot of Enlightenment
That is attached to the Stick of Desire tied on its back, Sandra asks:
Is the promise of infinite bliss the carrot for the donkey?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
If there is no more carrot, no more stick, no more seeking, no more seeker,
Who is left to hee, who is left to haw, in that infinite liberation?
Existence, and all the illusions and delusions to which so many are so attached,
May be very painful, but is it better than nothing? … And who is asking? ... Who is answering?

* * * *

The True Believer:
Trust God
Yaj Ekim's Corollory:
Yeah, to slowly, painfully, twist-and-turnfully, grind you back into oblivion.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You imagine, therefore you imagine you are.

* * * *

Protagoras:
Man is the measure of all things:
Of the things that are, that they are,
Of the things that are not, that they are not.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Man is the measurer of all dreams:
Of all dreams that are not, never were, will never be.

**Possible Last Words & Epitaphs**

Goodbye Absurd World

* * * *

So long, see you in your dreams

* * * *

So long, see you in your dreams

* * * *

Goodbye, absurd world

* * * *

Once upon a dream

* * * *

This dream, this cosmos, no longer exists

* * * *

No absurdity here

* * * *

Once upon a dream

* * * *

This dream, this cosmos, no longer exists

**The Way It Is (An Unfinished Essay)**

It is a curious thing to me, and I am sure many others …

A collusion of imagination

You cannot save the planet until you understand inwardly, at a quantum level, that you are the planet, and the universe from which it is spun.

Make-believe, a world-wide game of make-believe.

A wake-up called for the human species. Sort of an emperor's-wearing-no-clothes moment, if you will.

It is a very curious thing how imagination rules the human drama. It is the source of everything we do, everything we as a species have created, and yet we have not come to grips with it enough really understand it, or to use it in ways that are truly harmonious and relatively beneficial to all, and to all those yet unborn who will follow.

We are endlessly caught up in all the assumptions, all the differences, all the polarizations, all the absurdities over this or that. We seem unable to fathom the fundamental commonality of the mortality that we all endure. We seem unable to see that everything is connected, everything is made of the same clay, everything is swimming in the same quantum sea, everything is of the same origin. Whatever name or belief we may give it, and there are so many across the world throughout human history, we find every reason to create further division rather that surrender to the simplicity, the indivisibility at every core.

No matter your color, class, caste, creed, culture, language, sex, class, all the things you imagine you are, at the source we are all very much the same. We all love, we all hate, we all cry, we all work, we all consume, we all feel alone, we occupy ourselves in every way imaginable.

This is not an ideal, this is a fact. We have so much more in common at the primal source than can ever be imagined. It is unfortunate that most of us are unable to discern this simple truth, that we are so caught up in our individual and cultural histories, and all the beliefs they have inspired, that we are unable to work together to achiever our full potential, to realign with this amazing pearl of a world, this wondrous garden, that we have so badly damaged in every way.

We are so caught up in our greed, our self-interest, our divisive beliefs, our security, our politics, our color, our sexuality, divisive this, divisive that.

Everything we think is imagined. Everything about ourselves, everything about others, everything about our geography of origin, everything about our world, everything about the universe, everything about anything … is imagined. All our inner struggles, all our outer struggles are born of imagination.

The choice between heaven and hell, between harmony and disharmony, between peace and war, is a choice each of us in every moment makes.

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, we are all very much the same.

We can emphasize the differences, or we can discern the unimpeachable commonality.

And we are quickly running out of time. The decisions we are making together every moment of every day, the synergy of all our actions combined in the play of time, are creating a future that few of us would likely want to endure. And yet we give so little thought to the world that our grandchildren, their grandchildren, and the grandchildren a thousand years hence – assuming we as a species, assuming this garden of a planet, can even survive that long – will endure.

A very curious thing, indeed, how imagination rules the human drama.

Surely, I am not the only one who feels like an alien here.

**Standout Duplicates**
**Used in "The Stillness Before Time" 2017 Revision/Expansion**

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

**Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"**

## Chapter One

Your mind-body is merely a finite vehicle, not a conclusion in itself.
Catering to the many ists and isms of ignorance, delusion, and all its illusions,
Are contrary and binding to your natural, essential, infinite state.

* * * *

Believe only your own experiencing, then work on throwing that away, too.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Consciousness will just play you out
Once you are no longer attached
To its temporal, dualistic nature.

* * * *

The you that is in reality me, ever imagining your Self
To be another me that you mistakenly believe is really you.

## Chapter Two

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

The dreamtime of organized religion is losing its sway over many.
Each must discern alone what is real, what is true.
The quest harbors no intermediary.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.

So, the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that you are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

How attached are you to the movement of thought?
The door to freedom opens as the waves are discerned
As the cosmic ocean from whence they rise and fall.

* * * *

Real loving is without preference, without attachment.
Anything less than everything, anything less than agape, is not love.
It is without any imaginary notion, it is without any fictional conception, whatsoever.

* * * *

Let your identity go.
Put aside the bondage of thought.
You know nothing other than what you have imagined.

* * * *

You must cultivate the discerning, disciplined scrutiny of the scientific mind
To discover the original nature that abides within all dreams great to small.

## Chapter Three

The individual, the mysterious you has never really existed.
You are a seeker seeking, a weaver weaving, an image imagining,
A dreamer dreaming, a witness witnessing, a kaleidoscope kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all you cling to,
All that you believe you know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

* * * *

How arduous the humility to simply see, cease believing, and suffer bondage no more.

* * * *

How can anyone be anything but agnostic? Only pretenders pretend to know.

* * * *

Consciousness identified with form has lost touch with reality.

* * * *

Evil touches only those who believe it real.

* * * *

It is simply the pretense of free will playing out in the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

You are the dreamer in the dream, the player in the play, the mystery in all answers.

* * * *

Simple ignorance is the most true state.
You can only know appearances and attributes,
Projections you in mind, in imagination, in time, create.
The unknown is ever clouded in mystery.

**Chapter Four**

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you without the fabrications of imagination?

* * * *

What you truly are is faceless and nameless.
Your identity is superimposed by the dream about you.
It continues only because you accept it as real.

* * * *

When thought is understood to be vibration,
There is the potential to discern, to discover,
The movement need not translate into identity.

* * * *

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

* * * *

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences you crave,
Whatever tempts you into believing time and space real.
Only those with the greatest intent will not waver

In their desire to discern the ultimate.

* * * *

To journey prior to consciousness requires a discerning courage.

* * * *

All distinctions, though seemingly real, are ultimately illusory,
A vast eternal play of light and shadow imagining itself
On the kaleidoscoping screen of consciousness.

* * * *

The choice is ultimately yours.
Endure according to you own vain will,
With all the suffering consciousness comprises.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless isness of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable source of all that is, all that is not.

* * * *

All exists in consciousness, but where exactly does consciousness exist?

* * * *

There is no mental energy
Or physical energy or sexual energy.
Chakric distinctions are conceptual fabrications.
The quantum is but one force manifesting all appearances.
And whether it even exists is itself but the endless morass of speculation.

* * * *

The mind has made a habit of believing it is an identity.

* * * *

Few can own unquenchable freedom
Without passing through canyon after canyon
Of the agonizing hell of consciousness in separation.
In the discovery of what it never was, it is.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

It is the awareness that is, for lack of a better word, divine,
Not the imaginary, insignificant, self-absorbed ego-identity.

* * * *

In the web of delusion's illusion, Maya weaves no desire unturned.

* * * *

The screen of consciousness
Plays out this dream
But is it really happening?
Doubt it more and more every moment.

* * * *

When you journey prior to all mythos, you are free to believe nothing.

* * * *

Nothing remains as it is.
Continuity is a tempting illusion,
A kaleidoscoping dreamtime without reality.
Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

Life is a dreaming, and but for memory,
And all the illusions and delusions it inspires,
The dreamer would have never existed.

* * * *

All manifestation only exists because you are witnessing it.
The dream of time is just happening, a spontaneous combustion.
Really no point asking who, what, where, when, why, how.

**Chapter Five**

The imaginary persona is not what you truly are.
Discern the indivisible you, surrender to the isness.
The solitary journey to manifest the unconditional reality
Is the raison d'être of this kaleidescoping quantum dreamtime.
All else is nothing more than absorbing distraction.

* * * *

To you who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all christs, you are all buddhas.
You are every mystic seer and master
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

* * * *

The indivisible absolute is no more responsible for this illusion
Than any ocean is for its surface, its bottom,

Or the play of its waves
Upon any number of shorelines.

* * * *

When all ambition and purpose is released,
You return to the naturally flowering awareness
Free of the burden of psychological identification.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom
Requires an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
An upheaval from the birthplace of all beingness.

* * * *

It is revolution in most earnest, purest form.
It is the journey to the end of personal consciousness.
It is the unqualified capitulation to harmony within and without.

* * * *

The inward exploration of the mystery is the ultimate frontier of this manifest dream.

* * * *

To realize with every thread of your cloth
That you are the aloneness of totality's quantum fabric
Offers mind an unimaginable equanimity.

* * * *

These words are solely to dispel the delusion
That you truly exist as anything other than the entirety.
And how does one whole being treat any other?
Perhaps a little more compassionately
Than history has thus far noted.

* * * *

Beneath the blissful half-smiles of the Buddhas of paper and stone,
Are sharp fangs that will rip and tear your delusional reality to shreds.

* * * *

Discerning this is very much a scientific exploration.
You will find the results duplicate the many experiments
Throughout humanity's evolution in consciousness.

* * * *

Notions of exclusive love are fanciful and romantic,
But are they real, are they authentic, are they enduring?

* * * *

The urge of the mind-body to believe itself significant,
To believe itself vital and real, is an enticing play of imagination,
But when it inevitably falls away, all that will remain

Will be the only you it has ever truly been.

* * * *

If you expect someone who abides in a boundless state
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And you may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, irate, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another pointless impasse born of imagination.

* * * *

Where exactly are you in that mind-body?
Where is the elusive center you imagine you are?
Is it in the brain, is it in the heart, or some other body part?
An unyielding, unrelenting, unfaltering, discriminating, quest for it,
Discloses the absolute nature of any dream of existence.

* * * *

When thought stills naturally,
Only the most basic bodily urges remain.
The sexual cravings are bound to vivid imagination.
The body itself is not attached to the mind's insatiable hungers.

* * * *

You generally find the experiences you pursue.
If you seek none in particular, you will find life a timeless stage,
Which you spontaneously wander with a minimum of effort, a minimum of attachment.

* * * *

You can only know what you are conditioned to believe,
Or what you garner through your own experience.
Be free, be content, to know nothing, as well.

* * * *

What is spiritual materialism but the vain ego-identity
Continuing its ongoing flight of fancy with illusion.

* * * *

The suffering of ego-identity,
With its isolating passions born of desire and fear,
Require the maintenance of interminable imaginary, often debilitating, effort.
Residing in the awareness of your real nature is effortless.

* * * *

As long as you believe it all real, as long as you fabricate cause and effect,
You will endure, you will suffer, the many heavens and hells born of continuity.

* * * *

Travel to the limits of the universe, or into the smallest atomic particle,
It is still but the imaginary temporal projection of manifest limitation.

* * * *

You are not required to go out
And play any of the games the world offers.
It is only through your own imagination, your own volition,
Your own inner blending of desire and fear that you choose to participate
In whatever way you are consciously or unconsciously drawn.

**Chapter Six**

Any personal god is your self-created illusion.
You are the only thing personal about godness.

* * * *

Believe no one, accept nothing.
This must be entirely your discovery, your breakthrough.
You must let go everything and everyone if you are to discern that which you truly are.

* * * *

So subtle this illusive play,
Only the most simple,
The most humble, can even begin
To perceive, discern, distill and joyfully wonder
How unfathomable it truly is.

* * * *

Good turns into evil and evil into good.
Just where is the imagined division
But the limitation in your vision?

* * * *

The first and last error is believing this mysterious awareness
Somehow belongs to you as an individual, somehow belongs to you as a distinct soul.
That all the thoughts you have about your identity and your world,
Are somehow real, are somehow true.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misapprehend the relativity of this dreamtime reality.

* * * *

Try not to make the spiritual quest for union more complex than it is.
It is so very logically, rationally, obviously, happily simple.
It is something to be discovered, not believed.

* * * *

Do not subscribe to any ists, any isms.
Use all teachings only as tools to discern for yourself
The unconditional freedom their founders brought to consciousness.

* * * *

Avoid being enticed by meaningless speculation.
Attempting to know the unknowable is vexing and futile.
All you can ever know is what your mind projects.

* * * *

Every groupthink plants its seeds of illusion,
But as you awaken and stretch into your original nature,
Less and less will the prattle of inanity have any overriding meaning.

* * * *

The ceaseless arrays of suffering
Personalities locked into consciousness
Have no real meaning to the ultimate nature.
There is nothing which will save you as an identity,
Nothing from which you or anything else need be saved.

* * * *

Consciousness through the senses creates duality.
Duality fabricates the illusory concept.
Concept believes itself real.

* * * *

What is there to believe? What is there to know?
How can you be in anything but contemplative wonder,
And the still awareness from whence it every moment sparks.

* * * *

If there is any struggle to meditate, to contemplate,
Then it is not the authentic freedom of true surrender.
All effort is of the ego ever imagining itself genuine.

* * * *

Ignorance of the first and last state,
Denial of the unconditional nature of aloneness,
Only regenerate the suffering of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

The ultimate delusion is that anyone can ever really know anything.
Pretending to “know” is nothing more than its own play of arrogance;
The vanity, the pride, of ego given over to the fabrications of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness that you truly are, call it whatever you will,
Is prior to all the suffering, prior to all the torments of consciousness:
Unconditional, indifferent, desireless, birthless, deathless, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

Do those who are religious think themselves religious?
Yet another all-but-inevitable snare of consciousness.

* * * *

Do good and evil exist anywhere but consciousness?

* * * *

Reality will ever be,
But the dreamtime of humankind
Is on a collision course with an unforgiving force,
And those who survive the great fall, if any, will face a new world,
Bounded by the remnants, the scar tissue, of the one we altered beyond all pales.

**Chapter Seven**

Pure awareness does not differentiate sex, race, color, culture, creed or nationality.
That is nothing more than the capricious play of manifest human consciousness.

* * * *

All notions, all fabrications, of the imaginary me, myself, and I,
Whether as an individual, a couple, a family, a tribe, or a nation-state,
Are constant companions, stalwart allies, of desire and fear,
Shadow-dancing toward some illusory security.

* * * *

Is there even one ephemeral moment, one instantaneous here-now,
That can ever be truly experienced as anything more
Than a time-bound perception?

* * * *

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.
Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

* * * *

To be ensnared in the web of identity is unequivocal misery.
To believe the temporal mind-body personality real and lasting,
What an arbitrary, confining impingement upon the eternal spirit.

* * * *

Travel as far as the farthest reaches allow,
That which is absolute, that which is eternal,
Is ever the space prior to all imaginary pursuit.

* * * *

Once upon a moment all things great and small abided in natural harmony.
And then knowledge was plucked, identification was rendered,
And the garden was enslaved by consciousness.

* * * *

In the quest of your eternal nature,
There is no good-old-boy authority network.
You are the soul author of your dreamtime universe.

* * * *

Who is the knower who knows? Who is the dreamer who dreams?
Who else can it be but the one and only you from whom all who is who.

* * * *

Call it what you will, do with it what you will,
All any seeker can really do in this immeasurable mystery
Is grapple with imagination's endless permutations,
Until they become aware of the awareness,
And at long last set themselves free.

* * * *

To want nothing from the dream,
To be serenely content to merely be it,
Is about as real as you can be.

* * * *

The god or gods the mind projects are but fabrications of imagination.
Godness is the awareness prior to all combobulations of consciousness.

* * * *

How passionately so many deluded souls believe the outward world,
The world of wealth, power, status, knowledge, possessions, bring about happiness,
When right relationship with one's Self is its one and only true source.

* * * *

The countless masks of manifestation are difficult to disbelieve.

* * * *

Through consciousness, the awareness timelessly witnesses all.
Discern and surrender to the quantum essence,
That which you indivisibly are.

## Chapter Eight

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Interesting how so many of our kind
So earnestly strive to be known, to be remembered.
Some sort of survival mechanism deep within the genomic structure,
That histories across time and space well know as the cause of many an absurdity.

* * * *

What does it mean to think you are this body, that you are alive?
What makes you believe you will someday cease to exist?
What makes you so sure you were ever even born?

* * * *

What might it have been like to have never seen your face?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a pool of water or a mirror,
To have never had a portrait painted, or a photograph taken,
To have abided only in the many reflections of others
As you wandered about your perceived world.

* * * *

Those aware of the awareness neither need nor create nor foster
Any belief, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogmatic hierarchy.
That is the entangling outcome of those who are forever baffled,
Those who follow, those who imitate, those who recite.

* * * *

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,
Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,
It ever remains eternally unconstrained.

* * * *

Contour whatever dreamy illusion you will,
You are ever the clay of the ground,
And clay sees only clay.

* * * *

By succumbing to knowledge and the experience of separate identity,
Consciousness weaves a sticky web of dualistic perception,
The reckoning to which, all who yearn freedom
Must alone realize the key.

* * * *

All lives are played out in one pattern or another.
The mind habitually requires the order of purpose and meaning,
Yet all purpose and meaning is nothing more than the make-believe of delusion.
The realization that you are but a dream is the only salvation.

* * * *

There are no chosen people.
All are equal in the quandary of oneness.
Those laying such claims only mislead themselves
And anyone credulous enough to believe someone on a pulpit.

* * * *

The point of all this is to help you learn
To tap your own eternal nature.
That all your vain divisions are illusory,
That your sense of duality is utterly fabricated.
Examine closely everything you have ever been told.
To own this you must be in total revolution.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these are dead in themselves.
Their intention is to aid in the transcendence of consciousness,
Into discerning the timeless, changeless, immutable potential of the natural state.
And whether or not they resonate, succeed, flourish, triumph, prosper,
Is entirely up to the ears that hear, the eyes that see.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes into human beings,
And humans imagine the mystery in their own image.

* * * *

These sundry thoughts are for those no longer enchanted or distracted
By the ever-kaleidescoping light show of this manifest dreamtime,
Those called to discover that which is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

From beginning to end in this dreamy manifest dimension,
All you think you are, is just food for worms and other critters.

* * * *

The awakened mind in awareness wanders a pathless path,
In which, within every breath consciousness allots,
It repeatedly discerns there is no other.

* * * *

Identity is nothing more than a collusion of memory.
Without it you are no different than anything else.

* * * *

Thought as identity, as persona, is a yellow brick road
Bent on every conceivable, every imaginable genre of suffering.
Only in the tranquil stillness of the indivisible awareness
Is there any prospect for genuine contentment.

* * * *

Whatever you do, whenever you do it,
Wherever you do, in whatever form you do it,
It will ever be nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Those claiming they are keepers of any given belief system, any given word,
Can never be more than false prophets and sordid hypocrites.
Even That I Am cannot know its origin.

* * * *

Imagination is its own student, its own teacher.

**Chapter Nine**

That moment you just zippity-whizzed through,
What was it but a tentative perception?
How can you ever prove it ever really happened
But through subjective, arbitrary, unverifiable assertion?

* * * *

Believe nothing, abide in ignorance, the profound reality.

* * * *

How many seek out others who will support their delusion.

* * * *

Such a mysterious dream, and you, the mystery dreaming.

* * * *

Everything you see, hear, touch, taste, smell,
Every thought, every belief, everything known and intuited,
Is personal mythos, entirely of your own creation, your own imagination.

* * * *

So many just throw their minds, their lives away
On the kaleidoscoping illusion of appearances and attributes,
Never grasping that it is the portal to the mystery neither within or without.

* * * *

What have you discovered for yourself?
Is there some substance behind what you believe,
Or are you just regurgitating something you read or heard?
Unless you own your own mind, you will never perceive what is true.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is any dreamtime life form

But same the faceless witness beneath the mask you wear.

* * * *

You can never really hope to know
Who, what, when, why, where or how.
It being an intangible, ungraspable mystery,
All you can do is intuit that you are it and it is you.

* * * *

These thoughts have no existence of their own.
Their meaning – like all paradoxes, ironies, and riddles –
Only those who perceive their own drum can hear.

* * * *

We are all faking it, pretenders making it up as we go,
And all the while trying so hard to justify ourselves bona fide.
Stop, take a deep breath, take the play and yourself less seriously.
Be here now, be the timeless awareness you truly are.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

Most are satisfied with one mythos or another.
Few discriminate the indivisible foundation directly.
The maya of consciousness is a great distractor.

* * * *

Because there is no other, there is no need to prove anything
To all the myriad others you spend your consciousness creating.
It is all you, from beginning to end, and all befores and afters, too.

* * * *

You have done and said and thought many things,
But all are merely a passing dream.
You are none of them.

* * * *

Your believing it real is a prison of your own design.

* * * *

All the imagination in the universe
Cannot project itself into either past or future.
The eternal here now is the only time there has ever been.

* * * *

The only difference between any given you and me

Is our perceptions, our vanities, born of imagination.

* * * *

Fear and desire have molded your mind into imagining time real.
Freedom in consciousness is abiding in the momentary awareness.

## Chapter Ten

The quantum of humanity awakens at its own pace
Into conscious action in routine daily living.
Do not wait for others to follow suit.

* * * *

Accept nothing short of direct perception.
What point is there to anything less?

* * * *

Never disbelieve or deny another's experience.
Just because it has not yet been discerned within your realm
Does not mean anything is not perhaps possible.
You are the eternal proof of that.

* * * *

Past and future are the imagined collusion of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

Light and dark are but sensory perceptions of consciousness.
The reality of the indivisible absolute is prior to any and all notions.
To subscribe to any conceptions is merely the vain game of imagination.

* * * *

One by one, drop by drop, quantum by quantum,
Human consciousness must individually reconcile its indivisibility.
All resistance is imagined.

* * * *

Hurl your dream into the ocean of reality; you are but a drop in the spraying reef.

* * * *

Do not hope for a better time.
Heaven's eternal way will ever be now.
Hope only puts off the realization of the unfolding.

* * * *

As long as you believe your identity genuine,
As something more than the underlying awareness,
You will dread sickness and injury and aging and demise.

* * * *

To intelligently witness this absurd spectacle,
And not descend into darkness through cynicism,
Or stumble about clumsily in ironic laughter,
Is a most challenging tightrope, indeed.

* * * *

Any belief that you are separate from the totality
Is founded entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

* * * *

At first you may feel hesitation to articulate your vision.
Those limited to the determinate world of illusory appearance
Do not easily hearken to the news of their divine nature.

**Chapter Eleven**

knowledge, then understanding, finally, direct perception.

* * * *

It is real as long as you believe it real.

* * * *

Like a poker hand when the bluff has been overplayed,
It is time to call the deception of ignorance and absurdity.

* * * *

Those who quest that which is true will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

At some point in some given hereness-nowness,
Some minds undergo a crisis, a watershed, of consciousness,
And begin a long and winding and solitary divergence toward eternal reunion.

* * * *

The perceptions and reflections of reality are not reality.

* * * *

For the rare few, the mind is a seed that sprouts and grows,
Flowering into timeless realization, eternal liberation,
Conscious awareness of the original nature.

* * * *

As long as you believe your little self-absorbed identity real and true,
Maya will be only too happy to inflict, to collect, the levy of suffering.

* * * *

Any given mind-body experiencing offers its own means to the eternal.
It will be realized by earnest seekers in every time, in every space, imaginable.
There is really only one Way, but there are any number of pathless paths to discern it.

* * * *

To identify with any movement of thought is delusion.
Only in awareness is there any relationship with reality.

* * * *

You journey from fad to fad, believing you live meaningfully.
What folly to think pleasure after pleasure will redeem your longing mind.
The endless hunger for more is utterly empty and insignificant.

* * * *

The senses read only an illusionary sliver
Of the total functioning of that which is quantum.
They cannot even begin to touch its unmanifest reality.

* * * *

Many may believe they know god through one dogmatic assertion or another,
But what can any ever truly know of that which is prior to all,
If they have not discerned it within.

* * * *

All that can ever be perceived is but a kaleidoscoping light show.
The quantum reality prior to all manifested is for intuition's telling.

* * * *

Delving into the nature of this ethereal dreamtime
Is like wandering about the backstage of a theater set,
Examining all the ropes and pulleys and such for your Self.

* * * *

Why bring innocent children into this strife-filled, often absurd world
If you do not intend, or cannot give them, an empowering foundation?

* * * *

If time was real, it could be traveled by more than imagination.
You could observe your birth, your death, and any moment between.
And perhaps even broadcast it live on some online feed, as well.

* * * *

Time and space are in the realm of dualistic notion.
What you travel through is an indivisible dream.

* * * *

We all play the game of mortality for as long as the dream allows.

* * * *

Do you truly believe your puny little personality,
Your gratuitous perception of identity,
All your noxious little habits,
All your silly beliefs,
Are what will be someday reborn?

## Chapter Twelve

You may wish to survive a real threat, but need not cater to imaginary ones.

* * * *

Every label you attach to,
Every perception you identify with,
Is but another link in the chain,
Another bar of the prison.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

How often do you wonder how you will die?
The more dark your imagination, the better.

* * * *

That transient puking up his guts is you on the same street in another dream.
What thoughts passed when you witnessed him carrying his splintery cross?

* * * *

If you have a larger vision, if wisdom calls you, it is not hard to find.
It dwells in every crook, in every cranny, of this magical dreamtime.

* * * *

You are free not to be afraid of life or death, or any other notion.

* * * *

Your life is the result of your mind-body
And the circumstances of your individual dream.
Can you take all that experience and fearlessly extrapolate
Until your light shines equally on all manifestation?

* * * *

Your reality is prior to imagination.

* * * *

Hear and believe your true voice.
Trust you will know what to do any given moment,
That there are no real mistakes, that there is nothing to regret or fear.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

When you own the original nature, the sins of the universe are erased.
How can notions born of imagination ever be considered real and true?

* * * *

Few grasp reality because most cannot apperceive what they cannot see.

* * * *

In so little time, in so little space, we have certainly screwed things up
Well beyond anything our ancestors likely could have ever imagined.

**Chapter Thirteen**

The still point now, ever fresh,
Is the boundless spring of the eternal,
The dawn of creation and dusk of destruction.
It is where pleasure and pain, cause and effect are not.
It is where the timelessness of awareness streams conscious.

* * * *

Evolution is god's way of kneading consciousness.

* * * *

The most consecrated moments are when all sense of separation dissolves.
Sweeping away false divisions, false notions, is what your existence is about.

* * * *

You seek and learn from a vast array of mirrors.
They are all reflections cast by the light of beingness.
Resistance ends when none are tainted by dualistic notion.

* * * *

How complicated we make existence with all our imagined divisions.
So many spend their existence generating unnecessary rancor,
All because, in ignorance, they believe their thoughts real.

* * * *

For consciousness to be anywhere but here now

Is a long and winding path laced with suffering.

* * * *

Why spend so much time dredging the imaginary past,
Especially when it often causes such mindless havoc.

* * * *

Every deed and thought creates a ripple in consciousness.
Find that stillpoint, that quality of awareness, that momentary witness,
Where the ever-churning cause and effect crafted of time and space are no more.

* * * *

The ignorance of delusion passes from generation to generation.
Wisdom must ever be discerned and distilled by each anew.

* * * *

Do we individually choose to manifest
Is beyond knowing and less than a concern.
The point in fact is that you are dreaming here now,
And may choose to make the best of the opportunity or not.

* * * *

When the present is approached timelessly, there is a dreamlike flowing
That makes even the most chaotic and mundane times equally inadvertent.

* * * *

Awareness knows no boundaries and harbors no delusions.

* * * *

All your emphasis on light and the many shadows it casts,
Is just more play, more distraction, of the illusional mind.
You are the indivisibly absolute prior to all light shows.

* * * *

You cannot surrender to a concept, a notion.
Surrendering is prior to all thought about it.

* * * *

Now, now, now, now, forever now.
Time and space is naught but an illusion,
A priori in a most delusional sense.

* * * *

Hard to want to keep pretending that you are one of the inmates, too.

* * * *

Life is food for thought, a feast born of imagination.

* * * *

Every bubble of awareness, whether instinctual or conscious, its own unique vision.

* * * *

Within every moment's creation-preservation-destruction, an imaginary glimmer.

**Chapter Fourteen**

The moment-to-moment experiencing of consciousness
Is akin to using a light bulb to cast hand shadows on a wall.

* * * *

The world, the universe, is dreamt by the mind through the senses.
You are source, you are witness, as free and clear as you choose.

* * * *

Observe the face and body of someone you consider physically desirable
And imagine his/her skeleton tuning into dust in some not to distant future.

* * * *

The so-called civilized manner humanity has chosen to manifest,
Is a coffin crafted of blind ignorance and unbounded delusion.

* * * *

How do you spend your life? You put food and liquid in, poop and piss it out.
You make and buy and take and sell and toss and lose and give things.
You put the body through a seemingly infinite variety of paces,
And then slumber or medicate yourself to rejuvenate.
Your form deals with a nearly endless series of states and stages,
And in the end, it will be as any dream, as if nothing at all had ever happened.

* * * *

The throws of attachment are the most opportune time
To witness how thoroughly you believe your part real.

* * * *

Is any mythology any more than the groupthink of ethnocentric notion?

* * * *

What is so disconcerting, so terrible, so incomprehensible,
As to deny others the altered states of consciousness
That are so readily offered by this garden paradise.
Who is anyone to tell another how to live their reality?

* * * *

Surely, you do not really believe you are the only one who does that?

**Chapter Fifteen**

Why is it that humankind seems incapable of greater awareness?
Will the seed of the fall from Eden's grace ever blossom into consciousness?
Certainly questions well beyond the scope of this temporal window,
Though the seed to that potential is ever the same now.

* * * *

Wrest your soul from delusion.

* * * *

Sweep out the fear of death, the fear of oblivion, the fear of no longer being.
There is nothing to dread, nothing to avoid, but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

You are the manifest way, absoluteness witnessing its Self.
You are the dreamtime experiencing, the totality functioning.

* * * *

Science as so many discern it is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

How can you really believe any of your adversaries real?
All for such vain reasons you will find the fingers counting.

* * * *

All who have ever or will ever see this dream for what it is
Have been along different points of the same indivisibility.

* * * *

Others define you, as you do them, by the role they imagine.

* * * *

Consciousness is an indivisible spectrum of imaginary degrees of separation.

* * * *

With these words your death as an imagined identity is sought.

* * * *

What is behind any mask, any façade, but what you yourself imagine?

* * * *

Everything you think you know: every memory, every belief, every opinion,
Is a temporal fabrication, a dream whose reality can never ultimately be proven.

* * * *

Like and dislike, pain and pleasure, male and female, white and black, true and false,
All sides of the same coin created by dreamers locked in memes of dualistic notion.

* * * *

mind-identity is a perceived record patterned by the relative etchings of time.
All dissolve into dreamy insignificance once you as witness are timelessly witnessed.

* * * *

After a certain point, it is almost wearingly, laughingly absurd
To have to continually deal with the inanities of the mind-body.

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones.
Words injure if you give them weight.
What hurts, however, is entirely imagined.

* * * *

Tarry as you will with the delusional when it amuses you,
Always remembering that all that reflected ignorance
Creates the opportunity to apprehend your own.

* * * *

The body generally forgets the pains of injuries once they have healed,
But the mind born of imagination ever clings to that which it fabricates.

* * * *

Why do you play the continuity game?
Perhaps because it is more beguiling to dream
Than to awaken to indivisibility's unrestrained rainbow.

* * * *

To awaken to all the mind's ceaseless fabrications
To be deluded no longer by the imaginings of desire and fear,
The irony of how seriously you have taken yourself becomes Self-apparent.

* * * *

Realize you are the central focus of your worldly dreamtime creation.
Open up to the fact that every other life form on this planet
Witnesses this conundrum exactly the same way.
Respect the sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

There is no need to follow any personality, or join any group.
Freedom is for each alone to realize and preserve.
Those who would deprive your birthright
Are better left in the streaming dreamtime wake.
To give undo significance to any in denial of your autonomy
Is to deprive your Self the unique opportunity of this mystery-given lifetime.

* * * *

Those rare beings who discover the false separation of the universe within,

Free themselves of all binds in the realm of conscious awareness.
Through their eternal freedom heaven opens to the manifest.

**Chapter Sixteen**

The lone drop catapulting above the indivisible crashing wave
Entertains the mistaken perception of individuality,
But only until its inevitable return home.

* * * *

The now that you perceive, the now to which you cling, is already ash.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in absolute and perfect balance.
Disharmony is but consciousness as humanity manifests it.

* * * *

You are governed by continuity
Because you give it the weight of reality.
Space-time plays out its illusion in every given mind.

* * * *

Travel prior to all experience, all cause and effect, until only the ungraspable,
Untamable, immutable dreamtime experiencing of timeless nowness remains.

* * * *

All desires for form and concept are the projection of memory,
Which has no relationship with the present moment
Other than passing blindly through it.

* * * *

About the technical matters of the manifest, you may pretend to know a great deal,
But regarding the source of this mystery, you will never extract a measurable clue.

* * * *

The illusion of existence is like a game played long and hard,
But sooner or later the final buzzer sounds,
And it is time to go home.

* * * *

Yearning for an order, a stability, that the dream can never provide,
The mortal mind-body identity inevitably loses equanimity
When circumstances fall short of expectations.

* * * *

What you are attached to is not outward manifestation,
But the habitual movement of the ceaseless thoughts about it,
Personality is the outcome of this patterned consumption.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, like your Self, is a smidgeon of indivisibility,
That must one day cease being the playground of dreamtime.

* * * *

All manifest diversity is imagined.
It is but a light show, a sensory illusion,
Masking the indivisible, unassailable unicity.

* * * *

It is easy to maintain a sense of union with isness
When life is pleasant and unburdened and easily traversed.
But when times are challenging, for whatever reason,
That is the genuine telling of your illusory epic.

* * * *

Become the totality you are.
All thoughts about it, all delusions about it,
Are nothing more than a diverting dance with the vanities.

* * * *

Existence, when seen though the personal eye, is a complex, unending maze.
Through the impersonal gaze, it is a masterfully choreographed, illusory dance.

* * * *

We are all food in something's dream.

* * * *

Why pretend what you do not feel?

**Leftovers Added to "The Return to Wonder"**

**Chapter One**

Here you are, a drop of the grand mystery,
Weighing in as best you can with what tools you have,
Still unable to fathom any who-what-where-when-why-how to it.
What can you do but be here, be now, temporal witness to the dream of time.

* * * *

Other than the endlessly wearing reality
That two-legged existence is politics from the get-go,
Why would it matter even one iota what any other thinks of you?
Forever alone, you must daily pretend you are not.

* * * *

The universe has been spontaneously, ingeniously crafted
That you might penetrate this point in time,
Conscious witness to the play.
The price of the ticket: ecstasy, agony, death.

* * * *

Duality is temporal illusion.
There truly is no other.
Nor was there ever a second.
The real you has always been, ever is,
And will ever be, number one.

* * * *

You may use a variety of drugs
To understand the relativity of consciousness,
But remember they are but tools to be consumed in moderation,
That it is the essential nature, not the medicine,
Which is being explored.

* * * *

Remember always that you are the creator of this playful illusion.
When you surrender and journey timelessly prior and beyond birth and death,
There is a growing awareness of the absolute's infinite power within.
A time to be even more wary of Maya's enticing games.

* * * *

Until one sees it as an illusory, kaleidoscoping theater of light,
Pleasure and pain, the vexation that consciousness is,
Will continue, oblivious to the timeless at hand.

* * * *

You cannot expect, or even hope,
That many will even begin to comprehend
This inward journey you are compelled to wander.
It is a lifetime sojourn into the utter aloneness of true nature.
It is a many-are-called-few-are-chosen-fewer-still-volunteer kind of thing.

* * * *

Neither resistance nor acceptance will connect you to the ultimate state of awareness.
You must be, allow, embrace, every aspect of consciousness as a whole,
If you are to rediscover the unbound state of the newborn.

## Chapter Two

That little gratification, that little pleasure,
That little satisfaction, that little amusement, that little enjoyment,
That little hedonistic longing, that little decadent inclination, that little narcissistic notion,
How much do you really need it? How important is it, really?

* * * *

Awareness is the “awakeness” of all living creations,
Of the indivisible quantum matrix, the stardust, come to “life.”
It is the eternal eye of the unknown prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams they in spontaneous combustion may inspire.

* * * *

You have been filled to the brim with countless vain distractions
That are ultimately nothing more than deceptions formed of sensory illusion.
Attributes spun of random, arbitrary evolutionary happenstance,
Nothing more than nothingness playing its Self real.

* * * *

Call it what you will – soul, self, cosmos, god, whatever –
You are the awareness, not a dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Identity is the mistaken belief that the awareness you really are
Is at all attached to the sundry attributes of the food-body,
Or the world of appearances through which it renders.

## Chapter Three

Water flows, plants grow, birds fly, universes bang, universes crunch.
Only the mind you imagine you are daily struggles to be more or less.

* * * *

When the ebbing and flowing of the essence, the quantum fever, subsides,
When foreword is no longer forward, when backward is no longer backward,
When the singular awareness transcends the ever-moving tides of thought,
Where is the me-myself-and-I that believed its imaginary realm so real?

* * * *

Erase all boundaries, burn all flags, discern the common ground of awareness,
And wander your universe unburdened by the differences born of imagination.

* * * *

For consciousness to examine itself, for awareness to become aware of itself,
For the mystery to gaze into the indivisible depths of its mystery,
Is not this the ultimate raison d'être for all creation?

* * * *

How ridiculous it is to believe anyone individual can save anything or anyone,
When in the reality of this kaleidoscoping dream, there is nothing to save.
And even if there were, it would be the matrix-level synergy doing it,
Not some illusory persona wrapped in inflated self-absorption.

* * * *

You are entirely a dream in everyone else's awareness, and they in yours.
We are all alone together, from this shore to the farthest reaches and beyond.

**Chapter Four**

The senses daily pull you into believing the dream real.
To greet every moment as nothing is, indeed, a challenge.

* * * *

It can indeed be a long and winding and oft times lonely road
Until you discern the matrix through which all time-bound linear notions wander,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, eternal aloneness unto thy Self.

**Chapter Five**

How is it that you ever imagined
That your origin was ever any different
Than anyone or anything else's?

* * * *

History is whatever each of us thinks it is, and much of it absurd hogwash.
Time always boils down to be here now, and enjoy or endure it as best ye may.

* * * *

What is the universe?
And what makes you believe it has ever existed
In any which-way the senses have deceived your mind into daily believing?

* * * *

The now streams indivisibly each and every moment into the next,
While the sensory mind consumes it, metabolizes it, weaves it,
Into a perception of time, which only imagination knows.

**Chapter Six**

Stop pretending to know.
You do not, never did, never will,
And no one else does, did, nor will, either.
Agnostic is the only frank assertion under any sun.

* * * *

What attachment can awareness have to anything?
Only the winds of consciousness fabricates attributes
Of every form, of every hue, of every shade of gray.

**Chapter Seven**

From nothingness to nothingness,
The manifest journey between naught but imagination,
And death before dying the only release.

* * * *

Evaporate the wind-blown clouds of consciousness
That swirl through the awareness you truly are.

* * * *

If you know pain, you likely know fear, and what weaves pain
But the conditioned mind that clings to its imaginary universe.

**Chapter Eight**

What we call knowledge is no less imaginary than any fairy tale.
Both are equal products, equal conscripts, of the time born of mind.

**Chapter Nine**

Do you seriously believe any supreme being
Would not be bored to tears with human absurdity by now?
Likely less the absentee landlord than the gone-fishing project manager.

**Chapter Ten**

Once you own any thought, any concept, any impression,
Once any perception is added to the dynamic of your frame of reference,
The insights it reveals, mix-and-match-new-and-unique,
Double-double-toil-and-trouble meld,
Into the witch's brew of your paradigm stew.

* * * *

None are islands in this finite, temporal, mortal dream of time.
Only in eternal awareness are all worlds, all universes, undone.

**Chapter Eleven**

All these inventions we tool-makers have conceived and manifested into the day-to-day,
And many if not most feverishly straining to keep up with the beast it has wrought,
Often competing with the myriad creations as if we ourselves were machines,
But really only ending up more and more inane, more and more insane.
What are we and this dream world but victims of our own insatiable vanity.

**Chapter Twelve**

The writings of any seers should be called just that: writings, notes, works, books.
Not scriptures, because the definition often implies some sort of authority,
And in when it comes to the unknowable, there is no such thing.

All are inquiring into the same mystery to which all have equal access.
And for anyone to claim any expertise, or some greater connection, is absurd.

* * * *

Challenging to let go of vanity when the mind-body duality so inspires it
With the countless delusions that desire and fear fuel in this dream of time.

* * * *

Imagine existing in this world when it was perfectly untamed,
And you with neither claw nor fang, only mind and opposable thumb,
And an abiding, pitiless will to survive, and perchance thrive.
You are a direct descendant, the genomic outcome,
Of those who somehow persevered
From the puddle of origin to this here now.

* * * *

No one is even near as notable or essential
As so many spend their lives vainly believing.
The countless delusions of the human paradigm
Must certainly be the laughingstock of the universe,
Assuming, of course, that the universe is even watching.

* * * *

It was perhaps when our kind began to communicate,
When we discerned that we all perceive our worlds differently,
That we began to harbor resentments and merge together as mindsets,
And in doing so, truly set in motion the dystopian endgame
In which we the descendants now find ourselves.

* * * *

What will endure, what will emerge, what will reign,
After mammalian life can no longer survive this spinning garden orb
That humankind has through the twists and turns of consciousness forever desecrated?
What great kingdom would you not readily yield for a time machine
To witness Eden play out it magical mystery.

* * * *

To give attention to the ephemeral eternal moment
Is a busy-busy, measuring-measuring mind's most arduous task.
The imaginary past and its countless projected futures stoke far too much passion
For the quietude of eternity to be allotted its true autonomy.

* * * *

Awareness has no ego, no attributes, no boundaries, whatsoever.
The imagination of consciousness, in all its dualistic notions,
Is sole source, soul proprietor, to that whimsical state.

* * * *

How many lives, how many dreamtimes, is anyone, whether for good or ill, yay or nay,
Of any real consequence to, is a question to which no one can have answer.
Consciousness ripples, but how far, how strong, how long,
Who can even more than begin to guess?

* * * *

What is evolution but the unknowable,
The creation, the preservation, the destruction,
The selecting, the pruning, the thinning, the harvesting,
The ever-changing nature of matter and motion, energy and force,
In the dance, the play, the lila, of eternal space and time.
An indivisible, boundless, quantum billiard table,
With neither beginning nor end nor middle,
Witnessed each and every moment,
In every imaginable way,
By the awareness you truly are.

## Chapter Thirteen

Black and white are but fringes of consciousness,
With everything between every shade of gray.

* * * *

Where is the demarcation between the awareness within
And the universe without, but a wall built of imagination.

* * * *

Only in the stillness of eternal life,
Of the awareness prior to all things imagined,
Is there freedom from the myriad vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

The awareness is a formless sea behind the eyes.
The senses inspire consciousness to imagine a vast universe,
But it is no more than a brief dream to which mind every moment yields.

* * * *

Playing a little part in a little play is but a little smidgeon of imagination
Given over to vain notion based on a nature-nurture fiction of quantum design.

* * * *

What a hungry thing the mind is, consciousness is, the indivisible essence is.
What is all experience but the insatiable consuming itself every moment.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness
Witnesses the clouds of consciousness come and go.
You only think you are the wind.

* * * *

Desire, fear, the myriad passions of the monkey-mind in general,
Are nothing more than predicable habits, patterns born of nature-nurture,
Of genetics and the incessant winds of time playing out the vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

None of it is real, none of it was ever real, none of it will ever be real.
None of it ever more than a kaleidoscoping dream of stardust,
The quantum essence come unto the pretense of life.

* * * *

Is the atheist any less determined not to believe, than the believer is to believe?
So much assertion, so much struggle, so much dwelling on so many this's and that's,
For nothing more than vain notion, hollow whimsy, over that which can never be known.

**Chapter Fourteen**

Just about everything you have ever seen, heard or done
May well be happening somewhere in your world in particular,
Or your imaginary quantum universe in general.
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

Good and evil are human concoctions.
If you believe they existed before we unleashed upon the world,
You are caught in the mire of delusion.

* * * *

Look where pretending to know
What can never be known
Has brought us,
And is taking us further still.

* * * *

Hang out in the left brain
When it is all about monkey chatter,
And the right side when stillness has the notion.

* * * *

Consciousness is riddled with every sort of desire,
And desire is the most worthy opponent
Of those who would be freedom
In this world or any other.

**Chapter Fifteen**

Consciousness will play out

As consciousness will play out.
That I Am is unconcerned.

* * * *

Have you ever really made anything happen?
Or is that merely the fallacy of imagination's ego?

* * * *

Consciousness requires your presence
To meander willy-nilly as it will,
But you, source of all,
Require nothing.

* * * *

The unknown pervades all.
You are the mystery; the mystery is you.
That which is known is but a bubble of imaginary notion,
A dreamtime play of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

True religion is much more than regurgitating some historic dogmatic notion,
That is really no more real and true now than it was in the way-back-when.

* * * *

Duality is a fabrication of consciousness.
In reality, there can be only oneness:
All-pervading, all-knowing, ever-present.
The all-in-one-one-in-all quantum awareness.

## Chapter Sixteen

The hologram born of imagination is discerned complete
When the awareness you believe a separate you
Fully realizes that its true, ultimate nature
Is the infinite, eternal oneness.

* * * *

Futility is beating your head on the wall,
Believing you can change anything
Without changing into your Self.

* * * *

You have pretended it all matters long enough.
Feel free to take a long vacation,
An eternal holiday,
From this theater of the absurd.

* * * *

What need or concern would the clayness ever have
For light or sound, form or being, thought or memory?

* * * *

The passions draw you out into this imaginary world.
Without their hot and cold, you are nothing more
Than the infinite stillness of pure awareness.

* * * *

What a mystery this holographic matrix,
A mirage of space and time,
An imaginary sandbox,
In which all play,
But none truly exist.

**Soundbites Added to "The Return to Wonder"**

**Chapter One**

You are nothing but a dream of the absolute to fathom its eternal fathomlessness.

**Chapter Two**

Peace is a quality of consciousness, not some unattainable, divisible ideal.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that you are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

**Leftovers and Soundbites**
**Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"**
**from "Breadcrumbs 2019" and All Future Times Beyond**

**Chapter 250**

A quantum dream no matter how many dimensions.

* * * *

Existence is the imagined time between indifferent sleep.

* * * *

Speculation is the root of all inanity.

* * * *

No matter what you believe, it is all speculation.

**Chapter 251**

Gaia is a dream world of eternity.

* * * *

You are but a brief mortal dream of the immortality of eternity.

* * * *

Nobody knows nothing but what they imagine so.

**Chapter 252**

Time is the living death of consciousness.

* * * *

The mind will consume whatever notion draws its eye.

* * * *

Nothing that can be imagined is what it is and is not.

* * * *

Now is the timeless dreamtime of all yesterdays and tomorrows.

* * * *

Even wisdom is only as deep as illusion allows.

* * * *

Mindless belief – tedious, senseless, stupid – is the lazy way.

**Chapter 253**

The eggshell of conditioning is but an imaginary shell.

* * * *

Are you insane, or jsut not playing the game?

* * * *

Imagination is all, all is imagination.

* * * *

Imagination is a quantum magic carpet ride through awareness.

* * * *

How can the cosmos the eyes perceive and mind conceives ever be real?

* * * *

Only the delusion inspired by DNA would find a newborn adorable.

**Chapter 254**

All is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

A sensory play fostered by imagination.

* * * *

We are but dreams in each other's minds.

* * * *

Nothing exists but the dreamtime of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

What is will but consciousness balled up with intention.

* * * *

Attend, perceive, discern, embrace, synergize, gestalt,
The birth and death, the creation and destruction, of every moment,
As often as the body-mind in the given circumstance allows.

**Chapter 255**

An imaginary creation, a tale of universal proportion.

* * * *

What is any history but the fog of perception.

* * * *

The corporeal body is but a means to a dream,
A temporal reverie of the three-dimensional kind.

**Chapter 256**

All boundaries are born of imagination.

* * * *

The joy of imagination is that you do not have to go there.

* * * *

It all is nothing more than a dream of mind.

**Chapter 257**

It is only vanity that believes anything important.

* * * *

How long can forever be if time is an illusion?

* * * *

Only imagination imagines itself alive.

**Chapter 259**

Fill your Self with the absoluteness that transcends the imaginary persona.

* * * *

Wake up in whatever way you will, it does not matter, it is but a dream.

* * * *

Intuition is imagination's rabbit hole.

* * * *

You create your own yoke – heavy or light or nonexistent –
It is up to you and the level of attachment to your dreamtime.

**Chapter 260**

The seed of tomorrow is in today, and yesterday but an imaginary tale.

* * * *

The body lives, the body dies, and imagination imagines between.

* * * *

What are sight and sound and taste and smell and feeling,
But vibration interpreted by the mind steeped in illusion.

**Chapter 261**

You are the ever-emanating now, radiating an imaginary universe.

* * * *

Yet another suit dreaming of conquest.

* * * *

So much effort imagining, believing, pretending, you care.

* * * *

Real faith requires no word or act, no belief or creed.

* * * *

The infringement of imagination is an infraction upon your eternal nature.

* * * *

The first breath, the last breath, and naught but a dream between.

**Chapter 262**

Yet another zombie wandering its delusional mindscape.

* * * *

Name that delusion.

**Chapter 263**

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

Hope is dead. Long live hope.

**Chapter 264**

Yet another mind-made thing pretending it is more.

* * * *

Consciousness measures, awareness streams.

* * * *

Consciousness ebbs and flows; awareness streams.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

**Chapter 265**

Are you this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are you that of which this body is made?
Or are you that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

**Chapter 266**

The immortality of youth is a many-splendored illusion-delusion.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

**Chapter 267**

The dream is not more real now than the day you exited the womb.

* * * *

The mind's capacity for self-aggrandizement, imaginary as it is, is a ceaseless wonder.

**Chapter 268**

Whatever hope there was, washed away in the pain.

* * * *

Hope for the best; plan for the worst.

* * * *

The movement that is; the stillness that is not.

* * * *

The imaginary Me-Myself-and-I awakens again.

**Chapter 269**

It is a dream, and then it is not.

* * * *

There they go again, mucking about in all their imaginary differences.

* * * *

All emotional notions are nothing more than human poppycock.

* * * *

Absurdity will out.

**Chapter 270**

Your dream is whether it is all about yesterday or today or tomorrow.

* * * *

The universe is but an imaginary sheen in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

All differences are but vain notions fabricated in the mind's eye.

**Chapter 271**

Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

* * * *

How much does imagination require to see it is but an illusion?

* * * *

How can you imagine any speculation but less true?

**Chapter 272**

Memory is an erstwhile taskmaster.

* * * *

Without memory, did anything ever really happen?

* * * *

Another day a-streamin' in the dreamin'.

* * * *

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine.

* * * *

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

**Chapter 273**

The frontal lobe is the theater of human consciousness.

* * * *

What's your delusion?

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

It is not what you want to be; it is what you want to pretend.

* * * *

Perception, perception, perception.

* * * *

Creativity is its own reward.

**Chapter 274**

Imagination is always running away with itself.

* * * *

Outside your memory, does anyone or anything really exist?

* * * *

What notion can a dream long harbor?

* * * *

All else is imagination.

* * * *

To believe totally in nothing is the realm of the no-mind.

* * * *

The pittering-pattering of every mind,
Every moment further muddies up the world,
Inexorably caught up in the destiny of consciousness.

* * * *

That most primal thing, fear, has been key in molding this imaginary you,
A conditioned identity that you every day wake up believing real and true.
A state of mind, a state of attachment, a sword by which you live and die.

**Chapter 275**

The illusions of the flesh are of but relatively short duration.

**Chapter 276**

Absurdity from dawn to dusk, and all the dark hours before and after.

* * * *

How long can virtue withstand the winds of fierce and bitter consciousness?

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily relinquish its imaginary universe.

* * * *

Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

**Chapter 277**

What is death but a dream forever extinguished.

* * * *

Consciousness an insatiable beast that will not easily die.

* * * *

No projection of imagination, no matter how lucid, how fearless, has ever been real.

* * * *

or delusion, you decide.

* * * *

Beware any individual or group that has a big idea looking for true believers.

* * * *

What is any given cosmos but a sensory body, a brain, and a mind imagining it so.

**Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred**
**to "The Return to Wonder" from "Breadcrumbs 2018"**

**Chapter 278**

Imagination is the creator of all.

* * * *

Imagination is all.

* * * *

To remain still and clear, even in the most turbulent winds,
The most absurd, intolerable, rancorous moments,
Is indeed one of life's greater challenges.
Even the most enlightened, most awakened gurus,
Surely roll their eyes and grind their teeth every now and then.

**Chapter 279**

Cause and effect, ebb and flow, there and back, future and past,
How could the dreamtime continue on and on and on without them?

* * * *

The least common denominator
Is the pure awareness you truly are,
That source that abides all dreams as one.

* * * *

Do not believe all the stories you hear.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowing.

* * * *

What is death but return to the oblivion you have only pretended to know.

* * * *

Betray or incite true believers at your own peril.

* * * *

Consciousness is slathered in soot of the quantum kind.

**Chapter 280**

What is any life but the flashes of perception we call memory.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a quantum dream ever consuming itself.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is a collusion of delusion.

* * * *

Cause and effect, ebb and flow, there and back, future and past,
How could the dreamtime continue on and on and on without them?

**Chapter 281**

What a clingy thing, consciousness.

* * * *

Naught but a dream that never really happened.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is founded upon imaginary confabulation.

**Chapter 282**

For consciousness to be content requires great discernment.

* * * *

As differences are to indivisibility, illusion is to reality.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a subset of awareness.

* * * *

The whole of consciousness is but a quantum-neural storm playing time.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream; the dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

It is delusion that hurts, not truth.

**Chapter 283**

Past and future are but vanity projected upon any imaginary timeline.

* * * *

Yet another universe created by imagination.

* * * *

Another day of pretend underway.

* * * *

Imagination is a time machine that can travel anywhere but the present.

* * * *

Consciousness is an ever-changing show of imagination.

* * * *

Dream on, Dreamer.

* * * *

There is only one mystery in this dreamtime; one mystery with many faces.

* * * *

To die every moment while conscious is an meditation worth exploring.

* * * *

What is this mind that is conditioned to perpetually justify its illusion?

* * * *

Illusion is all.

* * * *

Big Bang or Big Speculation?

* * * *

Show me a boundary, and I will show you it is but an imaginary figment in your mind.

**Soundbites Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"**
**from "Breadcrumbs" (Chapters 301, 302, 303)**

**Chapter 283**

Consciousness is playing itself out through you.

* * * *

You have as much access to the sun as any who have ever dreamt in time.

* * * *

It is a mind in ever-present movement that creates the other.

* * * *

Identity is merely a cloak of illusion.

* * * *

Théâtre absurde.

**Chapter 284**

What sense of both freedom and imprisonment imagination can be.

* * * *

The perceiver is in all, and all are in it.

**Chapter 285**

Even the merest shadow of the movement of time can darken the mind.

* * * *

What an absurd beast, pride.

* * * *

Why pretend to own anything?

* * * *

A cosmic conspiracy is no doubt afoot for the many that harbor such pointless notions.

* * * *

Real faith, real belief, is the relinquishment of everything in any given moment.

* * * *

Every set of eyes a witness to a dream of awareness playing out consciousness.

**Chapter 286**

What are time and space but a function of memory cells.

* * * *

Reality is in the still immediacy prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Total madness, or the sanest thing you will ever imagine?

**Chapter 287**

You are not of the conscious design, merely witness to its play.

* * * *

Open eyes are so easily enticed into the endless delusions of illusion.

* * * *

You know all … in your dream.

**Chapter 288**

What can any dream possibly offer to the real you?

**Chapter 289**

What do you remember but the remnants of a touchy-feely three-dimensional dream?

* * * *

Prior to romantic notions of love and beauty, nothing.

**Chapter 290**

Any hell is of its own making, of its own design.
A set of narrowing, limiting choices,
Born of an imaginary field.

* * * *

The last real freedom you had was the moment
Before the seeds of consciousness took root.

* * * *

The limitations of the mind and body,
Real as they seem at the time,
Are entirely imagined.

* * * *

The manifest world is but a temporal quantum dream,
Which all inhabit and play out as their nature demands.

* * * *

No matter how much you believe you know,
It is merely bits and pieces of a dream unknown.

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness,
And what duality can there possibly be?

**Chapter 291**

The dream will out, and the we who are me will witness it all.

* * * *

The greater the anger, the greater the illusion.

* * * *

A daydream of sorts, and nothing to show for it.

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness, and what duality can there possibly be?

**Chapter 292**

What consciousness hath set apart, let consciousness render whole again.

* * * *

Why bother holding on to all the memories of what has only ever been a dream?

**Chapter 293**

Everything else is self-serving absurdity.

**Chapter 296**

You are awareness caught up in a sensory dream.

* * * *

To what would any delusional mind have to compare it?

* * * *

Choose your absurdity.

* * * *

Just another entry in this stream of consciousness.

* * * *

It is not your dream, or my dream, it is the dream.

**Chapter 298**

Believe nothing.

* * * *

What a jealous, angry, petty, inane god, so many, with such diligence, imagine.

**Chapter 299**

Do not call it anything, just be alone in the awareness prior to consciousness.

**Chapter 300**

In the dreams of those immersed in totality, it does not matter what any other thinks.

* * * *

Except in the dreams of imagination, there has never been an individual soul.

* * * *

What you fear most, what you desire most, is what you have in imagination created.

* * * *

Are you this pretending That, or That pretending this?

**Titles,Titles & More Titles**

The Fog of Consciousness

* * * *

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness

* * * *

The Depths of Consciousness

* * * *

The Cloud of Consciousness

* * * *

The Conscious Eye

* * * *

The Delusion Games

* * * *

The Hope Games

* * * *

Scar Tissue of Imagination

* * * *

Of Ethical Dilemmas and Other Absurdities

* * * *

The Absurdity Chronicles

* * * *

Notions Unlimited

* * * *

The Absurdity of Time

* * * *

The Shield of Imagination

* * * *

On Believing in Nothing

* * * *

The Dream of Time

* * * *

Too Absurd to Care About Ever Again

* * * *

The Parameters of Consciousness

* * * *

The Ironic Notion

* * * *

The Notion of Time

* * * *

The Faithful Cynic

* * * *

Absurdum Infinitum

* * * *

The Great Absurdity

* * * *

The Absurdity Gene

* * * *

The Vanity of Imagination

* * * *

Absurdity is the Wordity

* * * *

The Esoteric Absurdity

* * * *

The Tree Rings of Imagination

* * * *

Dream Weaver

* * * *

The Nuances of Consciousness

* * * *

The Imagination Paradox

* * * *

The Irony of Imagination

* * * *

Grand Delusion

* * * *

The Amber of Imagination

* * * *

The End of Speculation

* * * *

* * * *

Of Human Absurdity

* * * *

The Dusty Dream

* * * *

The Dusty Dreamer

* * * *

The Lie of Hope

* * * *

The Believer

* * * *

One Wacked Out Dream

* * * *

The Lie That Imagination Built

* * * *

Illusions

* * * *

Delusions

* * * *

The Delusions of Illusion

* * * *

The Illusions of Delusion

* * * *

The Miasma of Human Consciousness

* * * *

The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness

* * * *

Paradigms of Consciousness

* * * *

The Flurry of Imagination

* * * *

The Absurdity! The Absurdity!

* * * *

Quantum Dream, Quantum Dreamer

* * * *

The Dreamer

* * * *

The Identity That Imagination Built

* * * *

The Ever-Changing Dream

* * * *

Man Dreaming

* * * *

The Dubious Notion

* * * *

The Grand Illusion

* * * *

A Bag of Delusion

* * * *

Born of Imagination

* * * *

Memory's Haze

* * * *

The Pretender

* * * *

Time, An Imaginary Construct

* * * *

Breathe In The Dream, Breathe Out The Dream

* * * *

Nothing Pretending Something

* * * *

The Moi-Infested Dream

* * * *

The Make-Believe Games

* * * *

The Makebeliever

* * * *

Imagination's Illusory Wake

* * * *

The Pale of Absurdity

* * * *

Beyond the Pale of Absurdity

* * * *

The Conscious Breath

* * * *

The Conscious Witness

* * * *

The Futility of Hope

* * * *

The Matrix of Consciousness

* * * *

The Limits of Perception

* * * *

The Doors of Perception

* * * *

The Age of Absurdity

* * * *

The Absurdity Trials

* * * *

Living the Dream

* * * *

Tales of Absurdity

* * * *

The Minions of Absurdity

* * * *

The Nonbelievers

* * * *

The Dream Weavers

* * * *

The Prison of Imagination

* * * *

Embrace Absurdity

* * * *

The Litany of Delusion

* * * *

Dream Thoughts

* * * *

The Sands of Imagination

* * * *

The Sands of Consciousness

* * * *

The Believers

* * * *

The Disbelievers

* * * *

The Bounds of Consciousness

* * * *

The Eyes of a True Believer

* * * *

The Kaleidoscoping Dream

* * * *

The Dream I Am

* * * *

Speculations Abound

* * * *

The Beingness Prior to Belief.

* * * *

The Theater of Consciousness

* * * *

The Big Bang of Consciousness

* * * *

Stardust Dreamer

* * * *

Dreams of Stardust

* * * *

An Imaginary Life

* * * *

The Trials of Imagination

* * * *

The Sphere of Consciousness

* * * *

A Shard of Imagination

* * * *

Dreamtime

* * * *

The Tao of Infinitum Absurdum

* * * *

The Lunacies of Imagination

* * * *

Creation of Imagination

* * * *

Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire

* * * *

The Idyll of Imagination

* * * *

The Nightmare of Imagination

* * * *

Imagination's Payload

* * * *

The Sublime Notion

* * * *

Self Consciousness

* * * *

The Absurdity Games

* * * *

Quantum Dreamer

* * * *

The Pathetic, the Deplorable, and the Absurd

* * * *

The Notion

* * * *

A Dream of Time

* * * *

The Spectrum of Consciousness

* * * *

Absurdity is All

* * * *

Memory Guarantees Nothing

* * * *

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

* * * *

The Living Death of Consciousness

* * * *

The Delusion of Faith

* * * *

The Delusion of Hope

* * * *

The Delusion of Belief

* * * *

Time: The Figment of Imagination

* * * *

The Mind That Would Not Die to Its Imaginary Tale

* * * *

Waking Up from the Dream

* * * *

All in a Dream

* * * *

The Illusion Games

* * * *

Perception is All

* * * *

Reflections of Ten Thousand Dreams

* * * *

Dream World

* * * *

The Collusion of Imagination

* * * *

The Collusion of Consciousness

* * * *

The Absurdity of Love

* * * *

The Absurdity of Hate

* * * *

What Dreams May Come

* * * *

The Unending Speculation

* * * *

The Streamtime Dreamtime

* * * *

How Meaningless All Speculation

* * * *

The Lesson of Hope

* * * *

Imagination's Flurry

* * * *

The Harbinger of Hope

* * * *

Imagine That

* * * *

True Believer 101

* * * *

Witness to the Dream

* * * *

The Imaginary Moi

* * * *

A Window of Perception

* * * *

The Winds of Imagination

* * * *

The Winds of Consciousness

# Breadcrumbs 2018

**Leftovers**

When were you born?
When you exited your mother's womb?
When you were conceived by the union of sperm and egg?
When the etchings of life first began in some long, long ago primordial puddle?
When the quantum mystery first began forming into the universe?
And what makes you so sure you were ever born at all?
What makes you so sure you are anything more,
Than an imaginary dream of mind?

* * * *

The universe without is confabulated by the machinations of the universe within.
A quantum tapestry; the cotton candy of imagination spun from practically nothing.

* * * *

The awareness requires no self-imagery, whatsoever.
All notions of any identity, any self, immortal or otherwise,
Are nothing more than the perpetual ramblings of consciousness,
Of ever-churning imagination playing, pretending, deluding itself real.
Neuron trails blazing away this way and that, coining illusion out of nothing.

* * * *

There is only one eternal moment,
And it is ever the prior-to-consciousness awareness
Of the ephemeral right-here-right-now.

* * * *

Without desire there is no fear; without fear there is no you.
Fear is the confabulator of all self-imagery, of all delusion.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

* * * *

Even in the inexorable face of complete and unutterable annihilation,
It is more than likely the greater portion of human beings
Will fervently cling to their idolatrous notions
Of one illusory deity or another.

* * * *

What is never born never dies.
Only consciousness endures the illusion of birth and death and life between.

Only awareness is timelessly, immortally changeless.

* * * *

The subtlety of truth is that it can never be grasped in any way imaginable,
Because it is prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness.
Utterly, indivisibly, timelessly, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

What are you but immortal awareness,
Encased, ensnared, in a corporal container,
Playing out a temporal meme born of imagination.

* * * *

Life is a Rolodex of ever-changing perceptions and values.
How any given mind sees its world is never the same for long.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream.
The dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask,
Behind the imaginary character,
A space, an emptiness, ever unknowable.

* * * *

When mind abides in ever-present awareness,
The world, the universe, as it is known, disappears into timelessness,
And the senses merely function as the un-translated, un-rendered dreammakers they are.

* * * *

Those who contemplate thoughts of this nature
Are drawn to discerning and exploring the singularity
In whatever way their nature-nurture dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily give over its delusional dreamtime
To the quietude of its original nature, of its timeless awareness,
In which it hither-thither vainly moves like clouds in the sky.

* * * *

Awareness is aware of every point and particle of the manifest dreamtime.
It is aware of every kaleidoscoping matrix quantum moment throughout all eternity.
The many creations it omnisciently witnesses are aware of it only rarely, if ever.
To awaken to the awareness, the indelible mystery within and without,
To wander through the reverie, conscious of the omniscience,
Is a center stage role available to all, but offered to few.

* * * *

People come and go in your existence in every imaginable way, from tepid to sweet to bitter.
The brew can be intoxicating or depressing, memorable or scarcely remembered,
But all contribute to your frame of reference, your wily bag of tricks,
Your memories ranging from passionate to indifferent,
From affection to mourning to loathing.
The swirl of thoughts in your mind is but a dream,
But how you perceive it, how you comprehend it, is how you roll.

* * * *

Awareness is the unknowable source of all intelligence.
Creation is but the sequential means of its eternal quantum potential
For dreaming whatever its kaleidoscoping matrix of a mystery has in no-mind store.

* * * *

That voice in your head is nothing more than a recording
Of imagination's response to the nature-nurture conditioning.

* * * *

Those for whom the limelight is never bright enough,
Those whose avarice can never be satiated,
Those driven to rule over others,
Are caught in a web of self-absorption,
A blaze of vain notion that cannot be quenched,
No matter how inconceivably successful the endeavor.

* * * *

To fully perceive that you are not this manifestation is an unending challenge.
The sensory theater is ever an enticing, hypnotic, call of the sirens.
It is not at all easy to meander in unconditional solitude,
Hypnotized as you are by the cultural paradigm
Founded upon a genetic predisposition
Towards interaction with individual and groups,
That spontaneously evolved in the fierce jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.
And however it may unfold, if you are contemplating such as this,
Your fate may well be to be an unfathomable eye of the unfolding dream.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, will consume your body, your mind, your dream, as it does everything else.
The real you, however, is eternally immortal, indivisible, untouched, ever aware.
It is That which is never born, That which never dies.

* * * *

Any cosmos is indifferent to its myriad dreams, yours included.
The truth is that only imagination cares, only imagination bothers.

Your existence is a joke, an absurdity, to which the most sober response
Is a great dollop of irony and doubt, especially toward your fictional persona.

* * * *

The true believer, no matter the belief, is caught in the web of space and time,
And can never perceive that the meme is but a dream.
Freedom is but a word.

* * * *

The joy of aging is spending more and more time
Dealing with all the consequences of whatever you have done
With your very unfathomable, very time-bound, very timeless dreamtime.

* * * *

To perceive the human paradigm
As anything more than a temporal fabrication of vanity,
Is to miss the indivisible, unblemished, immortal awareness permeating all eternity.
The illusory quantum dreamtime is but a means to all the endings
That are harvested from all the beginnings,
None of which ever really truly even once happened.

* * * *

The world, the universe, seemingly offers every imaginable distraction
To seduce hungry minds away from discerning the mystery permeating all creation.
Perhaps a rare few are not enticed at all, and others awaken only after a long and winding quests,
But most are adrift in the labyrinth of greed for their entire dream of space and time,
Gorging in every conceivable way to fill the emptiness that cannot be filled.
Racing to their mortal ends still ravenous for more, more, more.

* * * *

You are the mystery, eternally infinite, indelible, alone.
All else, all other, all new, all old, all anything, all everything,
Are but imaginary notions, no matter how seemingly real and true.
Time and space are but illusion fashioned by the sensory quantum mind.
This ever-present, ever-motionless, unborn-undying moment, is all there truly is.
All experience, all knowledge, all rumination, is ultimately but an inconsequential dream.

* * * *

Even the most subtle words, the most intricate explanations, cannot encapsulate reality,
For that which is indivisible is prior to all things born of the imaginary mind.
It is only in the prior-to-consciousness awareness of the no-mind,
In which the earnest seeker of truth can find solace.

* * * *

The ego, the id, the superego, the character, the persona, the self – call it what you will –
Is nothing more than the sum of imagination's attachments to all the memories, all the perceptions,
All the recordings in which it harbors, the frame of reference to which it invariably clings.
The echoing that plays over and over as identity, as individuality, as exceptional.

The inexplicable saga born of evolution, the I-am-this-I-am-not-that,
In which the human paradigm perpetually finds fusion.

* * * *

What you are is a quantum configuration.
What could possibly be real or true about that?
Is a statue carved of marble the statue or the marble?
Enjoy the magical mystery tour as best you may,
But try to remember, at least occasionally,
A dream is all it is, was, will ever be,
In the indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

What is humankind but a cancerous paradigm,
Voraciously bent, both consciously and unconsciously,
On consuming the incredible diversity of this garden world,
In every way, through every means, for every purpose imaginable.

* * * *

If there is truly is no other,
If it truly is naught but a dream,
What part of it is there to experience?
What part of it is there to connect?
What part of it is there to save?

* * * *

The scientists have all their hypotheses and theories.
The mathematicians have all their definitions, axioms, theorems, and proofs.
The philosophers have all their rational arguments, and the meditators have all their zafus and walls,
And all, in the final analysis, find themselves roaming about the same diddly-squat.

* * * *

The no-mind is a state of awareness, a state of perfect detachment,
In which the sensory illusion timelessly kaleidoscopes with nary a trace.
It is a state prior to consciousness, a state prior to all creation, all destruction.

* * * *

Civilizations across all times, all geographies,
Have been established upon every imaginable assumption.
None have long withstood the countless trials, the continuous friction,
With which they have been every moment berated and battered by consciousness.

* * * *

All this knowledge that humankind has fabricated,
All these words, all these numbers, all these notes, all these whatever,
The challenge is to stir them all together, blend them into their quantum indivisibility,
And discern the illusionary matrix in which they timelessly dance.

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness is also prior to physics.
The quantum theater is but a kaleidoscoping show of light and sound.
Much ado weaving through the timeless spacelessness of ever-present awareness.

* * * *

What is the worship of one deity or another,
But the great dread's attempt to grasp, to contain,
The indivisible, the nothingness, the emptiness, the void,
With the exceedingly hollow hope for more.

* * * *

What is thought, what is imagination, what is creativity, what is fear,
But an instinctive response of the given brain to oxygen deprivation.

* * * *

What domino or combination of dominos will trigger the collapse?
Will it be natural cause: solar flare, comet, volcanic eruption, climate change?
Will it be human cause: overpopulation and shortages of food, water, and other resources,
Biospheric breakdown, pandemic, economic or technological collapse, nuclear or biological holocaust?
How interesting it would be to have that fictional time machine.
Meanwhile, speculation abounds.

* * * *

Greed is core motivation for humankind.
Consciousness's insatiable voraciousness for more
Will not be tempered by any force but its inevitable extinction,
Whether by natural cause, or of its own machination.
It is only a question of when and how, not if.

* * * *

Be what you gotta be.
Do what you gotta do.
See what you gotta see.
Feel what you gotta feel.
Shit what you gotta shit.
Like what you gotta like.
Love what you gotta love.
Play what you gotta play.
Hate what you gotta hate.
Hear what you gotta hear.
Taste what you gotta taste.
Think what you gotta think.
Sweat what you gotta sweat.
Dream what you gotta dream.
Breathe what you gotta breathe.
Consume what you gotta consume.
Believe what you gotta believe.

Smell what you gotta smell.
Own what you gotta own.
Toss what you gotta toss.
Kill what you gotta kill.
Die what you gotta die.

* * * *

Being the moment is effortless awareness.
Imagination ever clings to its own creation, its own illusion.
Let go everything, forget everything, rest alone in the timelessness you truly are.

* * * *

Is the journey to eternity a long and winding road,
Or merely the right-here-right-now of this ever-present moment?
Consciousness or awareness, you choose.

* * * *

What is release but letting go of everything imagined and merely being.
It is the first and last freedom; it is the one and only freedom.
It is the immaculate awareness prior to consciousness:
Tranquil, limitless, sentient, mindful, absolute.
That which is prior to birth and death,
Prior to space, prior to time.

* * * *

Pay attention to the kaleidoscoping moment.
Endure and enjoy this brief dream as best ye may.
Time does not exist, but passes very quickly.

* * * *

If you run or stand or sit or lie absolutely present in the here now,
Unattached to, unburdened by, any thoughts, any things,
Breathing in, breathing out, in perfect awareness,
The nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but,
You will realign with the simplicity, the grace, the harmony,
The indivisible, the eternal virtuousness that nature every moment is.

* * * *

Every time you awaken from a long night's peaceful slumber, or even a pithy siesta,
Your nature-nurture frame of reference reimagines its temporal rendering of the cosmos,
A quantum mystery that has churned quite efficiently, quite effortlessly, while you were absent.

* * * *

Nature is permeated with an eternal grace
That consciousness through knowing can never attain.
Only in full awakening and surrender to the underlying awareness,
Can any ever realign with the ultimate reality upon which all creation functions.

* * * *

How inevitably absurd, asinine, banal, bizarre, blah, bland, boring, characterless,
Childish, colorless, corruptible, daft, deadly, dry, dreary, dull, dullsville, empty, farcical,
Flat, frustrating, futile, hare-brained, hollow, ho-hum, humdrum, idiotic, illogical, impractical,
Inane, incongruous, insipid, irksome, irrational, juvenile, lackluster, lifeless, ludicrous, meaningless,
Mind-numbing, monochrome, monotonous, mundane, not up to much, pathetic, pointless, puerile,
Purposeless, repetitive, ridiculous, 'same old, same old', senseless, silly, soul-annihilating, stale,
Stodgy, strange, stupid, tame, tedious, tired, tiresome, tiring, trite, trivial, trying, uneventful,
Unexciting, uninspiring, uninteresting, uninvolving, unrelieved, unvaried, vulnerable,
Wearing, and generally wishy-washy the human paradigm has so often become.

* * * *

Self is awareness, awareness is Self.
Timeless, indivisible, unborn-undying, pristine, absolute.
Entirely indifferent to, completely untouched by, any and all imaginary fabrications.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable quantum nature of eternity,
That the senses forever lull all but the most judicious minds
Into a hypnotic state of unavoidable delusion.
Surely as indelibly binding as the instinctual patterning
Of any other creature this ineffable garden orb has ever fashioned.

* * * *

Such is fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable nature of eternity’s quantum play,
That the senses ever hypnotize the deluded mind into believing it all real and true.

* * * *

Everyone responds to their beginning and middle and endgame in their own unique way.
How could vanity, with all its narcissistic and hedonistic notions, play it any other way?

* * * *

Timeless awareness is continually usurped by time-bound imagination.
Awareness is now, awareness is undying, awareness is eternal life.
Imagination is the dream of past and future, imagination is eternal death.
Knowledge and identification are artificial, knowledge and identification are dead.
To exist in the present, to exist unequivocally, to exist eternally, one must forget everything.

* * * *

Despite all the zeroes to which scientists and engineers subscribe,
Only illusions that quantum allows to be measured are measurable.

* * * *

The adoration, the veneration, the exaltation, the deification, of vanity and greed,
Is conveying the human paradigm, the human condition, the human debacle,
To the lowest common denominator imagination is capable of fostering.

* * * *

You do not exist as anything but a temporal figment of imagination.
You are an invention of a neuron trail evolved of an indivisible mystery,
To which all genesis is nothing more than illusion from quantum square one.

* * * *

Science allows much greater breadth and depth than any other belief system,
And in its purest methodology, has no creed, no dogma, but never-ending investigation.
To settle for less is to settle for the ceaseless inanities of endless delusions
Harbored by the those incapable of embracing the gray.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time and contrived mind into every permutation of self imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

* * * *

If you must have certainty,
If you must have belief,
If you must have faith,
Let it be in the now,
And try to keep up.

* * * *

The forebrain is a movie screen
Upon which you play again and again
The imaginary perceptions you call your life.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a dream of awareness,
Played out in a mortal-quantum-space-time-sensory-mind-body.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

All the mythical creations born of the human paradigm mean diddly-squat.
All are imagined, all are fictitious, all are delusional, from any get-go.
Nothing more than the quest of consciousness for a sanctuary that can never be.
To be attentive, unassuming, vulnerable, to the ever-kaleidoscoping moment, is the truest way.

* * * *

Human consciousness is a vast, ever-churning ocean of metaphors and analogies;

All of which, despite all their sound, despite all their fury, ultimately mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

The entire human drama
Is nothing more than mundane quantum fiction.
A fact that will be proven to no one as soon as the last human standing falls down.

* * * *

Doing something, doing nothing, what difference, really,
But a brief flurry in the mindscape of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Any belief system that promotes dualistic notion is pure delusion,
And deserves absolutely no consideration, no argument, no regard, whatsoever.
Truth is indivisible, and any division, any boundary, is nothing more than human nonsense.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what you are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is you.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

Brush away the many artifices of mind, of consciousness,
And what is left but uncontaminated awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

In the constant tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes you see clearly, sometimes you do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

What are groups and hierarchies and middlemen but tollbooths
To the freedom that has ever been yours from any imaginable get-go.

* * * *

Awareness: The moment consciousness attempts to define
Or explain or categorize or analyze or evaluate

Or capture or predict or limit or expand it in any way,
You are inexorably drawn into the delusionary morass of illusion.
The indefinable is indefinable; what is not obvious, not unequivocal, about that?

* * * *

Thought is a transitory interloper of eternity.
Space-time is but a distracting illusion of consciousness.
An evolutionary hiccup in the unwritten chronicles
Of the quantum mystery's pathless nature.

* * * *

There is nothing more to become
Than what you are, have ever been, will ever be.
All else, all other, is imagined.

* * * *

Imagination.
Nothing more.
Nothing less.
Nothing but.

* * * *

Can anyone's world view, anyone's life perception,
Ever really change, really evolve, really modify, past a certain point,
Beyond the scope of nature-nurture's given potential.

* * * *

It is the mind no longer enticed by the sensory paradigm,
Done with the dreamtime fabrications of imagination,
That returns to the immaculate eternal awareness
That it is … has always been … will ever be.

* * * *

To be an explorer of consciousness,
You must be an intrinsic part of the experimental process.
The observer and the observed, the perceiver and the perceived, are one in the same.
There is no other.

* * * *

The Faceless One is the one who looks within
And unequivocally perceives the indivisibility of all creation.
The one who pierces through all illusion, through all space, through all time,
And logically, rationally, without doubt, discerns there is no other.

* * * *

What is temporal consciousness but a contraction,
A wrinkle, an oscillation, an ebb and flow,
In the infinite totality of awareness.

* * * *

What is death but the dissolution of consciousness,
The dissolution of all light, all dark, all pleasure, all pain,
All confabulations of the mind born of imagination.

* * * *

Hearing that they are far more, far less, than their fictitious little egos,
Is not something most have either the capacity or interest in fathoming.

* * * *

There is no point,
There never was a point,
Nor will there ever be a point,
No matter how hard you imagine it so.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, all form, all light, all shadow,
Is but a temporal perception of the mind born of mystery,
In which the quantum ground every moment seamlessly weaves
An ever-changing eternal tapestry of creation-preservation-destruction.
An eternal play to which you are center-stage witness in every form imaginable.

* * * *

Human beings have five senses dialed into their central processing unit.
Even if there were more or less, it would only expand or lessen the perception
Of an always timeless, always temporal, always illusory holographic dream of time.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning with the same mind-body as yesterday.
Same thoughts, same gender, same language, same surroundings,
Same programming, same self-imagery, same appetites, same endorphins.
Mesmerized, you suited up, put on the game face, and stepped out into the dream.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

Imagine if the gladiator contests of Rome had been televised:
Close-ups of men and animals in savage, bloody, lethal competitions,
With slow-motion replays of indescribably painful moments of extermination,
And the mob – eating hot dogs, drinking beer – roaring for its favorites.

Thumbs up or down, so many circuses born of the human mind.

* * * *

How challenging for the mind to switch off its endless quest for security,
For more of every this, every that imaginable in its temporal sensory play.

* * * *

What has been, has always been, and not been.
What will be, will always be, and not be.
All nothing more than quantum essence come to life,
Playing out an ever-streaming, temporal dream of space and time.

* * * *

Every human being ever born has within many potentials.
From fool to sage and every character between, an intricate tapestry is woven.
No one is more or less important than any other, for all are equal in the crest-jewel of consciousness.
The great challenge is to carry on without regret, without remorse, without shame.
And also without the arrogance of pride and its endless hypocrisies.
Not easy to be so flawed, but it is authentic, it is true.

* * * *

Suicide is about being done with your universe and all the vanities,
All the agonies and ecstasies you have played out in its quantum dreamtime.
The means is merely what you have inclination toward and access to.
However you choose do it, and with whatever quality of mind,
Whether passionate or pragmatic, you choose to do it,
The oblivion is the same, the oblivion is the point.

* * * *

Few grasp history well enough not to repeat its underlying patterns again and again.
Intelligence and wisdom cannot long prevail over ignorance any more than light can darkness.
Despite all attempts to attain a greater quality of consciousness, to navigate a more enlightened course,
Humankind seems destined to play out its passionate mind until its inescapable extinction.
Between now and then, who knows what agonies and ecstasies will play out.

* * * *

What a dream this whole friggin' so-called existence has been.
Nothing more than an ethereal, kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional, touchy-feely,
Subjective, arbitrary, haphazard, space and time matrix,
Quantum mirage of a dream.

* * * *

Brand it, play it spiritual if you feel the need,
But the freedom, the liberation of pure awareness,
Is really just being the timeless here-now you ever are.
It is prior to all conceptions, all theatrics born of imagination.

* * * *

So many distractions, so many smokescreens, so many mirages, so many reflections,
So many interruptions, diversions, desperations, disruptions, commotions,
Disturbances, interferences, entertainments, hobbies, pastimes,
Amusements, recreations, anxieties, bewilderments,
Confusions, agitations, troubles, upsets,
Cover-ups, concealments,
Covers, camouflages, screens, masks,
Blinds, decoys, red herrings, disguises, likenesses,
Facades, considerations, indications, signs, musings, replications,
Reproductions, thoughts, figments, contemplations, deliberations, echoes, images,
Manifestations, ruminations, suggestions, expressions, evidences, illusions, visions, signals, fantasies,
So many delusions, so many hallucinations, so many phantasms, so many imaginings,
So much anything, so much everything, all of which keep you from seeing
How empty and meaningless this dream ultimately truly is.

* * * *

In the ultimate state, you have nothing to do with any of it.
Nothing to do with your temporal reverie of time,
Nothing to do with your illusory little self,
Nothing to do with your corporeal flesh and bones cadaver,
Nothing to do with what was never you or yours in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

Unreal as they have ever been, will ever be, all the timepieces
With which humankind surrounds itself, drives itself, measures itself,
Daily unleash an ever-greater crescendo of absurdity
With their tick-tock never-ending.

* * * *

Be especially circumspect about following anyone who asserts some blinding-binding truth.
True believers come and go, and one can only hope their delusions
Journey into obscurity with them.

* * * *

The one is not without the other; the other is not without the one.
It takes two, who knows how many more, to tango a dreamtime ball.

* * * *

All ever-streaming, ever-kaleidoscoping dynamics,
All the beyond-counting causes and effects, effects and causes,
All the influences, all the elements, all the circumstances, all the features,
All the factors, parts, aspects, issues, things, considerations, components, motivations,
That have led to this point in this dreamy mirage of space and time,
Will never be, even by speculation, known.
Boggling and beyond.

* * * *

Physics is all, and all is physics.

The cosmos is a precise, harmonic, mathematical expression,
Created of an impenetrable, indelible, indivisible mystery, a dynamic prior to consciousness,
That cannot for even one moment be undone by any of its creations.

* * * *

Self is without persona or attachment,
Without need or longing, without timeline or itinerary,
Without meaning or purpose, without like or dislike, without desire or fear,
Without any notion or inkling or concern or perception, whatsoever.

* * * *

Human emotion is a mammalian evolutionary trait.
Its reality is nothing more than imagination's conditioned responses
To the given body's ever-changing chemical interactions.
It is a cornerstone of the human paradigm.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of the agonies and ecstasies of world,
Until the conditioning winds of the given context
Slowly imprint its reality
Into the dream of the given mind-body.

* * * *

Someday, when the human species finally goes extinct,
The mutilated world that remains will whirl round and round just the same.
We have never even once been as essential as our imaginary vanities have deluded us into believing.

* * * *

Believe any who-what-where-when-why-how you will,
There is no supreme divinity out there choreographing your every move.
You are nothing more than eternal awareness, very much alone,
Playing out a temporal, mortal dream of consciousness.
Navigating it free of all claims is the challenge.

* * * *

What does any mountaintop care for what is beneath it?
What does any seafloor care for what is above it?
Up and down are but illusions of gravity,
The reality of quantum physics,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The entire human drama is from a distance nothing more than noise,
A cauldron of consciousness that has no lasting meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Are the ethereal dreams that stream in sleep really any more or less real
Than the three-dimensional ones that kaleidoscope so exactly while awake?

* * * *

If you were to cease-and-desist your imaginary persona,
What need would there be to justify your being
To all the other imaginary personas?

* * * *

Every mind's universe offers an endless variety of adventures and misadventures.
The choices made every moment will harvest every variety of consequence,
Which will ever navigate to new choices with new consequences.
It is a timeless, perpetual kaleidoscoping, until one moment Death appears,
And the dream merges back into the quantum indivisibility in which it has ever danced.

* * * *

What are so-called good and evil
But relative states of self-absorption, imaginary all the while.
Different states of consciousness founded on different values, different frames of reference.
None of which are in any way lasting or meaningful in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

Maybe if even just one other species on this whirling dreamtime orb
Concocted one creed, one dogma or another about some supreme being,
Would such absurd thoughts be worth giving even an iota of consideration.

* * * *

The truth of awareness, the truth of what you truly are,
Is the ever-present reality awaiting your untarnished discernment.
Mindsets across this dream world may point to it, may ascribe many dogmas to it,
But none in any way have any ownership of it, or of your direct perception of its indelible mystery.
You are indeed very much alone in your inquiry into the essential, immortal nature.
Put behind any who would deny, any who would limit your quest.

* * * *

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state churning into its waking version,
In which it re-concocts its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Evoked by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state into which you awoke at age two
is not the dream-state you awoke to at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true you believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more than the momentary cotton candy of time-bound imagination.

* * * *

The entirety of human consciousness is potential within all.
How any partake that banquet, that potpourri of natural selection,
Is founded upon the encoding of the given nature-nurture.
You are current issue of all creation come before.

* * * *

What a wretched species we can be.
Absurd beyond all bounds.
Exceedingly tiring.

* * * *

It is in the stillness of the pure awareness within that you will discern true Self.
The outward show is but time-bound, sensory-based, illusory distraction
From the indivisibility that transcends all beginnings, all endings.

* * * *

There is no time.
No time to be attached, no time to be detached.
The space-time continuum and all its appearances are but a kaleidoscoping illusion,
Of which the sensory mind-body partakes but a sliver of its mystery,
And that only artifice tainted further by delusion.

* * * *

This manifest quantum theater is no less a dream than any nocturnal dream
Merely because you are seeing it, hearing it, tasting it, smelling it, touching it,
Or perceiving it in any other fashion the temporal sensory-mind might allow.

* * * *

A mind free of false problems
Is clear and spacious and vigilant awareness.
It is on the you that you really truly are to change, to evolve.
Gaia is but a brief distraction, an absorbing illusion, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What is death but the end of a nature-nurture manifest dream.
The end of attachment to consciousness, to imagination,
Which is really nothing more than a neural thunderstorm
That beguiles awareness into believing the sensory theater real.

* * * *

All histories are about perspective; none ever exactly the same.
From whatever vantage any me-myself-and-I is viewing the battlefield,
Every world, every universe, is a unique snowflake entirely born of imagination.

* * * *

Good and evil are but human inventions
That could never exist in the ultimate indivisible quantum reality.
Theatrical pretenses of consciousness, at best.

* * * *

For at least brief stretches of time every once and awhile,
Both within and without, subdue all thought, refrain from all wordplay.
Let the temporal, imaginary self go, and just be the ever-present awareness you truly are.

Call it meditation, call it contemplation, call it whatever sound you please.
Sit, stand, recline, walk, sprint, dance; it does not matter.
No need to formalize that which has no form.
Just do it.

* * * *

No one can ever be as absorbed with another's dream
Anywhere near as much they are with their own.
How far, how deep, how wide, that narcissistic synergy radiates,
Every streaming moment weaves the imaginary tapestry of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Perhaps, and only just perhaps,
Only the greatest masters are free of vanity,
But only insofar as they do not in mind dwell on the world,
And some temporal imaginary role in it.

* * * *

You are in truth nothing more than a random,
Arbitrary, insignificant, timeless smidgeon of consciousness,
A happenstance of the awareness permeating the electromagnetic spectrum.
Your inflated notions are nothing more than a cosmic joke
To which you are in imagination tethered.

* * * *

As illusory as any history is in any given fleeting moment,
It is in the flicker of imagination that we gauge and direct actions
That synergistically fashion a dystopian future we cannot in any way avert.

* * * *

Existence is but an ever-changing dream
That is incessantly tagged with every conceivable notion.
But the ephemeral awareness each and every mind every moment truly is,
Is most definitely, without doubt, exactly the same.

* * * *

Abandon all belief that you are a human being,
Or any other imaginable form of conscious design.
You are awareness: timeless, empty, ever alone.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness is the same in all living creatures.
It is only in the ever-streaming outcomes of nature-nurture
That all differences are wrought in the dream of time.

* * * *

Imitation has no truth, no reality, no vibrancy, no joie de vivre, of its own.
It can never be more than a secondhand fabrication of a mind bound in time.

* * * *

You are really nothing more than the timeless awareness playing out whatever appearance
The given mind-body has been conditioned to pretend for the duration of illusion
It has been allotted by the nature-nurture of the quantum mystery.
Enjoy it as best ye may, but try not to take it too personal.

* * * *

The human paradigm is based on collective enterprise,
And all groupthink is steeped in one absurdity or another.
Standing alone free and clear with as quiet a mind as possible,
Is the only way to minimize the arbitrary delusions of assumption.

* * * *

All groupthink is founded upon one false notion or another.
To stand completely alone is the only freedom from absurdity.

* * * *

The mind born of nature-nurture is a quagmire of endless boundaries,
Endless permutations of consciousness playing out a given set of limitations.
Only in pure awareness do all borders dissolve into their quantum indivisibility.
Into the infinity of potentials the grand unicity ever has at the ready.

* * * *

Human emotion is nothing more
Than a concoction of biochemical secretions,
To which consciousness attaches in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Despite all your wishing and hoping
To be somewhere else other than right-here-right now,
It just ain’t ever-never going to happen.

* * * *

We are all shaped of the same indivisible quantum clayness.
Each and every one imagining existence real and true in their own very unique way.
All are nothing more than touchy-feely, three-dimensional dreams,
To which only vain notion can be attached.

* * * *

Passion, delusional as it is,
Spins a great sense of purpose and meaning to nothing.
It is a cotton candy sort of thing.

* * * *

Awareness is about being; consciousness is about becoming.
The creator of time can never be content with its timeless origin.

* * * *

The stream of human consciousness is the play of stories ebbing and flowing,
Rounding one corner after another, all its many individual drops collectively playing out history.
Carrying in it every narrative since the first thought of self, of "I am," came to mind.
How attached are you to your me-myself-and-I vanity is the question.

* * * *

The imaginary you is a function of fluctuating consciousness.
Consciousness is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum is a function of still awareness.
Awareness is a function of ageless eternity.
Eternity is a function of the ineffable mystery.
All of which comes full circle back to the real you.

* * * *

Each day the mind-body awakens to a universe it has in imagination built
Into an immense edifice confined by the many choices the given life has woven together,
That in the ultimate indivisible reality are of absolutely no weight, whatsoever.

* * * *

All these voices own unique little dreamtime of a universe.
Perceptions, perceptions, perceptions, perceptions.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the untainted, absolute awareness, that you truly are.
The quantum matrix, the play of space and time, is but a finite, temporal means.
Your immortality, your indivisibility, your inexplicability,
Is prior to any and all dreams.

* * * *

What are you but a dream of perception,
In a dream of consciousness,
In a dream of mind,
In a dream of time,
In a dream of eternity.

* * * *

Beneath the discerning lens of a microscope,
Humankind would be neither as large, nor as exceptional,
As its hollow vanity every moment imagines.

* * * *

What more are you than an arbitrary state of perception,
Born into a time-bound, nature-nurture seed-line,
Within an indivisible evolutionary context.

* * * *

Return to the primordial awareness
That you ever are before all the conditioning of consciousness,
Before the nature-nurture that shaped you into believing the sensory illusion real and true.

* * * *

All that is created must inevitably be destroyed,
But it is that moment of creation that is the artist's ecstasy.
Its preservation is but a shadow of that perception.

* * * *

Who is anyone to tell another what is true or false,
What is right or wrong, what is sane or insane, what is light or dark.
Each and every one must discern and endure the cosmos
They very much alone every moment create.

* * * *

What are the passions? What are sorrow, anger, lust, love,?
What are fervor, ardor, enthusiasm, eagerness, zealousness, vigor,
Fire, fieriness, energy, fervency, animation, spirit, spiritedness, fanaticism,
But temporal-worldly-mundane-secular-mortal concoctions.
Attachments born of the imagined mind-body
Caught in the dream of time.

* * * *

You can tell those who perceive themselves on the losing end of the culture wars
By the way they continually refashion their labels and symbols,
And work so hard for recognition and approval;
Only just maybe discerning that empowerment is born within.
Assume it so, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, are the way of the warrior.

* * * *

The senses are but mortal devices fashioned by evolution
That are but streaming smokescreens to the indelible, indivisible reality.
Mirages imagined by a nature-nurture mind snared in its dreamy fabrication of time.
Only through doubt, only through detachment, will true Self be discerned.

* * * *

The quest for truth is about discerning the ultimate true nature.
To fixate on pleasures like love or bliss, or any other emotional notions,
Is nothing more than the mind's never-ending thirst for mundane gratification.
Serious inquiry is its own singular, disciplined point and purpose.
Poignant sidebars are but time-bound upshots.

* * * *

Look within, and what is there but a stillness, a nothingness, an awareness,
To which imagination fabricates every conceivable meaning and purpose.

* * * *

From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer dreaming a quantum design;
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

* * * *

How to forget everything?
Let go everything false, everything imaginary, everything of space and time,
Everything not here, everything not now.

* * * *

The sovereign, indivisible, enigmatic aloneness in which you dwell, in which all things dwell,
Cannot be bought or sold or traded or encapsulated by any word or number or image or symbol.
It is a matchless state, an absolute state; it is the stage, the backdrop, the source, of all dreams of time.

* * * *

It takes practice to give your imaginary self
Over to the entirety of the indivisible awareness.
The vanity of the mind-body is not easily left behind.

* * * *

A replete and content existence may well be less about what is accomplished,
Than the attention, the awareness, that is given to as many fleeting moments as possible.
Time is but the illusion-delusion of sensory-inspired memory, and the imagination it casts future past.
Eternal life is in the perpetual birth and death of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

Watch … listen … smell … taste … feel … anything you please,
And know it is nothing more than a sensory-inspired illusion,
That it does not really exist in anything but imagination,
A holographic mirage born within a quantum mind.

* * * *

Memory, evolved in the jungles of Africa
As a means to survival in the long, oh so long ago,
Has become a means to every trivial pursuit imaginable.

* * * *

The smorgasbord of human passions is a ceaseless buffet
Of every imaginary ecstasy, of every imaginary agony.
How full-to-the-gills of it will you be before it is over?

* * * *

The you that is consciousness, and the you that is awareness, are mutually exclusive.
One is born of imagination; the other – prior to life, prior to death – never born at all.

* * * *

In history's breadth and depth,
You are but a shallow, linear, hollow scratch.
Your significance, an imaginary monolith in your mind, is nil.

* * * *

No matter how immense, no matter how tiny,
It is a you-eat-you universe, a you-eat-you dream.
Compassion and ethics are but token notions.

* * * *

Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, uncertainty, critical thinking,
Naturally evolve in a mind inordinately bent on unlocking its mystery,
A mind resolved on discerning the reality of consciousness emanating from within.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness
Is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions, you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks, you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions, you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories, you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths, you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods, you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes, you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes, you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes, you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures, you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references, you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences, you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions, you are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires, you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears, you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections, you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures, you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains, you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities, you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations, you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections, you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

What is perception, what is thought, what is imagination, but lightning storms in the cranium,
Given whatever meaning and purpose the winds of nature-nurture have determined.

Call it conditioning, call it habituation, call it teaching, call it programming,
Call it patterning, call it imitating, call it copying, call it designing,
Call it indoctrination, call it domestication, call it brainwashing, call it whatever.
It is what it is, and we as a species have played out, and will always play out, the resulting theater.

* * * *

The ways and means the vanities dream up to play out their ceaseless absurdities
Morph in every conceivable permutation, but are ever the same monkey,
Thinly disguised by yet another shade-of-gray layer of sparkle.

* * * *

Laws, commandments, regulations, rules, decrees, edicts, directives,
Principles, maxims, axioms, dictums, morals, scruples, codes,
Tenets, ethics, mores, values, traditions, beliefs, et cetera,
Are artifices of human invention, as are all the ceaseless deities
Fabricated to give the carrots of desire and sticks of fear greater heft.

* * * *

The United States of America:
A constitutional republic whose democratic notions about freedom and equality
Have always been a little more than suspect.

* * * *

Attend, perceive, observe, discern, recognize, embrace, synergize, gestalt,
The birth and death, the creation and destruction, of every moment,
As often as the body-mind in the given circumstance allows.

* * * *

Every moment is a new reckoning, none a continuum,
But for imagination's inclination for time-bound assumptions.
Discern the causeless, discern the effectless, of each and every moment,
And you will be the enlightened witness that nature has ever inspired.

* * * *

What can ever truly touch the indivisible nothingness prior to all manifestation,
Prior to all the creation-preservation-destruction of quantum design.
This vast mystery is but a timeless, kaleidoscoping light show
To which consciousness is but imaginary witness.

* * * *

Fashioned by consciousness in the ever-kaleidoscoping theater of space and time,
We all together, each in our own unique frame-of-reference way,
Are co-creating, co-preserving, co-destroying.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness,
Prior to all conditioning,
Prior to all said and done,

Prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Were it not but for all your imaginary, self-absorbed notions,
Would you really be anything more than a vessel filled with air?

* * * *

Be the indelible mystery of your all-but-infinite universe and its immeasurable unknown.
Be all it is and is not, from its intangible beginning to its intangible ending,
And from its intangible before to its intangible after, as well.
This little mind-body and its fabricated identity
To which you are so vainly attached
Is but a very brief, a very hollow dream.

* * * *

Looking back at the long and winding rolodex of perception of your dreamy existence,
Did it ever really happen, is it really happening right now,
And what makes you so sure?

* * * *

The weight of your world, of your universe,
Is but a sensory-laden, imaginary one.
Atlas shrugged, and you can, too.

* * * *

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime you are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,
Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness
In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates in this indivisible quantum theater.

* * * *

Why on earth do you need the sanction of any other?
Be your own law, be your own sovereign, be your own herald,
In your indivisible, ever-present, imaginary kingdom.

* * * *

The mind is swept up by the windy senses
Into an imaginary existence fashioned by nature-nurture.
To discern the ultimate reality, awareness must release into its eternal abyss.
True nature, true Self, is prior to any and all dimensions in this beyond-boggling mystery you are.

* * * *

To be at peace, to align with the eternal way,
You must discern the final course, the ultimate tack.
You must leave behind the sphere of imaginary knowing.
You must still the busy mind into its eternal unknown,

Into the awareness prior to little-self consciousness.

* * * *

Heraclitus and Freud wrote of the same smoky truth:
A man's character – the whimsical dance of imagination – is his fate.
Anatomy – the indivisible dance of physics and chemistry and biology – is destiny.

* * * *

We are all very much alone in our own little cosmos,
Peering out from a mask that can never be seen,
A dreamy mystery that can never be known.

* * * *

Yes, you may well be quite bright, but rest assured, few if any of us,
Is near the wag that the delusions of vanity so inevitably incline.

* * * *

Awareness moves not.
It is ever-present, ephemeral, eternal.
Only a very still, very composed, very attentive mind,
Can discern it the singular source of all consciousness, of all dreamtime,
Of all creation, of all preservation, of all destruction.
And from before all beginnings,
To after all endings,
It is all the you, you truly are.

* * * *

Is it the hardwired, programmed, conditioned consciousness,
That spawns intelligence, that contrives all thought and action?
Or the awareness that underlies all forms throughout all creation?

* * * *

What a mesmerizing, absorbing thing the sensory mind.
Over and over it is drawn into the delusion of illusion.
You must be very still, very attentive, very discerning,
To be the timeless, indivisible absoluteness you truly are.
It requires a courageousness that transcends birth and death.

* * * *

Living and dying each and every moment is the way of the mind given over
To the mysterious ever-emanating nowness of eternal awareness.
Space-time is but the illusion of the neuron trail.

* * * *

What is the tongue but a nerve-ridden muscular organ
That the mind employs to perceive sweet, salty, sour, bitter, and unami.
The same process is true of eyes with light, ears with sound, nose with smell, skin with touch.
Through illusions fostered by flesh, all universes are born into imagination,

And through imagination, every delusion imaginable
Plays out in the dream of time.

* * * *

Every living creature has its own point of view, its own universe.
Plants, animals, protists, fungi, archaebacteria, eubacteria,
All play out their timeless dreamtime real in their own unique way,
But what is real, and is any perspective really any more so than any other?

* * * *

Every game has its rules, and there are so many games.
But what of the eclectic mind that crosses any and all boundaries.
The awakened mind that morphs without restraint any way it may choose.
The god-mind functions in a state of beingness that transcends all notions of sanity.
Some are set up on one rostrum or another, some are crucified, some become garden statues.
Who knows how many stroll freely, anonymously, watchfully, among the harried herd.
And likely some just call it a life, and blow their brains back into the oblivion.
Seers wander the dream untethered to the boundaries of humankind.

The quantum source abides all.
It is indifferent to any and all and every difference.
Black and white, good and evil, yes and no, dualities of any make or model,
Are but the ephemeral whimsies of temporal imagination.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness peers out through the creations of its quantum theater,
Interacting in every way imaginable as the given patterning and scenario dictate.

* * * *

Your cosmos is whatever you perceive it to be,
And no one else's will ever, or can ever be the same.
You are very much alone to the abyss of your awareness,
No matter how zealously you may long for it to be otherwise.

* * * *

There ain't no dark side, there ain't no light side, there ain't no side at all.
There just be a streaming dream of awareness that ain't no dream at all.

* * * *

Your perfection is in everything imagined.
Your perfection is not in anything imagined.

* * * *

What are sight and sound and taste and smell and feeling,
But vibration interpreted by the mind steeped in illusion.

* * * *

This right-here-right-now is all that matters.

Everything before, everything hence, means nothing.
All is but a passing dream to which you may subscribe or not.

* * * *

Chances are, that wherever you journey, no matter how far, you will always be you;
With all your assumptions, all your behaviors, all your prejudices, all your boundaries;
All filtered by time-bound consciousness timelessly streaming through pristine awareness.

* * * *

So, you are totally open, totally inclusive, totally loving,
Except all those many times when you are not, eh?
Such a tough show pretending to be so perfect.
What intermittent cronies, heart and mind can be.
We all suffer from one variety of miasma or another.

* * * *

Those who believe themselves free of vanity only delude themselves.
Consciousness has an insatiable proclivity for chasing its own tail round and round.
In pure awareness, the one and only you is timelessly, indivisibly free,
But only until consciousness stirs, however slightly.

* * * *

How long before you take that final journey?
How long before the imaginary you evaporates
Into the indivisible tranquility of pure awareness?
How long before the last word really-truly-finally is?

* * * *

And from what might you hope you can be rescued?
Misfortune? Conflict? Suffering? Pain? Death?
If you truly fathomed what life and death are,
You might well perceive eternity's harmonic ballet
Playing out each and every twinkling before your very eyes.
That birth and death are but temporal illusions of mind-body consciousness.
That the you to which you subscribe is in reality nothing more than a figment of imagination.
Eternal life is the stillness of the unborn-undying awareness you every instant are,
Witnessing the reverie of a quantum matrix born of a quantum mind.

* * * *

Tranquility is an inward state.
An outward sensory reflection may seem the cause,
But it is a mind in sync with the quantum beingness from which it is fostered.
Even in the most chaotic arena imaginable, serenity can reign
In the fearlessness of unblemished awareness.

* * * *

Can you waylay all the pitter-patter chatter of imaginary identity, and just be?
Can you release your consciousness from all its fictional attachments

To culture, politics, religion, finance, gender, education,
Emotion, language, race, caste, et cetera.
Can you be just the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

Never assume any history to be totally true.
Every witness, every mind, has its own confined perception.
None ever in any way exactly the same; none ever in any way entirely accurate.
Every soldier on a battlefield has his own unique account.

* * * *

So many on the lower rungs of any given society trying so hard to attain equality
With those they perceive to be in some higher caste, and by doing so ever remain subjugated.
Stand aloof from all cultural reference points, stand free of all imaginary notions.
None need impinge upon the sovereignty of your true essential nature.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum view,
The so-called evil deed is as indivisible as the good one.
Consciousness is not in any way as important to the infinity of eternity
As the egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliiocentric mind, in its limited visions assumes.
The temporal individual-tribal mind is to be transcended, not embraced.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination.
Awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

We are one and all the same essence, the same gold, the same creation, the same source, come to life.
With but five senses, we have each fashioned, we have each imagined, immense universes.
Why should we not all together celebrate the mystery that has stitched together,
Within and without each of us, a timeless, indivisible quantum matrix,
Through which each very much alone abides their given lot.
A singular vision that relatively few feel called to clearly realize.

* * * *

What is will but the psychic synergy of desire and fear.
The fear of not being, the fear of not having, the fear of not feeling.
Of craving this or that, and fearing it will not be, or that it will not forever last.
An insatiable hunger for more that can never be quenched, no matter the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

Dead or alive, what difference but a flurry of imagination,
Which, from the beginning to the end, is in truth, nothing.

* * * *

What torture it can be to exist, to live, to be or not be, in this mortal realm,
And for what but vain notion, for bits and pieces of the countless pleasures life can offer.

And what from that, but endless variations of pain and suffering,
And motley stews of related bother.

* * * *

Life is born of patterns, predispositions, instincts,
But it is imagination that transcends the origins of matter,
And how probable is that in the farthest reaches of time and space?
There are billions and billions, maybe even trillions and trillions of galaxies,
But the dreamtime of humankind will never discover, never know, anything firsthand
About the all-but-infinite mysteries playing out in the all-but-infinite shores.
The fictions of paper and screen will be as far as we ever travel.

* * * *

Has it occurred to you that you might have total control over the churning movement of your mind,
Total control over the thunderstorms flashing about in the synapses of the given brain.
Perfect equanimity may be attainable if you are able to be detached enough
To not care about anything your universe might set before you.
You need not allow the mundane into your sanctum
But for the desire and dread that have so shaped your dreamtime.
To respond rather than react to the given kaleidoscoping is the challenge for all.

* * * *

Even if there is a supreme being, or even many, so what?
All things great to small are born of the same timeless source.
As an ant is to you, you are to any wave or particle of the mystery.
All else is but vanity born of one imaginary notion or another.

* * * *

You have never really been in control of anything in this ephemeral dreamtime.
Rest assured you will have even less say after you dissolve back into the mystery.

* * * *

I who am, I what am, I where am, I when am, I why am, I how am,
How can any me, any myself, any I, ever be anything but the same mystery,
The same upwelling, the same unknown, the same abyss, the same quantum essence,
Eternally ever-present, timelessly streaming, indivisibly emanating, unremittingly enduring,
Ever witnessing the kaleidoscoping dream of creation and preservation and destruction,
Through the awareness of the given seed, and its passage through the winds of mind.

* * * *

Why would you need to believe in,
To worship, to venerate, to adulate, to idolize,
Some imaginary, iconic, dualistic, on-high Olympian deity,
When you can linger in non-dualistic awareness,
When you can simply be the entirety,
Timelessly transient.

* * * *

You create your own yoke – heavy or light or nonexistent –
It is up to you and the level of attachment to your dreamtime.

* * * *

What is the persona but a defensive psychic shield against the harshness of your universe.
An imaginary identity with which you daily manage your world as it fashioned you.
Alas, what happened to the courage with which you wandered your childhood?

* * * *

The corporal body is but a means to a dream,
A temporal reverie of the three-dimensional kind.

* * * *

That most primal thing, fear, has been key in molding this imaginary you,
A conditioned identity that you every day wake up believing real and true.
A state of mind, a state of attachment, a sword by which you live and die.

* * * *

It has to be a harmonic orchestration; how else could it seamlessly function?
Duality is but a deception of consciousness inspired by the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Are you this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are you that of which this body is made?
Or are you that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

* * * *

The mystery is whatever it pleases you to believe, and none of it all the while,
Because no thought, no dream of consciousness, can or has ever or will ever, touch it.
And to believe, to assert otherwise, is nothing more than self-absorbed delusion.

* * * *

Prince or pauper, warrior or coward,
Scholar or imbecilic, saint or sinner,
The dream of time passes the same.
What difference but vain notion.

* * * *

All belief, all tradition, all dogma, all speculation, is nothing more than imaginary confabulation
Of the mind ever seeking security, ever assuming there must be an answer to the insoluble unknown.

* * * *

The mind ever tries to control the what is, but it never can, never has, never will,
Because the space-time born of consciousness is not real,
Never has been, will never be.

* * * *

There is no observer, only observing.
There is no listener, only listening.
There is no taster, only tasting.
There is no feeler, only feeling.
There is no smeller, only smelling,
And those are but senses feeding into a neural transmitter,
An evolutionary mind whose existence is an unverifiable assumption,
That has yet to be proven more than a temporal illusion born of imagination.
If any other fellow earthling played our absurd game, we would snicker and snigger.

* * * *

The world will do everything it can
To drag you back to its illusion
Inspired by your delusion.

* * * *

What is an eclipse but one relatively large piece of orbiting dust
Getting between another relatively large piece of dust and a nuclear-powered flashlight.
Yet another relatively inflated example of much ado about nothing
In the relativity of the human absurdity.

* * * *

The jellyfish have survived 650 million years because they are born
Without any hope or expectation or desire for anything more than serenely drifting along.
Unlike human beings, who really should be called human becomings,
Just being has always been more than enough.

* * * *

Absurdity.
More absurdity.
Even more absurdity.

* * * *

Delusion.
More delusion.
Even more delusion.

* * * *

Illusion.
More illusion.
Even more illusion.

* * * *

Mindless perception.
More mindless perception.
Even more mindless perception.

* * * *

Creativity.
More creativity.
Even more creativity.

**Soundbites**

Is anything ultimately any more than a relatively brief synergistic exercise in temporal perception?

* * * *

To be bound by the perception of one's origin is inconceivable for a critical thinker.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but imagination measuring itself in every way imaginable.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but a dream ensconced in the synapses of mortal hardware.

* * * *

The one-percenters have embraced destruction and chaos for a few mansions more.

* * * *

Yet another suit dreaming of conquest.

* * * *

So much effort imagining, believing, pretending, you care.

* * * *

Real faith requires no word or act, no belief or creed.

* * * *

The infringement of imagination is an infraction upon your eternal nature.

* * * *

The first breath, the last breath, and naught but a dream between.

* * * *

Only imagination imagines itself alive.

* * * *

Yet another zombie wandering its delusional mindscape.

* * * *

Name that delusion.

* * * *

Let us not confuse the dramas of human consciousness with the un-drama of awareness.

* * * *

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

You are born alone, you die alone, and for a while between, you pretend you are not alone.

* * * *

Hope is dead. Long live hope.

* * * *

All you know is what you think you know; nothing more than the dust and shadows of illusion.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

* * * *

Consciousness measures, awareness streams.

* * * *

Consciousness ebbs and flows; awareness streams.

* * * *

What a burden to care about so many things, especially if you are only pretending.

* * * *

The immortality of youth is a many-splendored illusion-delusion.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

Better to focus on reality than the illusion of reality.

* * * *

The dream is not more real now than the day you exited the womb.

* * * *

The mind's capacity for self-aggrandizement, imaginary as it is, is a ceaseless wonder.

* * * *

Whatever hope there was, washed away in the pain.

* * * *

Hope for the best; plan for the worst.

* * * *

Outside your memory, does anyone or anything really exist?

* * * *

What notion can a dream long harbor?

* * * *

All else is imaginary.

* * * *

The imaginary Me-Myself-and-I awakens again.

* * * *

There they go again, mucking about in all their imaginary differences.

* * * *

All emotional notions are nothing more than human poppycock.

* * * *

Absurdity will out.

* * * *

It is a dream, and then it is not.

* * * *

Your dream is whether it is all about yesterday or today or tomorrow.

* * * *

The universe is but an imaginary sheen in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

All differences are but vain notions fabricated in the mind's eye.

* * * *

The timeless prior-to-consciousness moment is where its at, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Life and death are the same but for the consciousness that creates all differences.

* * * *

Memories are but slowly dissolving perception undone in mind's conception.

* * * *

Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

* * * *

Memory is an erstwhile taskmaster.

* * * *

Without memory, did anything ever really happen?

* * * *

Another day a-streamin' in the dreamin'.

* * * *

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine.

* * * *

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

* * * *

What is pride, what is vanity, but a mind absorbed in its imaginary delusions.

* * * *

The frontal lobe is the theater of human consciousness.

* * * *

What's your delusion?

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

It is not what you want to be; it is what you want to pretend.

* * * *

Perception, perception, perception.

* * * *

Imagination is always running away with itself.

* * * *

Creativity is its own reward.

* * * *

What is memory for the sage but a set of perceptions from which to mine wisdom.

* * * *

Religious and spiritual are states of imagination to which ignorance and delusion cling.

* * * *

The illusions of the flesh are of but relatively short duration.

* * * *

A singular vision that relatively few are beckoned-chosen-allowed to clearly perceive.

* * * *

Absurdity from dawn to dusk, and all the dark hours before and after.

* * * *

How long can virtue withstand the winds of fierce and bitter consciousness?

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily relinquish its imaginary universe.

* * * *

The garden is still very Darwin-esque, despite all the safety nets we pretend will save us.

* * * *

Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

How much does imagination require to see it is but an illusion?

* * * *

How can you imagine any speculation but less true?

* * * *

What is death but a dream forever extinguished.

* * * *

Consciousness an insatiable beast that will not easily die.

* * * *

No projection of imagination, no matter how lucid, how fearless, has ever been real.

* * * *

Truth or delusion, you decide.

* * * *

What is any given cosmos but a sensory body, a brain, and a mind imagining it so.

* * * *

Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.

* * * *

Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.

* * * *

Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.

* * * *

Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.

**Breadcrumbs**

Oh, for a time machine from which to view all creation, all dissolution.
Alas that dreamtime does not exist as more than imaginary filament.

* * * *

In some musty, ancient, gray basement of the Ivory Tower, reside I,
Knowing enough to know I perchance know a little something,
But very little compared to the ethereal layers of the scholarly keep above,
Spiraling so high, so pristinely, so unequivocally, into the exalted realms of imagination.

* * * *

Bookstores and libraries and boxes of books at yard sales always make me drowsy.
Something to do with the overwhelming concentration of consciousness, methinks.

* * * *

Just a few four-letter words to which I yield little or no attachment:
Love, hate, hope, good, just, luck, fair, cute, nice, pink,
Work, time, herd, fate, true, gawd …

* * * *

These breadcrumbs will hopefully assure there will be no pedestal placed beneath this scribe.
That all sages and fools, all saints and demons, are all the same ineffaceable mystery,
That everything, that everyone, are all created of the same quantum illusion.
It is a nothing-more-nothing-less dream from any get-go to any finale imaginable.

* * * *

Granted, dystopian collapse may be eluded before this lifetime's exit,
But to even for a second believe calamity cannot happen
Would be a imprudent error of judgment.
Always good policy to hope for the best, plan for the worst.

* * * *

Way more than this wee brain craves or needs,
Or is even able to wrap its head around
At this stage of its mortal dream,
Its sojourning reverie.

* * * *

Am so over our kind and all our bullshit, all our absurd self-absorption,
The last wheezing breath will be a sigh of relief that it is finally over.

* * * *

Perhaps the dream will find use
For these many thoughts, perhaps not.
'Tis the nature of any gift to not know its fate.

* * * *

Why in any god's name would I want to fit in to any part of this inanely absurd paradigm?

* * * *

My faith is so strong, no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

I have been allotted the destiny to discern that awareness, that vision, that insight, that wisdom,
Which has been perceived by many thinkers across all times and geographies.
The concepts and symbols and dogmas may vary greatly,
But the source is ever the same.

* * * *

Field notes from yet another observer of the unmanifest underpinning of the dreamtime show.

* * * *

Another anonymous dreamer a-dreaming away.

* * * *

Even this ethereal aphoristic view is pitted with delusion,
But it is as holistic as this finite, mortal mind
Has as yet discerned to imagine.

* * * *

Throughout its so-called religious history, the Middle East has been a lead sponsor
Of a delusional, dangerous madness, that threatens egalitarian ideas with annihilation.

* * * *

Be grateful that I do not have the power of some ancient, wrathful god,
For the flood this mind imagines would make Noah's seem but a puddle.

* * * *

In the never-ending tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes I see clearly, and sometimes I do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

Breadcrumbs is a section for all my vain bile and malice.
Good therapy for the little self's perpetual notions of grandeur,
And other ceaselessly elaborate and hollow notions of the human kind.

* * * *

In most every ditty, something to unlock in perception's rainbow.
Not quite koans, but close enough for this mind's roguish purpose.

* * * *

Before you enter this thinker's house, please be sure to check your limitations

And beliefs and conclusions and assumptions and fears and desires at the door.

* * * *

Am I absurd beyond all doubt, or simply a jester, a life force willing to lend itself
To exploring, to plumbing the unfathomable depths as deeply, and in such manner,
As the singular, indivisible, indelible aloneness of the given body-mind will allow.

* * * *

Whether or not awareness has through this set of eyes
Discerned its Self as clearly, as lucidly, as other minds might
Does not matter one iota of a particle of a smidgeon.
All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

What an absurd, pathetic hoax the human drama has become.
What is the cosmos to me anymore but a muse for more thoughts,
More thoughts than anyone but myself will ever even begin to peruse.

* * * *

There was an epoch saga to inhale, to witness, to compose,
And disperse across the globe in the many ways
This contemporary dreamtime offered.
This is what I was born to do.
How utterly amazing
To have been given the opportunity.

* * * *

Alas that nearly every day I reel from weary antipathy
Toward all the ugly and fat and stupid and vain people
That so abundantly burgeon in my wandering presence.
Alas that I am all-knowing, all-accepting, all-benevolent,
Only in the most detached recesses of spotless awareness.
Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

**59 Moments to the Way It Is (And Is Not)**
**The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#$*!**

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness

59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism

59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition

59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime 59 Moments to Pause 59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum
59 Moments to Et Cetera

**Titles, Titles & More Titles**

Goodbye Absurd World

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The Imaginary Me-Myself-and-I

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The Rolodex of Imagination

* * * *

Hope for the Best, Plan for the Worst

* * * *

All Else Is Imaginary

* * * *

Dreamer is the Dream

* * * *

The Dream is the Dreamer

* * * *

The Relativity of Consciousness

* * * *

Flashes of Perception

* * * *

Naught But A Dream That Never Really Happened

* * * *

The Existence That Imagination Built

* * * *

Measuring Imagination's Rainbow

* * * *

The Collusion of Delusion

* * * *

The Church of Absurdity

* * * *

The Absurdities

* * * *

Utter Disbelief

* * * *

Unutterable Disbelief

* * * *

The Darwinian Dream

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The Hollow Hope

* * * *

Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice

* * * *

Imagination is the Architect of All

* * * *

Théâtre Absurde

* * * *

Imagination is All

* * * *

Imagination's Playground

* * * *

The Politics of Imagination

* * * *

Delusional Mindscapes

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Name That Delusion

* * * *

Imagination is Death

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The Infringement of Imagination

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The Death of Imagination

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The Imagined Known

* * * *

Hope is Death

* * * *

Deluded Again

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The Delusion! The Delusion!

* * * *

Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness

* * * *

The Imagination Game

* * * *

Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams

* * * *

The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness

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Dream On, Dreamer

* * * *

The Dreamwalkers

* * * *

The Rolodex of Perception

* * * *

Faces of Consciousness

* * * *

Harbors of Consciousness

* * * *

Degrees of Perception

* * * *

Windows of Perception

* * * *

Windows of Consciousness

* * * *

States of Perception

* * * *

Dream World

* * * *

The Scars of Imagination

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Perception, Perception, Perception

* * * *

Perception's Rainbow

* * * *

What's Your Delusion?

* * * *

Illusions of Flesh

* * * *

The Multiverses of Imagination

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Consciousness is the Flaw

* * * *

Imagination is the Time Machine

* * * *

Imagination Unleashed

* * * *

The Emanating Dream

* * * *

The Evaporating Dream

* * * *

The Fog of Consciousness

* * * *

Truth or Delusion, You Decide

* * * *

Imagination's Rainbow

* * * *

Illusion is All

* * * *

The Dance of Consciousness

* * * *

A-Streamin' in the Dreamin'

* * * *

How Can A Dream Be Measured?

* * * *

The Human Absurdity

* * * *

Creativity is Its Own Reward

* * * *

The Bane of Consciousness

* * * *

Absurdity

* * * *

More Absurdity

* * * *

Even More Absurdity

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Delusion

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More Delusion

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Even More Delusion

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Illusion

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More Illusion

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Even More Illusion

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Creativity

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More Creativity

* * * *

Even More Creativity

**Definitions**

absurdity | əbˈsərdədē, əbˈzərdədē |
noun
(plural absurdities)

the quality or state of being ridiculous or wildly unreasonable:
Duncan laughed at the absurdity of the situation | the absurdities of haute cuisine.

these artworks convey a sense of the absurdity of contemporary life:
preposterousness, ridiculousness, ludicrousness, incongruity, inappropriateness,
risibility, idiocy, stupidity, foolishness, folly, silliness, inanity, insanity;
unreasonableness, irrationality, illogicality, pointlessness, senselessness; informal craziness.

* * * *

agnostic | agˈnästik |
noun

a person who believes that nothing is known or can be known
of the existence or nature of God or of anything beyond material phenomena;
a person who claims neither faith nor disbelief in God.

adjective

relating to agnostics or agnosticism.

• (in a nonreligious context) having a doubtful or noncommittal attitude toward something:
until now I've been fairly agnostic about electoral reform.
noun

as far as I know, Stevens was an atheist, or at least an agnostic:
skeptic, doubter, doubting Thomas, cynic;
unbeliever, nonbeliever, rationalist; rare nullifidian.
ANTONYMS believer, theist.

* * * *

assumption | əˈsəm(p)SH(ə)n |
noun

1 a thing that is accepted as true or as certain to happen, without proof:
they made certain assumptions about the market |
[with clause] : we're working on the assumption that the time of death was after midnight.

2 the action of taking or beginning to take power or responsibility:
the assumption of an active role in regional settlements.

3 (Assumption) the reception of the Virgin Mary bodily into heaven.
This was formally declared a doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church in 1950.
See also Dormition.

• the feast in honor of this, celebrated on August 15.

4 archaic arrogance or presumption.

1 an informed assumption: supposition, presumption, belief, expectation, conjecture, speculation,
surmise, guess, premise, hypothesis; conclusion, deduction, inference;
rare illation, notion, impression.

2 the assumption of power by revolutionaries: seizure, arrogation, appropriation,
expropriation, commandeering, confiscation, hijacking, wresting.

3 the early assumption of community obligation:
acceptance, shouldering, tackling, undertaking.

* * * *

atheism | ˈāTHēˌizəm |
noun

disbelief or lack of belief in the existence of God or gods.

atheism was not freely discussed in his community:
nonbelief, disbelief, unbelief, irreligion, skepticism, doubt, agnosticism; nihilism.

* * * *

atheist | ˈāTHēəst |
noun

a person who disbelieves or lacks belief in the existence of God or gods:
he is a committed atheist.

why is it often assumed that a man of science is probably an atheist?
nonbeliever, disbeliever, unbeliever, skeptic, doubter, doubting Thomas, agnostic; nihilist.
ANTONYMS believer.

* * * *

awareness | əˈwernəs |
noun

knowledge or perception of a situation or fact:
we need to raise public awareness of the issue | there is a lack of awareness of the risks.

• concern about and well-informed interest in a particular situation or development:
a growing environmental awareness | his political awareness developed.

the level of public awareness is questionable:
consciousness, recognition, realization; understanding, grasp, appreciation, knowledge, insight;
familiarity; informal light-bulb moment; formal cognizance.

* * * *

belief | bəˈlēf |
noun

1 an acceptance that a statement is true or that something exists:
his belief in the value of hard work | a belief that solitude nourishes creativity.

• something one accepts as true or real; a firmly held opinion or conviction:
we're prepared to fight for our beliefs |
contrary to popular belief, Aramaic is a living language.

• a religious conviction: Christian beliefs |
I'm afraid to say belief has gone | local beliefs and customs.

2 (belief in) trust, faith, or confidence in someone or something:

a belief in democratic politics | I've still got belief in myself.

1 it's my belief that age is irrelevant: opinion, view, conviction, judgment, thinking, way of thinking, idea, impression, theory, conclusion, notion.

2 belief in the value of hard work: faith, trust, reliance, confidence, credence.
ANTONYMS disbelief, doubt.

3 traditional beliefs: ideology, principle, ethic, tenet, canon; doctrine, teaching, dogma, article of faith, creed, credo.

* * * *

believer | bəˈlēvər |
noun

1 a person who believes that a specified thing is effective, proper, or desirable:
a firm believer that party politics has no place in local government | a believer in ghosts.

2 an adherent of a particular religion; someone with religious faith.

a cause with few believers:
devotee, adherent, disciple, follower, supporter.
ANTONYMS infidel, skeptic.

* * * *

cancer |ˈkansər|
noun

the disease caused by an uncontrolled division of abnormal cells in a part of the body:
he's got cancer | smoking is the major cause of lung cancer.

• a malignant growth or tumor resulting from the division of abnormal cells:
most skin cancers are curable.

• a practice or phenomenon perceived to be evil or destructive and hard to contain or eradicate:
racism is a cancer sweeping across Europe.

* * * *

caste | kast |
noun

each of the hereditary classes of Hindu society,
distinguished by relative degrees of ritual purity or pollution and of social status:
members of the lower castes | a man of high caste.

• the system of dividing society into hereditary classes.

• any class or group of people who inherit exclusive privileges or are perceived as socially distinct:
those educated in private schools belong to a privileged caste.

• Entomology (in some social insects) a physically distinct individual with a particular function in the society.

There are four basic classes, or varnas, in Hindu society:
Brahman (priest), Kshatriya (warrior), Vaishya (merchant or farmer), and Shudra (laborer).

she could not marry outside her caste:
class, social class, social order, rank, level, stratum, echelon, status; dated estate, station.

* * * *

common sense | ˌkämən ˈsens |
noun

good sense and sound judgment in practical matters:
[as modifier] : a common-sense approach | use your common sense.
I had the common sense to phone an ambulance instead of yelling at him to get up:
good sense, sense, native wit, sensibleness, judgment, levelheadedness, prudence, discernment, canniness, astuteness, shrewdness, wisdom, insight, perception, perspicacity;
practicality, capability, resourcefulness, enterprise;
informal horse sense, gumption, savvy, smarts, street smarts.
ANTONYMS folly.

* * * *

conscience | ˈkän(t)SHəns |
noun

an inner feeling or voice viewed as acting as a guide to the rightness or wrongness of one's behavior:
he had a guilty conscience about his desires | Ben was suffering a pang of conscience.

her conscience would not allow her to remain silent:
sense of right and wrong, moral sense, inner voice;
morals, standards, values, principles, ethics, beliefs;
compunction, scruples, qualms.

* * * *

consciousness | ˈkän(t)SHəsnəs |
noun

the state of being awake and aware of one's surroundings:
she failed to regain consciousness and died two days later.

• the awareness or perception of something by a person:
her acute consciousness of Mike's presence.

• the fact of awareness by the mind of itself and the world:
consciousness emerges from the operations of the brain.

1 she failed to regain consciousness:
awareness, wakefulness, alertness, responsiveness, sentience.
ANTONYMS unconsciousness.

2 her acute consciousness of Luke's presence:
awareness of, knowledge of the existence of, alertness to, sensitivity to, realization of, cognizance of, mindfulness of, perception of, apprehension of, recognition of.

* * * *

contemplation | ˌkän(t)əmˈplāSH(ə)n |
noun

the action of looking thoughtfully at something for a long time:
the road is too busy for leisurely contemplation of the scenery.

• deep reflective thought: he would retire to his room for study or contemplation.

• the state of being thought about or planned.

• religious meditation.

• (in Christian spirituality) a form of prayer or meditation
in which a person seeks to pass beyond mental images and concepts
to a direct experience of the divine.

1 the contemplation of beautiful objects:
viewing, examination, inspection, observation, survey, study, scrutiny.

2 the monks sat in quiet contemplation:
thought, reflection, meditation, consideration, rumination, deliberation, reverie, introspection, brown study; formal cogitation, cerebration.

* * * *

cult | kəlt |
noun

a system of religious veneration and devotion directed toward a particular figure or object:
the cult of St. Olaf.

• a relatively small group of people having religious beliefs or practices
regarded by others as strange or sinister: a network of Satan-worshiping cults.

• a misplaced or excessive admiration for a particular person or thing:
a cult of personality surrounding the leaders.

• [usually as modifier] a person or thing that is popular or fashionable,
especially among a particular section of society: a cult film.

1 a religious cult: sect, denomination, group, movement,

church, persuasion, body, faction.

2 the cult of eternal youth in Hollywood:
obsession with, fixation on, mania for, passion for, idolization of,
devotion to, worship of, veneration of.

* * * *

cynicism | ˈsinəˌsizəm |
noun

1 an inclination to believe that people are motivated purely by self-interest;
skepticism: public cynicism about politics.

• an inclination to question whether something will happen or whether it is worthwhile;
pessimism: cynicism about the future.

2 (Cynicism) a school of ancient Greek philosophers, the Cynics.

theirs was a childhood of absent parents and broken promises, so cynicism was hardly a surprise:
skepticism, doubt, distrust, mistrust, suspicion, disbelief; pessimism,
negativity, world-weariness, disenchantment.
ANTONYMS idealism.

* * * *

deism | ˈdēˌizəm, ˈdāˌizəm |
noun

belief in the existence of a supreme being,
specifically of a creator who does not intervene in the universe.
The term is used chiefly of an intellectual movement of the 17th and 18th centuries
that accepted the existence of a creator on the basis of reason
but rejected belief in a supernatural deity who interacts with humankind.
Compare with theism.

* * * *

deity | ˈdēədē, ˈdāədē |
noun
(plural deities)

a god or goddess (in a polytheistic religion): a deity of ancient Greece.

• divine status, quality, or nature: a ruler driven by delusions of deity.

• (usually the Deity) the creator and supreme being (in a monotheistic religion such as Christianity).

• a representation of a god or goddess, such as a statue or carving.

the deities of ancient Greece:
god, goddess, divine being, supreme being, divinity, immortal;

creator, demiurge; godhead.

* * * *

delusion | dəˈlo͞oZHən |
noun

an idiosyncratic belief or impression that is firmly maintained
despite being contradicted by what is generally accepted as reality or rational argument,
typically a symptom of mental disorder: the delusion of being watched.

• the action of deluding or the state of being deluded:
what a capacity television has for delusion.

was her belief in his fidelity just a delusion?
misapprehension, misconception, misunderstanding, mistake, error,
misinterpretation, misconstruction, misbelief; fallacy, illusion, fantasy.

* * * *

dogma | ˈdôgmə |
noun

a principle or set of principles laid down by an authority as incontrovertibly true:
the rejection of political dogma | the Christian dogma of the Trinity.

a dogma of the Sikh religion:
teaching, belief, tenet, principle, precept, maxim, article of faith,
canon; creed, credo, set of beliefs, doctrine, ideology.

* * * *

doubt | dout |
noun

a feeling of uncertainty or lack of conviction:
some doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of this account |
they had doubts that they would ever win.

verb

1 [with object] feel uncertain about: I doubt my ability to do the job.

• question the truth or fact of (something): who can doubt the value of these services? |
[with clause] : I doubt if anyone slept that night.

• disbelieve (a person or their word): I have no reason to doubt him.

• [no object] feel uncertain, especially about one's religious beliefs.

2 [with clause] archaic fear; be afraid: I doubt not your contradictions. [SEP]

noun

1 there was some doubt as to the caller's identity:
uncertainty, unsureness, indecision, hesitation, dubiousness, suspicion, confusion;
queries, questions; formal dubiety.
ANTONYMS certainty.

2 a weak leader racked by doubt:
indecision, hesitation, uncertainty, insecurity, unease, uneasiness, apprehension;
hesitancy, vacillation, irresolution.
ANTONYMS confidence, conviction.

3 there is doubt about their motives:
skepticism, distrust, mistrust, doubtfulness, suspicion, cynicism,
uneasiness, apprehension, wariness, chariness, leeriness;
reservations, misgivings, suspicions; formal dubiety.
ANTONYMS trust.

verb

1 they doubted my story:
disbelieve, distrust, mistrust, suspect, have doubts about, be suspicious of,
have misgivings about, have qualms about, feel uneasy about,
feel apprehensive about, query, question, challenge.
ANTONYMS trust.

2 I doubt whether he will come:
think something unlikely, have (one's) doubts about, question, query, be dubious.
ANTONYMS be confident.

3 stop doubting and believe!
be undecided, have doubts, be irresolute, be ambivalent, be doubtful, be unsure,
be uncertain, be of two minds, hesitate, shilly-shally, waver, vacillate.
ANTONYMS believe.

* * * *

duality | d(y)o͞oˈalədē |
noun
(plural dualities)

1 the quality or condition of being dual:
the novel's deep duality about human motive.

• Mathematics the property of two theorems, expressions, etc.,
of being dual to each other.

• Physics the quantum-mechanical property
of being regardable as both a wave and a particle.

2 an instance of opposition or contrast
between two concepts or two aspects of something;

a dualism:
the photographs capitalize on the dualities of light and dark, stillness and movement.

there was a duality in her feelings towards Johnny:
doubleness, dualism, duplexity, ambivalence;
dichotomy, polarity, separation, opposition, difference.

* * * *

ego | ˈēgō |
noun
(plural egos)

a person's sense of self-esteem or self-importance: a boost to my ego.

• Psychoanalysis the part of the mind that mediates between the conscious and the unconscious and is responsible for reality testing and a sense of personal identity.
Compare with id and superego.

• Philosophy (in metaphysics) a conscious thinking subject.

the defeat was a bruise to his ego:
self-esteem, self-importance, self-worth, self-respect, self-image, self-confidence.

* * * *

egocentric | ˌēgōˈsentrik |
adjective

thinking only of oneself, without regard for the feelings or desires of others;
self-centered: their egocentric tendency to think of themselves as invulnerable.

• centered in or arising from a person's own existence or perspective:
egocentric spatial perception.

Ivy has finally outgrown her egocentric friends:
self-centered, egomaniacal, egoistic, egotistic, self-interested, selfish,
self-seeking, self-absorbed, narcissistic, vain, self-important.
ANTONYMS altruistic.

* * * *

excellence | ˈeks(ə)ləns |
noun

the quality of being outstanding or extremely good:
a center of academic excellence | the award for excellence in engineering.

• archaic an outstanding feature or quality.

a center of medical excellence:
distinction, quality, superiority, brilliance, greatness, merit, caliber, eminence, preeminence, supremacy;
skill, talent, virtuosity, accomplishment, mastery.

Areté (Greek: ἀρετή), in its basic sense, means "excellence of any kind".
The term may also mean "moral virtue".
In its earliest appearance in Greek, this notion of excellence
was ultimately bound up with the notion of the fulfillment of purpose or function:
the act of living up to one's full potential.

Robert M. Pirsig, On the Nature of Areté,
Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:

The hero of the Odyssey is a great fighter, a wily schemer,
a ready speaker, a man of stout heart and broad wisdom
who knows that he must endure without too much complaining what the gods send;
and he can both build and sail a boat, drive a furrow as straight as anyone,
beat a young braggart at throwing the discus,
challenge the Pheacian youth at boxing, wrestling, or running;
flay, skin, cut up and cook an ox, and be moved to tears by a song.
He is in fact an excellent all-rounder; he has surpassing areté.
Areté implies a respect for the wholeness or oneness of life, and a consequent dislike of specialization.
It implies a contempt for efficiency … or rather a much higher idea of efficiency,
an efficiency which exists not in one department of life but in life itself.

* * * *

fallacy | ˈfaləsē |
noun
(plural fallacies)

a mistaken belief, especially one based on unsound argument:
the notion that the camera never lies is a fallacy.

• Logic a failure in reasoning which renders an argument invalid.

• faulty reasoning; misleading or unsound argument:
the potential for fallacy which lies behind the notion of self-esteem.

the fallacy that the sun moves round the earth:
misconception, misbelief, delusion, mistaken impression, error, misapprehension,
misinterpretation, misconstruction, mistake; untruth, inconsistency, myth.

* * * *

freedom | ˈfrēdəm |
noun

the power or right to act, speak, or think as one wants without hindrance or restraint:
we do have some freedom of choice | he talks of revoking some of the freedoms.

• absence of subjection to foreign domination or despotic government:
he was a champion of Irish freedom.

• the state of not being imprisoned or enslaved:
the shark thrashed its way to freedom.

• the state of being physically unrestricted and able to move easily:
the shorts have a side split for freedom of movement.

• (freedom from) the state of not being subject to
or affected by (a particular undesirable thing):
government policies to achieve freedom from want.

• the power of self-determination attributed to the will;
the quality of being independent of fate or necessity.

• unrestricted use of something:
the dog is happy having the freedom of the house when we are out.

• archaic familiarity or openness in speech or behavior.

1 a desperate bid for freedom:
liberty, liberation, release, deliverance, delivery, discharge;
literary disenthrallment; historical manumission.
ANTONYMS captivity.

2 revolution was the only path to freedom:
independence, self-government, self-determination, self-rule, home rule,
sovereignty, nonalignment, autonomy; democracy.
ANTONYMS dependence.

3 freedom from local political accountability:
exemption, immunity, dispensation; impunity.
ANTONYMS liability.

4 freedom to choose your course of treatment:
right, entitlement, privilege, prerogative;
scope, latitude, leeway, flexibility, space, breathing space, room, elbow room;
license, leave, free rein, a free hand, carte blanche, a blank check.
ANTONYMS restriction.

* * * *

gestalt | gəˈSHtält | (also Gestalt)
noun

(plural gestalten | -ˈSHtältn, -ˈSHtôltn | or gestalts)
Psychology

an organized whole that is perceived as more than the sum of its parts.

* * * *

God | gäd |
noun

1 (in Christianity and other monotheistic religions)
the creator and ruler of the universe and source of all moral authority;
the supreme being.

2 (god) (in certain other religions) a superhuman being or spirit
worshiped as having power over nature or human fortunes;
a deity: a moon god | an incarnation of the god Vishnu.

• an image, idol, animal, or other object worshiped as divine or symbolizing a god.

• used as a conventional personification of fate:
he dialed the number and, the gods relenting, got through at once.

ORIGIN Old English, of Germanic origin;
related to Dutch god and German Gott.

* * * *

grace | grās |
noun

1 simple elegance or refinement of movement:
she moved through the water with effortless grace.

2 courteous goodwill:
at least he has the grace to admit his debt to her.

• (graces) an attractively polite manner of behaving:
she has all the social graces.

3 (in Christian belief) the free and unmerited favor of God,
as manifested in the salvation of sinners and the bestowal of blessings.

• a divinely given talent or blessing:
the graces of the Holy Spirit.

4 (also grace period) a period officially allowed for payment of a sum due
or for compliance with a law or condition,
especially an extended period granted as a special favor:
another three days' grace.

5 a short prayer of thanks said before or after a meal:
before dinner the Reverend Newman said grace.

6 (His, Her, or Your Grace) used as forms of description or address
for a duke, duchess, or archbishop: His Grace, the Duke of Atholl.

7 (the Graces or the Three Graces) (in Greek mythology)
three beautiful goddesses (Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne)
believed to personify and bestow charm, grace, and beauty.

verb [with object and adverbial]

do honor or credit to (someone or something) by one's presence:
she bowed out from the sport she has graced for two decades.

• (of a person or thing) be an attractive presence in or on; adorn:
Ms. Pasco has graced the front pages of magazines like Elle and Vogue.

1 she has the natural grace of a ballerina:
elegance, stylishness, poise, finesse, charm;
gracefulness, dexterity, adroitness; deftness, fluidity of movement, fluency, flow, suppleness,
smoothness, ease, effortlessness, naturalness, neatness, precision, agility, nimbleness, light-footedness;
informal poetry in motion; rare flowingness, lightsomeness.
ANTONYMS stiffness, inelegance

2 he at least had the grace to look sheepish:
courtesy, courteousness, politeness, manners, good manners,
mannerliness, civility, decorum, decency, propriety, breeding, respect, respectfulness;
consideration, thought, thoughtfulness, tact, tactfulness, diplomacy, etiquette;
humorous couth.
ANTONYMS effrontery

3 the artist's fall from grace:
favor, approval, approbation, acceptance, commendation, esteem,
regard, respect, preferment, liking, support, goodwill.
ANTONYMS disfavor

4 he was granted a house by grace of the king: favor, good
will, generosity, kindness, benefaction, beneficence, indulgence.

5 they have been given five days' grace to decide:
deferment, deferral, postponement, suspension, putting off/back, adjournment,
delay, shelving, rescheduling, interruption, arrest, pause;
respite, stay, moratorium, reprieve;
North American tabling;
North American Law continuation;
rare put-off.6 say grace: prayer of thanks, thanksgiving, blessing, benediction.

* * * *

group·think| ˈgro͞op ˌTHiNGk |
noun

the practice of thinking or making decisions as a group
in a way that discourages creativity or individual responsibility:
there's always a danger of groupthink when two leaders are so alike.

* * * *

gumption | ˈgəmpSH(ə)n |
noun

informal shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness:
she had the gumption to put her foot down and head Dan off from those crazy schemes.
informal we never thought Clarence would have the gumption to stand up to the committee –
and actually get what he wanted:
initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination;
astuteness, shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality;
spirit, backbone, pluck, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal;
informal get-up-and-go, spunk, oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, (street) smarts.

* * * *

heaven | ˈhevən |
noun

1 a place regarded in various religions as the abode of God (or the gods) and the angels,
and of the good after death, often traditionally depicted as being above the sky.

• God (or the gods):
Constantine was persuaded that disunity in the Church was displeasing to heaven.

• Theology a state of being eternally in the presence of God after death.

• used in various exclamations as a substitute for “God”:
heaven knows! | good heavens!

2 (often heavens) literary the sky, especially perceived as a vault
in which the sun, moon, stars, and planets are situated:
Galileo used a telescope to observe the heavens.

3 informal a place, state, or experience of supreme bliss:
lying by the pool with a good book is my idea of heaven.
1 the good will have a place in heaven: paradise, nirvana, Zion;
the hereafter, the next world, the next life, Elysium, the Elysian Fields, Valhalla;
literary the empyrean.
ANTONYMS hell, purgatory.

2 a good book is my idea of heaven:
bliss, ecstasy, rapture, contentment, happiness, delight, joy, seventh heaven;
paradise, Utopia, nirvana.
ANTONYMS misery.

3 (the heavens) he observed the heavens:
the sky, the skies, the upper atmosphere, the stratosphere, space;
literary the firmament, the vault of heaven, the blue, the (wild/wide) blue yonder, the welkin,
the empyrean, the azure, the upper regions, the sphere, the celestial sphere.

* * * *

hell | hel | noun

a place regarded in various religions as a spiritual realm of evil and suffering,
often traditionally depicted as a place of perpetual fire beneath the earth
where the wicked are punished after death:
irreligious children were assumed to have passed straight to the eternal fires of hell.

• a state or place of great suffering; an unbearable experience:
I've been through hell | he made her life hell.
exclamation used to express annoyance or surprise or for emphasis:
oh, hell – where will this all end? | hell, no, we were all married.

• (the hell) informal expressing anger, contempt, or disbelief:
who the hell are you? | the hell you are!

1 they feared they would be consumed by flames in hell:
the netherworld, the land/abode of the dead, the infernal regions, the Inferno,
the nether regions, the abyss;
the abode of the damned, eternal damnation, eternal punishment, perdition;
hellfire, fire and brimstone;
Bible Gehenna, Tophet, Abaddon;
Judaism Sheol;
Greek Mythology Hades, Tartarus, Acheron;
Roman Mythology Avernus;
Scandinavian Mythology Niflheim;
literary the pit, the shades; archaic the lower world.
ANTONYMS heaven

2 he made her life hell:
a misery, purgatory, hell on earth, torture, agony, a torment, a nightmare, an ordeal, a trauma;
suffering, affliction, anguish, wretchedness, woe, tribulation, trials and tribulations.
ANTONYMS paradise

* * * *

hope | həʊp |

noun [mass noun]

1 a feeling of expectation and desire for a particular thing to happen:
he looked through her belongings in the hope of coming across some information |
[count noun] : I had high hopes of making the Olympic team.

• [count noun] a person or thing that may help or save someone:
their only hope is surgery.

• grounds for believing that something good may happen:
he does see some hope for the future.

2 archaic a feeling of trust: our private friendship,
upon hope and affiance whereof, I presume to be your petitioner.

verb [no object]

want something to happen or be the case: he's hoping for an offer of compensation |
[with clause] : I hope that the kids are OK.

• [with infinitive] intend if possible to do something:
we're hoping to address all these issues.

* * * *

hypocrisy | həˈpäkrəsē |
noun
(plural hypocrisies)

the practice of claiming to have moral standards or beliefs
to which one's own behavior does not conform; pretense.

must politics be the perennial benchmark of hypocrisy?
dissimulation, false virtue, cant, posturing, affectation, speciousness, empty talk,
insincerity, falseness, deceit, dishonesty, mendacity, pretense, duplicity;
sanctimoniousness, sanctimony, pietism, piousness;
informal phoniness, fraud.
ANTONYMS sincerity.

* * * *

hypothesis | hīˈpäTHəsəs |
noun
(plural hypotheses | -ˌsēz | )

a supposition or proposed explanation made on the basis of limited evidence
as a starting point for further investigation:
professional astronomers attacked him for popularizing an unconfirmed hypothesis.

• Philosophy a proposition made as a basis for reasoning,
without any assumption of its truth.

ORIGIN late 16th century: via late Latin from Greek hupothesis ‘foundation’,
from hupo ‘under’ + thesis ‘placing’.

his “steady state” hypothesis of the origin of the universe:
theory, theorem, thesis, conjecture, supposition, postulation, postulate,
proposition, premise, assumption; notion, concept, idea, possibility.

* * * *

iconoclast | īˈkänəˌklast |
noun

1 a person who attacks cherished beliefs or institutions.

2 a destroyer of images used in religious worship.

• historical a supporter of the 8th- and 9th-century movement in the Byzantine Church
which sought to abolish the veneration of icons and other religious images.

• historical a Puritan of the 16th or 17th century.

in terms of the money culture in Washington,
she is iconoclast: critic, skeptic; heretic, unbeliever,
dissident, dissenter, infidel; rebel, renegade, mutineer.

* * * *

illusion | iˈlo͞oZHən |
noun

a thing that is or is likely to be wrongly perceived or interpreted by the senses:
the illusion makes parallel lines seem to diverge by placing them on a zigzag-striped background.

• a deceptive appearance or impression:
the illusion of family togetherness | the tension between illusion and reality.

• a false idea or belief: he had no illusions about the trouble she was in.

1 he had destroyed her illusions:
delusion, misapprehension, misconception, false impression;
fantasy, fancy, dream, chimera; fool's paradise, self-deception; false consciousness.

2 the lighting increases the illusion of depth:
appearance, impression, semblance; misperception, false appearance;
rare simulacrum.

3 it's just an illusion:
mirage, hallucination, apparition, figment of the imagination, trick of the light, trompe l'oeil;
deception, trick, smoke and mirrors.

4 Houdini's amazing illusions:
(magic) trick, conjuring trick; (illusions) magic, conjuring, sleight of hand, legerdemain.

* * * *

imaginary | iˈmajəˌnerē |
adjective

1 existing only in the imagination:
Chris had imaginary conversations with her.

2 Mathematics (of a number or quantity)
expressed in terms of the square root of a negative number
(usually the square root of −1, represented by i or j).
See also complex.
his imaginary friends:
unreal, nonexistent, fictional, fictitious, pretend,
make-believe, mythical, mythological, fabulous, fanciful, storybook, fantastic;
made-up, dreamed-up, invented, concocted, fancied;
illusory, illusive, a figment of one's imagination;
archaic visionary.
ANTONYMS real, actual.

* * * *

imagination | iˌmajəˈnāSH(ə)n |
noun

the faculty or action of forming new ideas, or images or concepts
of external objects not present to the senses:
she'd never been blessed with a vivid imagination.

• the ability of the mind to be creative or resourceful:
technology gives workers the chance to use their imagination.

• the part of the mind that imagines things:
a girl who existed only in my imagination.
1 a vivid imagination: creative power, fancy, vision; informal mind's eye.

2 you need imagination in dealing with these problems:
creativity, imaginativeness, creativeness;
vision, inspiration, inventiveness, invention, resourcefulness, ingenuity;
originality, innovation, innovativeness.

3 the album captured the public's imagination:
interest, fascination, attention, passion, curiosity.

* * * *

ineffable | inˈefəb(ə)l |
adjective

too great or extreme to be expressed or described in words:
the ineffable natural beauty of the Everglades.

• not to be uttered: the ineffable Hebrew name that gentiles write as Jehovah.

1 the ineffable, surging joy of the Beatles:
indescribable, inexpressible, beyond words, beyond description, begging description;
indefinable, unutterable, untold, unimaginable;
overwhelming, breathtaking, awesome, marvelous, wonderful, staggering, amazing.

2 the ineffable name of God:
unutterable, not to be uttered, not to be spoken, unmentionable, forbidden, taboo.

* * * *

in·fi·nite | ˈinfənət |

adjective

1 limitless or endless in space, extent, or size; impossible to measure or calculate:
the infinite mercy of God | the infinite number of stars in the universe.

• very great in amount or degree: he bathed the wound with infinite care.

• Mathematics greater than any assignable quantity or countable number.

• Mathematics (of a series) able to be continued indefinitely.

2 Grammar another term for nonfinite.

noun

(the infinite) a space or quantity that is infinite:
beyond the infinite, the space traveler is transformed.

• (the Infinite) God: intimations of the infinite.

1 the universe is spatially infinite:
boundless, unbounded, unlimited, limitless, without limit,
without end, never-ending, interminable, cosmic;
measureless, immeasurable, fathomless, unfathomed, bottomless;
extensive, vast.
ANTONYMS limited

2 an infinite number of small birds:
countless, uncountable, inestimable, indeterminable,
innumerable, numberless, immeasurable, incalculable, untold, very many;
great, vast, enormous, immense, prodigious, multitudinous;

rare innumerous, unnumberable.
ANTONYMS limited; small

3 she bathed the wound with infinite care:
very great, immense, supreme, absolute, total, real;
endless, unending, unlimited;
informal no end of.
ANTONYMS very little

* * * *

in·fin·i·tes·i·mal| ˌinfinəˈtes(ə)m(ə)l |

adjective

extremely small: an infinitesimal pause.

noun

Mathematics an indefinitely small quantity; a value approaching zero.

USAGE
Although this long word is commonly assumed to refer to large numbers,
infinitesimal describes only very small size.
While there may be an infinite number of grains of sand on the beach,
a single grain may be said to be infinitesimal.

a tiny fish with infinitesimal white scales:
minute, tiny, minuscule, extremely small, very small;
microscopic, nanoscopic, barely perceptible, imperceptible, inappreciable,
indiscernible, invisible to the naked eye; Scottish wee; informal teeny,
teeny-weeny, teensy-weensy, eensy-weensy, itsy-bitsy, itty-bitty;
British informal titchy, tiddly;
North American informal little-bitty.
ANTONYMS huge

* * * *

insight | ˈinˌsīt |
noun

the capacity to gain an accurate and deep intuitive understanding of a person or thing:
this paper is alive with sympathetic insight into Shakespeare.

• a deep understanding of a person or thing:
the signals would give marine biologists new insights into the behavior of whales.

• Psychiatry new understanding by a mentally ill person of the causes of their disorder.

1 your insight has been invaluable:

intuition, discernment, perception, awareness, understanding, comprehension, apprehension, appreciation, penetration, acumen, perspicacity, judgment, acuity; vision, wisdom, prescience; informal savvy.

2 an insight into the government: understanding of, appreciation of, revelation about; introduction to; informal eye-opener about.

* * * *

intuition | ˌint(y)o͞oˈiSH(ə)n |
noun

the ability to understand something immediately, without the need for conscious reasoning: we shall allow our intuition to guide us.

- a thing that one knows or considers likely from instinctive feeling rather than conscious reasoning: your insights and intuitions as a native speaker are positively sought.

1 he works according to intuition: instinct, intuitiveness; sixth sense, clairvoyance, second sight.

2 this confirms an intuition I had: hunch, feeling (in one's bones), inkling, (sneaking) suspicion, idea, sense, notion; premonition, presentiment; informal gut feeling, gut instinct.

* * * *

political correctness | pəˈlidəkəl kəˈrek(t)nəs |
(also political correctitude)
noun

the avoidance, often considered as taken to extremes, of forms of expression or action that are perceived to exclude, marginalize, or insult groups of people who are socially disadvantaged or discriminated against.

* * * *

Jesus | ˈjēzəs | (also Jesus Christ or Jesus of Nazareth)

the central figure of the Christian religion.

Jesus conducted a mission of preaching and healing (with reported miracles) in Palestine in about ad 28–30, which is described in the Gospels. His followers considered him to be the Christ or Messiah and the Son of God, and belief in his resurrection from the dead is the central tenet of Christianity.

ORIGIN from Christian Latin Iesus, from Greek Iēsous, from a late Hebrew or Aramaicanalogous formation based on Yĕhōšûă‘ ‘Joshua’.

* * * *

knowledge | ˈnäləj |

noun

1 facts, information, and skills acquired by a person through experience or education;
the theoretical or practical understanding of a subject: a thirst for knowledge |
her considerable knowledge of antiques.

• what is known in a particular field or in total;
facts and information: the transmission of knowledge.

• Philosophy true, justified belief; certain understanding, as opposed to opinion.

2 awareness or familiarity gained by experience of a fact or situation:
the program had been developed without his knowledge |
he denied all knowledge of the overnight incidents.

1 his knowledge of history | technical knowledge:
understanding, comprehension, grasp, command, mastery;
expertise, skill, proficiency, expertness, accomplishment, adeptness, capacity, capability;
informal know-how.
ANTONYMS ignorance.

2 people anxious to display their knowledge:
learning, erudition, education, scholarship, schooling, wisdom.
ANTONYMS ignorance, illiteracy.

3 he slipped away without my knowledge:
awareness, consciousness, realization, cognition, apprehension, perception, appreciation;
formal cognizance.
ANTONYMS unawareness.

4 an intimate knowledge of the countryside:
familiarity with, acquaintance with, intimacy with.

5 inform the police of your knowledge:
information, facts, intelligence, news, reports, hot tip;
informal info, (the) lowdown.

* * * *

language | ˈlaNGgwij |
noun

1 the method of human communication, either spoken or written,
consisting of the use of words in a structured and conventional way:
a study of the way children learn language | [as modifier] : language development.

• any nonverbal method of expression or communication:
a language of gesture and facial expression.

2 the system of communication used by a particular community or country:
the book was translated into twenty-five languages.

• Computing a system of symbols and rules for writing programs or algorithms:
a new programming language.

3 the manner or style of a piece of writing or speech:
he explained the procedure in simple, everyday language.

• the phraseology and vocabulary of a certain profession, domain, or group of people: legal language.

• (usually as bad/strong language) coarse, crude, or offensive language: strong language.

1 the structure of language:
speech, writing, communication, conversation, speaking, talking, talk, discourse;
words, vocabulary.

2 the English language:
tongue, mother tongue, native tongue;
dialect, patois, slang, idiom, jargon, argot, cant;
informal lingo.

3 the booklet is written in simple, everyday language:
wording, phrasing, phraseology, style, vocabulary, terminology, expressions, turns of phrase,
parlance, form/mode of expression, usages, locutions, choice of words, idiolect;
informal lingo.

* * * *

lyrical | ˈlirik(ə)l |
adjective

1 (of literature, art, or music) expressing the writer's emotions
in an imaginative and beautiful way:
the poet's combination of lyrical and descriptive power.

• (of poetry or a poet) lyric: Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

2 relating to the words of a popular song: the lyrical content of his songs.

1 lyrical love poetry: expressive, emotional, deeply felt, personal, subjective, passionate, lyric.

2 she was lyrical about her success:
enthusiastic, rhapsodic, effusive, rapturous, ecstatic, euphoric, carried away.
ANTONYMS unenthusiastic.

* * * *

materialism | məˈtirēəˌlizəm |
noun

1 a tendency to consider material possessions and physical comfort
as more important than spiritual values.

2 Philosophy the doctrine that nothing exists except matter
and its movements and modifications.

• the doctrine that consciousness and will are wholly due to material agency.
See also dialectical materialism.

* * * *

monotheism | ˈmänōˌTHēizəm |
noun

the doctrine or belief that there is only one God.

* * * *

megalomania | ˌmegələˈmānēə |
noun

obsession with the exercise of power, especially in the domination of others.

• delusion about one's own power or importance
(typically as a symptom of manic or paranoid disorder).

* * * *

metaphysical | ˌmedəˈfizək(ə)l |
adjective

1 relating to metaphysics: the essentially metaphysical question of the nature of the mind.

• based on abstract (typically, excessively abstract) reasoning:
an empiricist rather than a metaphysical view of law.

• transcending physical matter or the laws of nature:
Good and Evil are inextricably linked in a metaphysical battle across space and time.

2 of or characteristic of the metaphysical poets.
1 metaphysical questions: abstract, theoretical, conceptual,
notional, philosophical, speculative, intellectual, academic.
2 Good and Evil are inextricably linked in a metaphysical battle:
transcendental, spiritual, supernatural, paranormal.

* * * *

moral | ˈmôrəl |
adjective

1 concerned with the principles of right and wrong behavior

and the goodness or badness of human character:
the moral dimensions of medical intervention | a moral judgment.

• concerned with or derived from the code of interpersonal behavior
that is considered right or acceptable in a particular society:
an individual's ambitions may get out of step with the general moral code |
the moral obligation of society to do something about the inner city's problems.

• [attributive] examining the nature of ethics
and the foundations of good and bad character and conduct:
moral philosophers.

2 holding or manifesting high principles for proper conduct:
he prides himself on being a highly moral and ethical person.

noun

1 a lesson, especially one concerning what is right or prudent,
that can be derived from a story, a piece of information, or an experience:
the moral of this story was that one must see the beauty in what one has.

2 (morals) a person's standards of behavior or beliefs concerning
what is and is not acceptable for them to do: the corruption of public morals |
they believe addicts have no morals and cannot be trusted.

adjective

1 moral issues: ethical, social, having to do with right and wrong.

2 a moral man: virtuous, good, righteous, upright,
upstanding, high-minded, principled, honorable, honest, just,
noble, incorruptible, scrupulous, respectable, decent, clean-living, law-abiding.
ANTONYMS dishonorable.

3 moral support: psychological, emotional, mental.

noun

1 the moral of the story: lesson, message,
meaning, significance, signification, import, point, teaching.

2 he has no morals: moral code, code of ethics,
(moral) values, principles, standards, (sense of) morality, scruples.

* * * *

nihilism | ˈnīəˌlizəm, ˈnēəˌlizəm |
noun

the rejection of all religious and moral principles,
in the belief that life is meaningless.

• Philosophy extreme skepticism maintaining that nothing in the world has a real existence.

• historical the doctrine of an extreme Russian revolutionary party c. 1900
which found nothing to approve of in the established social order.
she could not accept Bacon's nihilism, his insistence that man is a futile being:
skepticism, negativity, cynicism, pessimism; disbelief, unbelief, agnosticism, atheism.

* * * *

nirvana | nərˈvänə, nirˈvänə |
noun

(in Buddhism) a transcendent state in which there is neither suffering, desire, nor sense of self,
and the subject is released from the effects of karma and the cycle of death and rebirth.
It represents the final goal of Buddhism.

• another term for moksha.

• a state of perfect happiness; an ideal or idyllic place:
Hollywood's dearest dream of small-town nirvana.

there are no shortcuts to nirvana:

paradise, heaven; bliss, ecstasy, joy, peace, serenity, tranquility; enlightenment.
ANTONYMS hell.

* * * *

op·ti·mism| ˈäptəˌmizəm |
noun

1 hopefulness and confidence about the future or the successful outcome of something:
the talks had been amicable and there were grounds for optimism.

2 Philosophy the doctrine, especially as set forth by Leibniz,
that this world is the best of all possible worlds.

• the belief that good must ultimately prevail over evil in the universe.

such statements reflect the growing optimism among members of the profession:
hopefulness, hope, confidence, buoyancy, cheer, good cheer,
cheerfulness, sanguineness, positiveness, positive attitude.
ANTONYMS pessimism

* * * *

panpsychism | panˈsīˌkizəm |
noun

the doctrine or belief that everything material, however small,
has an element of individual consciousness.

* * * *

paradox | ˈperəˌdäks |
noun

a seemingly absurd or self-contradictory statement or proposition
that when investigated or explained may prove to be well founded or true:
in a paradox, he has discovered that stepping back from his job
has increased the rewards he gleans from it.

• a statement or proposition that,
despite sound (or apparently sound) reasoning from acceptable premises,
leads to a conclusion that seems senseless, logically unacceptable, or self-contradictory:
a potentially serious conflict between quantum mechanics and the general theory of relativity
known as the information paradox.

• a situation, person, or thing that combines contradictory features or qualities:
the mingling of deciduous trees with elements of desert flora
forms a fascinating ecological paradox. SEP
the paradox of war is that you have to kill people in order to stop people from killing each other:
contradiction, contradiction in terms, self-contradiction, inconsistency, incongruity;
oxymoron; conflict, anomaly; enigma, puzzle, mystery, conundrum.

* * * *

perception | pərˈsepSH(ə)n |
noun

the ability to see, hear, or become aware of something through the senses:
the normal limits to human perception.

• the state of being or process of becoming aware of something through the senses:
the perception of pain.

• a way of regarding, understanding, or interpreting something; a mental impression:
Hollywood's perception of the tastes of the American public |
we need to challenge many popular perceptions of old age.

• intuitive understanding and insight:
“He wouldn't have accepted,” said my mother with unusual perception.

• Psychology & Zoology the neurophysiological processes, including memory,
by which an organism becomes aware of and interprets external stimuli.

1 our perception of our own limitations:
recognition, awareness, consciousness, appreciation, realization, knowledge, grasp,

understanding, comprehension, apprehension; formal cognizance.

2 popular perceptions of old
age: impression, idea, conception, notion, thought, belief, judgment, estimation.

3 he talks with great perception:
insight, perceptiveness, percipience, perspicacity, understanding, sharpness, sharp-wittedness,
intelligence, intuition, cleverness, incisiveness, trenchancy, astuteness,
shrewdness, acuteness, acuity, discernment, sensitivity,
penetration, thoughtfulness, profundity;
formal perspicuity.

* * * *

pes·si·mism| ˈpesəˌmizəm |
noun

‘a tendency to see the worst aspect of things or believe that the worst will happen;
a lack of hope or confidence in the future:
the dispute cast an air of deep pessimism over the future of the peace talks.

• Philosophy a belief that this world is as bad as it could be
or that evil will ultimately prevail over good.

formerly he had been prone to pessimism, full of gloomy predictions about the future:
defeatism, negative thinking, negativity, expecting the worst, doom and gloom, gloom, gloominess;
hopelessness, lack of hope, cynicism, fatalism, depression, despair, melancholy, despondency,
dejection, angst, distrust, doubt; German Weltschmerz; informal looking on the black side.

* * * *

philosophy |fəˈläsəfē|
noun
(pl. philosophies)

the study of the fundamental nature of knowledge, reality, and existence,
especially when considered as an academic discipline.
See also natural philosophy.

• a particular system of philosophical thought: Schopenhauer’s philosophy.

• the study of the theoretical basis of a particular branch of knowledge or experience:
the philosophy of science.

• a theory or attitude held by a person or organization
that acts as a guiding principle for behavior:
don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed, that's my philosophy.

* * * *

pride | prīd |

noun

1 a feeling or deep pleasure or satisfaction derived from one's own achievements,
the achievements of those with whom one is closely associated,
or from qualities or possessions that are widely admired:
the team was bursting with pride after recording a sensational victory |
a woman who takes great pride in her appearance.

• a person or thing that is the object or source of a feeling or deep pleasure or satisfaction:
the swimming pool is the pride of the community.

• literary the best state or condition of something; the prime:
in the pride ofyouth.

2 consciousness of one's own dignity:
he swallowed his pride and asked for help.

• the quality of having an excessively high opinion of oneself or one's importance:
the sin of pride.

3 a group of lions forming a social unit.

verb

(pride oneself on/upon) be especially proud of (a particular quality or skill):
she'd always prided herself on her ability to deal with a crisis.

1 their triumphs were a source of pride:
self-esteem, dignity, honor, self-respect, self-worth, self-regard, pride in oneself.
ANTONYMS shame.

2 take pride in a good job well done:
pleasure, joy, delight, gratification, fulfillment, satisfaction, a sense of achievement.

3 he refused her offer out of pride:
arrogance, vanity, self-importance, hubris, conceit, conceitedness, self-love, self-adulation,
self-admiration, narcissism, egotism, superciliousness, haughtiness, snobbery,
snobbishness; informal big-headedness; literary vainglory.
ANTONYMS modesty, humility.

4 the bull is the pride of the herd:
best, finest, top, cream, pick, choice, prize, glory, jewel in the crown.
ANTONYMS dregs.

5 the rose-covered trellis was the pride of the gardener:
source of satisfaction, pride and joy, treasured possession, joy, delight.

* * * *

prophet | ˈpräfət |
noun

1 a person regarded as an inspired teacher or proclaimer of the will of God:
the Old Testament prophet, Jeremiah.

• (the Prophet) (among Muslims) Muhammad.

• (the Prophet) (among Mormons) Joseph Smith or one of his successors.

• a person who advocates or speaks in a visionary way about a new belief, cause, or theory:
a prophet of radical individualism.

• a person who makes or claims to be able to make predictions:
the anti-technology prophets of doom.

2 (the Prophets) (in Christian use) the books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel,
and the twelve minor prophets.

• (in Jewish use) one of the three canonical divisions of the Hebrew Bible,
distinguished from the Law and the Hagiographa, and comprising the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, and the twelve minor prophets.

the queen was disturbed by the prophet's interpretation of her dreams:
seer, soothsayer, fortune teller, clairvoyant, diviner; oracle, augur, sibyl.

* * * *

reality | rēˈalədē |
noun
(plural realities)

1 the world or the state of things as they actually exist,
as opposed to an idealistic or notional idea of them:
he refuses to face reality | Laura was losing touch with reality.

• a thing that is actually experienced or seen, especially when this is grim or problematic:
the harsh realities of life in a farming community | the law ignores the reality of the situation.

• a thing that exists in fact, having previously only existed in one's mind:
the paperless office may yet become a reality.

• the quality of being lifelike or resembling an original:
the reality of Marryat's detail.

• [as modifier] relating to reality TV: a reality show.

2 the state or quality of having existence or substance: youth, when death has no reality.

• Philosophy existence that is absolute, self-sufficient, or objective,
and not subject to human decisions or conventions.

1 distinguishing fantasy from reality:
the real world, real life, actuality; truth; physical existence.
ANTONYMS fantasy.

2 the harsh realities of life: fact, actuality, truth.

3 the reality of Steinbeck's detail: verisimilitude, authenticity, realism, fidelity, faithfulness.
ANTONYMS idealism.

* * * *

religion | rəˈlijən |
noun

the belief in and worship of a superhuman controlling power,
especially a personal God or gods:
ideas about the relationship between science and religion.

• a particular system of faith and worship: the world's great religions.

• a pursuit or interest to which someone ascribes supreme importance:
consumerism is the new religion.

the freedom to practice their own religion:
faith, belief, worship, creed; sect, church, cult, denomination.

* * * *

religious | rəˈlijəs |
adjective

relating to or believing in a religion:
both men were deeply religious, intelligent, and moralistic | religious music.

• (of a belief or practice) forming part of someone's thought about or worship of a divine being:
he has strong religious convictions.

• belonging or relating to a monastic order or other group of people
who are united by their practice of religion:
religious houses were built on ancient pagan sites.

• treated or regarded with a devotion and scrupulousness appropriate to worship:
I have a religious aversion to reading manuals.
1 a religious person: devout, pious, reverent, godly,
God-fearing, churchgoing, faithful, devoted, committed.
ANTONYMS atheistic, irreverent.

2 religious beliefs: spiritual, theological, scriptural, doctrinal, ecclesiastical, church, faith-based, churchly, holy, divine, sacred.
ANTONYMS secular.

3 religious attention to detail: scrupulous, conscientious, meticulous, sedulous, punctilious, strict, rigorous, close.
ANTONYMS slapdash.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT WORD

religious, devout, pious

Religious basically means ‘relating to a religion’ (the patriotic and religious duty of any Jew) or ‘believing in a religion’ (the word is regarded by many religious people with considerable disapproval), and both senses are neither critical nor approving. Only in the second sense can religious be used after the verb to be, or be qualified by an adverb, to express the degree of someone's commitment (he wasn't a churchgoer, but very religious). Sometimes it is used in an extended sense to suggest that someone attaches particular importance to a secular object or pursuit; there may be a critical suggestion that such devotion is misplaced (he always had a religious obsession with fame).

Devout is used to indicate a deep and genuine religious commitment (he was a devout Quaker and would not allow a pub in the village), and is an approving word. It is also used to convey total or uncritical enthusiasm for or commitment to a secular object (a devout soccer fan).

Pious, too, can convey religious commitment (donations to the Church from pious laymen) but is now mainly used pejoratively to denote hypocritical religiosity (I know what's under that pious face of yours).

* * * *

sapient | ˈsāpēənt |

adjective

1 formal wise, or attempting to appear wise.

• (chiefly in science fiction) intelligent: sapient life forms.

2 relating to the human species (Homo sapiens): our sapient ancestors of 40,000 years ago.

noun

a human of the species Homo sapiens.

* * * *

sentient | ˈsen(t)SH(ē)ənt |
adjective

able to perceive or feel things:
she had been instructed from birth in the equality of all sentient life forms.

any sentient creature should have the good sense to avoid something so dangerous:
(capable of) feeling, living, live; conscious, aware, responsive, reactive.

* * * *

skepticism | ˈskeptəˌsizəm | (British scepticism)
noun
1 a skeptical attitude; doubt as to the truth of something:
these claims were treated with skepticism.

2 Philosophy the theory that certain knowledge is impossible.

1 his ideas were met with skepticism:
doubt, doubtfulness, a pinch of salt; disbelief, cynicism, distrust, mistrust,
suspicion, incredulity; pessimism, defeatism; formal dubiety.

2 he passed from skepticism to religious belief:
agnosticism, doubt; atheism, unbelief, nonbelief.

* * * *

soul | sōl |
noun

1 the spiritual or immaterial part of a human being or animal, regarded as immortal.
• a person's moral or emotional nature or sense of identity:
in the depths of her soul, she knew he would betray her.

2 emotional or intellectual energy or intensity,
especially as revealed in a work of art or an artistic performance:
their interpretation lacked soul.

• African-American culture or ethnic pride.

• short for soul music.

3 the essence or embodiment of a specified quality:
he was the soul of discretion | brevity is the soul of wit.

• an individual person: I'll never tell a soul.

• a person regarded with affection or pity: she's a nice old soul.

1 seeing the soul through the eyes:
spirit, psyche, (inner) self, inner being, life force, vital force;
individuality, makeup, subconscious, anima;

Philosophy pneuma; Hinduism atman.

2 he is the soul of discretion:
embodiment, personification, incarnation, epitome, quintessence, essence; model, exemplification, exemplar, image, manifestation.

3 not a soul in sight:
person, human being, individual, man, woman, mortal, creature.

4 their music lacked soul:
inspiration, feeling, emotion, passion, animation, intensity, fervor, ardor, enthusiasm, warmth, energy, vitality, spirit.

* * * *

speculation | ˌspekyəˈlāSH(ə)n |
noun

the forming of a theory or conjecture without firm evidence:
there has been widespread speculation that he plans to quit
| this is pure speculation on my part | these are only speculations.

his resignation fuelled speculation of an imminent cabinet reshuffle:
conjecture, theorizing, hypothesizing, supposition, guesswork; talk; theory, hypothesis, thesis, postulation, guess, surmise, opinion, notion; prediction, forecast; informal guesstimate.

* * * *

spiritual | ˈspiriCH(o͞o)əl |

adjective

1 relating to or affecting the human spirit or soul as opposed to material or physical things:
I'm responsible for his spiritual welfare | the spiritual values of life.

• (of a person) not concerned with material values or pursuits.

2 relating to religion or religious belief: the tribe's spiritual leader.

noun
(also Negro spiritual)

a religious song of a kind associated with black Christians of the southern US, and thought to derive from the combination of European hymns and African musical elements by black slaves.
1 your spiritual self: nonmaterial, incorporeal, intangible; inner, mental, psychological; transcendent, ethereal, otherworldly, mystic, mystical, metaphysical; rare extramundane.
ANTONYMS physical.

2 spiritual writings: religious, sacred, divine, holy,
nonsecular, church, ecclesiastical, faith-based, devotional.
ANTONYMS secular.

* * * *

superstition | ˌso͞opərˈstiSH(ə)n |
noun

excessively credulous belief in and reverence for supernatural beings:
he dismissed the ghost stories as mere superstition.

• a widely held but unjustified belief in supernatural causation
leading to certain consequences of an action or event, or a practice based on such a belief:
she touched her locket for luck, a superstition she had had since childhood.

1 the old superstitions held by sailors: myth, belief, old wives' tale; legend, story.

2 medicine was riddled with superstition:
unfounded belief, credulity, fallacy, delusion, illusion;
magic, sorcery; informal humbug, hooey.

* * * *

supposition | ˌsəpəˈziSH(ə)n |
noun

an uncertain belief: they were working on the supposition that his death was murder |
their outrage was based on supposition and hearsay.

her supposition is based on previous results:
belief, surmise, idea, notion, suspicion, conjecture, speculation, inference,
theory, hypothesis, postulation, guess, feeling, hunch, assumption, presumption.

* * * *

theism | ˈTHēˌizəm |
noun

belief in the existence of a god or gods,
especially belief in one god as creator of the universe,
intervening in it and sustaining a personal relation to his creatures.
Compare with deism.

* * * *

theory | ˈTHirē |
noun
(plural theories)

a supposition or a system of ideas intended to explain something,

especially one based on general principles independent of the thing to be explained:
Darwin's theory of evolution.

• a set of principles on which the practice of an activity is based:
a theory of education | music theory.

• an idea used to account for a situation or justify a course of action:
my theory would be that the place has been seriously mismanaged.

• Mathematics a collection of propositions to illustrate the principles of a subject.

1 I reckon that confirms my theory:
hypothesis, thesis, conjecture, supposition, speculation, postulation, postulate,
proposition, premise, surmise, assumption, presupposition;
opinion, view, belief, contention.

2 modern economic theory:
principles, ideas, concepts; philosophy, ideology, system of ideas, science.

* * * *

true believer
noun
(plural true believers)

Used other than with a figurative or idiomatic meaning:
see true, believer. : A strict follower of a doctrine.

One who believes dogmatically in something regardless of evidence
or even conclusive proof that the thing is false or was staged;
one who has true-believer syndrome.

* * * *

truth | tro͞oTH |
noun
(plural truths | tro͞oT͟Hz, tro͞oTHs | )

the quality or state of being true: he had to accept the truth of her accusation.

• (also the truth) that which is true or in accordance with fact or reality:
tell me the truth | she found out the truth about him.

• a fact or belief that is accepted as true: the emergence of scientific truths.

1 he doubted the truth of her statement:
veracity, truthfulness, verity, sincerity, candor, honesty;
accuracy, correctness, validity, factuality, authenticity.
ANTONYMS dishonesty, falseness.

2 it's the truth, I swear: what actually happened, the case, so;
the gospel (truth), the honest truth.
ANTONYMS lies.

3 truth is stranger than fiction: fact(s), reality, real life, actuality.
ANTONYMS fiction.

4 scientific truths: fact, verity, certainty, certitude; law, principle.
ANTONYMS lie, falsehood.

ORIGIN Old English trīewth, trēowth‘faithfulness, constancy’(see true, -th2).

* * * *

understanding | ʌndəˈstandɪŋ |

noun [mass noun]

the ability to understand something;
comprehension: foreign visitors with little understanding of English.

• the power of abstract thought;
intellect: a child of sufficient intelligence and understanding.

• an individual's perception or judgment of a situation:
my understanding was that he would try to find a new supplier.

• sympathetic awareness or tolerance:
a problem that needs to be handled with understanding.

• an informal or unspoken agreement or arrangement:
he and I have an understanding | he had only been allowed to come
on the understanding that he would be on his best behavior.

adjective

1 sympathetically aware of other people's feelings;
tolerant and forgiving: people expect their doctor to be understanding.

2 archaic having insight or good judgment.

noun

1 test your understanding of the language:
comprehension, apprehension, grasp, mastery, appreciation, assimilation, absorption;
knowledge, awareness, insight, skill, expertise, proficiency;
informal know-how; formal cognizance.
ANTONYMS ignorance.

2 it was my understanding that this was free:
belief, perception, view, conviction, feeling, opinion, intuition, impression, assumption, supposition, inference, interpretation.

3 she treated me with understanding:
compassion, sympathy, pity, feeling, concern, consideration, kindness, sensitivity, decency, humanity, charity, goodwill, mercy, tolerance.
ANTONYMS indifference.

4 we had a tacit understanding:
agreement, arrangement, deal, bargain, settlement, pledge, pact, compact, contract, covenant, bond, meeting of minds.

adjective

an understanding friend:
compassionate, sympathetic, sensitive, considerate, tender, kind, thoughtful, tolerant, patient, forbearing, lenient, merciful, forgiving, humane; approachable, supportive, perceptive.

verb

1 he couldn't understand anything we said:
comprehend, grasp, take in, see, apprehend, follow, make sense of, fathom; unravel, decipher, interpret;
informal figure out, work out, make head(s) or tail(s) of, get one's head around, get the drift of, catch on to, get;
British informal twig.

2 she understood how hard he'd worked:
appreciate, recognize, realize, acknowledge, know, be aware of, be conscious of;
informal be wise to; formal be cognizant of.

3 I understand that you wish to go:
believe, gather, take it, hear (tell), notice, see, learn; conclude, infer, assume, surmise, fancy.

exclamation I want out, understand? get it, get the picture, see, right, know what I mean, get my drift, capisce, comprende.

* * * *

wisdom |ˈwizdəm|
noun

the quality of having experience, knowledge, and good judgment;
the quality of being wise.

• the soundness of an action or decision with regard to the application of experience, knowledge, and good judgment: some questioned the wisdom of building the dam so close to an active volcano.

• the body of knowledge and principles that develops within a specified society or period: the traditional farming wisdom of India.

wisdom, understanding, knowledge, sense, insight, perception, astuteness, intelligence, acumen, prudence, sagacity, good judgment, penetration.

* * * *

word association | wərd əˌsōsēˈāSHən, əˌsōSHēˈāSHən |
noun

the spontaneous and unreflective production of other words in response to a given word, as a game, a prompt to creative thought or memory, or a technique in psychiatric evaluation.

**Titles, Titles & More Title**

Hope is What You Make It

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State of Perception

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The Garden of Dualistic Notion

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The Limits of Imagination

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A Discounted Dream

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Hints of Perception

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Instinct Slathered With Consciousness

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A Solitary Dream

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The Cradle of Insanity

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An Imagined Rendition

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Absurdity Usurped By Madness

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A Collection of Perceptions

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Prior to Absurdity

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The Collusion Delusion Illusion

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The Harbor of Delusion

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The Absurdity of Humankind

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The Absurdity of Consciousness

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The Absurdity of Measurement

* * * *

The Absurdity of Everything

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The Spectrum of Insanity

* * * *

The Spectrum of Absurdity

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Imaginations's Rainbow

* * * *

The Grand Delusion

* * * *

The Dreams of Stardust

* * * *

The Given Dream

* * * *

It Is But a Darwinian Dream

* * * *

It is But a Dream of Natural Selection

* * * *

All That Imaginary Weight, Gone

* * * *

The Imagination Imagining You

* * * *

Just Another Pretender

* * * *

Witness to a Quantum Dream

* * * *

Free Will, A Dubious Notion

* * * *

A Collusion of Consciousness

* * * *

Dreams Passing in the Night

* * * *

The Schizophrenia of Consciousness

* * * *

Prone to Delusion

* * * *

Engaged in a Dream

* * * *

The Demons Born of Imagination

* * * *

A Collusion of Delusion

* * * *

A Dream of Awareness

* * * *

Imagination, The Dreambaker

* * * *

No Imagination, No Universe

* * * *

The Absurdity and the Horror

* * * *

Imagine That

* * * *

The Universe That Imagination Built

* * * *

Imagination, Usurper

* * * *

The Conscious Way

* * * *

Imagination's Device

* * * *

Imagination's Shit Storm

* * * *

Die, Non-Believers! Die!

* * * *

Die, Believers! Die!

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Sophisticated Absurdity

* * * *

The Dream As It Is

* * * *

A Streamin' Dreamin'

* * * *

Delusional Contortion

* * * *

The Mystery of Consciousness

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Pretenders All

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And Still They Believe

* * * *

Got Illusion?

* * * *

Got Delusion?

* * * *

Absurdity Rules

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Abolish Absurdity Today

* * * *

Prior to Consciousness

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Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum

* * * *

Yet Another True Believer

* * * *

Why Believe Anything?

* * * *

The Insanity of Existence

* * * *

The Absurdity of Existence

* * * *

The Great Hope

* * * *

And What Have You Done With Your Dream?

* * * *

The Motley Winds of Consciousness

* * * *

Imagined Self Is Not True Self

* * * *

Dreamscape

* * * *

The Tyranny of Absurdity

* * * *

What a Dream I Had

* * * *

Shards of Imagination

* * * *

Imagination Rules Imaginary Kingdoms

* * * *

The Politics of a Dream

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Imaginary Friends

* * * *

More Imaginary Friends

* * * *

Even More Imaginary Friends

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Dreams of Glory

* * * *

More Dreams of Glory

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Even More Dreams of Glory

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Quantum Dreaming

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More Quantum Dreaming

* * * *

Even More Quantum Dreaming

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Breathless Absurdity

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More Breathless Absurdity

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Even More Breathless Absurdity

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Perceptions

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More Perceptions

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Even More Perceptions

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Absurdity and Horror

* * * *

More Absurdity and Horror

* * * *

Even More Absurdity and Horror

# Breadcrumbs 2019

**Leftovers**

Awareness is the indelible intelligence intrinsic to all life.
The quantum clay is but the means to the given nature-nurture context,
And evolution's natural selection the sculptor timelessly fashioning the space-time creation.

* * * *

To convince any critical thinker of anything, you must use reason,
Not assertion, not sentiment, not superstition, not hope,
Nor any other variety of gobbledygook.

* * * *

Why create some inexplicable imaginary deity
To explain an inexplicable imaginary mystery?
Let it tack its own course without the absurdity.

* * * *

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

* * * *

Identity is a finite creation of consciousness, of imagination.
In the ultimate, indivisibly, timelessly infinite reality, you are pure awareness.
The imaginary you materializes whenever the sensory-mind believes the manifest dream real,
Whenever it identifies with, whenever it attaches to, the finite body,
And its finite world, its finite cosmos.

* * * *

Consciousness is neither life nor death, existence nor oblivion.
An imaginary quantum dream-state make-believing time and space real and true,
Created by the evolutionary happenchance of the sensory mind-body,
Playing out the theater inspired by a collective collusion.
A genomic paradigm spun of mystery.

* * * *

Awareness can never be owned, nor can it be acted upon.
It is the ethereal ever-present, within which, without which,
All things quantum kaleidoscope, all times imagined play.

* * * *

All the deities on high, including Jesus,
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka,
Are as real as that stairway to heaven.

* * * *

So  many spending their existence trying so hard
To convince others their imaginary concoctions real.
What a delusional species we across the board are.

* * * *

Nationalism is tribalism too large to call it a tribe.
Conquest is home invasion to the beat of drums.
Religions are cults too large to call them cults.
One of the more peculiar things about humankind
Is its adeptness at deluding itself about almost anything.

* * * *

The Garden of Good and Evil
The Garden of Life and Death
The Garden of Black and White
The Garden of Sound and Silence
The Garden of Callous and Kind
The Garden of Full and Empty
The Garden of Hot and Cold
The Garden of Dualistic Notion

* * * *

Do not even for a second believe that you are the only one thinking something.
Do not even for a second doubt that you are the only one thinking something.

* * * *

To be a part of any group, you must believe, or pretend to believe,
In whatever it is the group does and does not subscribe.
You must drink the Kool-Aid, so to speak.

* * * *

Sweep away the cobwebs of space and time in the quantum mind.
Be the awareness you are, ever timeless, ever indelible, ever mysterious, within and without.
The indivisible source that is witness to this illusory manifest creation.
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

We are carrying out the definition, the actuality, of any cancer.
It is the innate potential of all biology when there are no checks and balances.
A delusional species that long ago began assuming itself more important than it can ever be.

* * * *

Fantasy is considered fiction. Reality is considered nonfiction.
Both are of consciousness, both are imaginary.
So, what difference, really?

* * * *

One of the greater mysteries of the human absurdity
Is how so many are able to morph rationality into abeyance.

* * * *

Meaningful or insignificant, interesting or boring, creative or destructive,
The quantum mind in time assigns whatever flavor its nature-nurture divines.

* * * *

Wishing you were a machine or computer is just never ever going to happen.
The meat-machine mind may be able to create them, but they can never become them.
Rationality, rapidity, efficiency, consistency, detachment, are but imaginary ideals
Not destined to materialize in this or any other paradigm of the two-legged sort.

* * * *

Awareness is the razor's edge of alleged existence.
Consciousness is merely imagination imagining itself alive,
But in truth is naught but a shadow harbored in a corporeal container
Pretending, make-believing, the sensory-inspired illusion of time and space real.
The human paradigm is nothing more than a collusion of a genetic line
Locked in a patterned dream born in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Consciousness is change, consciousness is known.
Awareness is serene, awareness is unknown.
Which is time-bound, which is timeless?
Which is insatiable, which is content?
Which is imaginary, which is real?
Which is fiction, which is true?

* * * *

What is the known but shavings gleaned by limited scope,
By consciousness born of the sensory-mind bound in time.

* * * *

What are the pronouns – I, me, you, he, she, they, them, we, us –
But linguistic inventions that sanction and magnify dualistic notion.

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but evolutionary currents of natural selection,
Come into being too many moons ago to even begin to fully fathom the mystery of it.
Vanity has absolutely nothing to do with the prior-to-consciousness process that got you here.
The body you inhabit is ultimately nothing more than a temporal vehicle
For the awareness you are to witness its mystery.

* * * *

From their creation so long ago, your vast tree of naturally-selected seed lines,
Passed on their genome who knows how many times, how many places, how many ways,

Until there you are, sitting in this timeless right-here-right-now, translating this,
Discerning the magical-mystery of existence as relatively few ever have.

* * * *

There is no resolution to the loneliness fashioned by consciousness,
But to immerse in the unadulterated aloneness of awareness,
That is the eternal source of its thought-created torment.
To seek respite in conscious schemes is but a transient salve.

* * * *

The infant, in its all but tabula rasa state,
Its immaculate innocence, its watchful awareness,
Has yet to learn to act the imaginary role that is its destiny.

* * * *

"Me" and "Myself" and "I" is nothing more
Than an imaginary confabulation of consciousness
Assuming, pretending, colluding, time and space are real.

* * * *

Everyone should get an Academy Award,
Or at least some sort of participant trophy,
For playing their imaginary persona so well.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any other's?
How can you be anything but keenly attentive to the indelible mystery you are?
How has imagination so usurped your awe that you are blind to your true nature?
How is it you accept fictions concocted by vain notion to illuminate the inexplicable?

* * * *

What can you be once you stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once you stop imagining the dream the senses every moment hypnotize you into believing is real.
Once you discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once you realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

* * * *

How can I see anything your way? How can you see anything my way?
Our frames of reference are entirely unique; we are all very much alone together.
At best we choose to imagine each other's worlds through intuitive extrapolation of our own.
No sure bet even with the most expansive of minds with the best of intentions.

* * * *

Are you this mind-body consciousness that is ever-changing,
Or the awareness that has always been very much the same?

* * * *

Once upon a time you were so naturally you,

And then you glimpsed your reflection in the pond,
And gradually succumbed to the delusion of vain notion.
How to get back to where you have been all along,
Is ever the challenge of the discerning mind.

* * * *

The Supreme Being is not some divinity-entity on some cloudy on-high.
It is the supreme, being; the totality, being; the absolute, being.
It is the quantum, being; it is the everything, being, it is the nothingness; being.
It is being on the supreme level, prior to and beyond all constraints born of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The immaculate awareness you truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind you occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment draw you out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment you do acquiesce, in every moment you do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

* * * *

The concept of family can be such a curious thing.
People you might otherwise never even give a second thought about,
You spend so much of your existence around, through every imaginable thick and thin.
Every imaginable passion, from heartfelt to heartache, from agape to odium.
Blood may be thicker than water, but it ain't that much thicker.

* * * *

Inhale, exhale, and with that exhale, let go the entire imaginary life.
Drift in the awareness you truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Awareness is all.
A moment ago is forever gone,
And the next more distant than the farthest star.
Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
Creation and creator are one in the same.

* * * *

No arguing with physics.
Mass and velocity and vectors are the judge and jury and executioner
Of this temporal quantum dream.

* * * *

Without the universe, there is no perception.
Without perception, there is no universe.

One is not without the other.

* * * *

Without imagination, there are no gods, no heavens, no hells.
Imagination is creator, imagination is creation; the source of all.

* * * *

So many memories, so many perceptions, so many insights, so many distractions,
As to often make it exceedingly challenging to give attention to the moment at hand.

* * * *

The sciences have obliquely pointed out over and over, many ways, many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations, weavers of the mind's theater.
How long before the transcendental reality becomes clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reasserts its rightful sovereignty
Over the conditioned usurper born of imaginary design.

* * * *

You may be more intellectual than someone else, or they may be more intellectual than you.
You may be more attractive than someone else, or they may be more attractive than you.
You may be more powerful than someone else, or they may be more powerful than you.
You may be more affluent than someone else, or they may be more affluent than you.
You may be more famous than someone else, or they may be more famous than you.
What does it matter, really, all the superficial differences, all the superficial judgments,
The human mind inexorably, with only rare respite, contrives in this absurd little dreamtime?

* * * *

Why feel blame or guilt or regret for being cast by the genetic lottery
Into a quantum dream for which you bear no responsibility?

* * * *

Whether or not you ever give it your attention, whether or not you ever awaken to its ultimate reality,
Awareness is ever the same omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, immutable absoluteness.
Unaligned to any attribute contrived by the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum dream.
You are a drop of that dream playing out a time-bound, illusory existence.
A finite witness, peering out for a fleeting while into an immeasurable mystery.

* * * *

That which is immortal, that which is without attributes, that which is unrestricted in any way.
Is the unmoving, immaculate awareness permeating all creation.
The eye that discerns all, knows all.

* * * *

Right here, right now.
The simplest, most real, most priceless place to be.
Only a modicum of imagination required.

* * * *

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never happen again.
All dreaming is a one-time parade, a one-time show.

* * * *

Gods and demons are all fashioned of imaginary conception,
And it is the mind's eye that must be unsullied if you are to be free.

* * * *

Your biggest delusional assumption likely continues to be
That you are anything more than an imaginary confabulation.

* * * *

Why feel bound to squabble with dead poets, much less live ones?
It is for each and every one what they perceive it is, and not, as well.

* * * *

Quantum mist.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum dream.

* * * *

It is the nature of our species to spend every day and every night, believing it is all about us.
Egocentric, ethnocentric, chronocentric, geocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric.
Exceptions only over-and-over, again-and-again prove the rule.

* * * *

Yet another pleasurable or painful or lackluster experience.
Yet another memory, another perception, another insight, another morsel,
Rolling in the ephemeral wake of an inexplicable quantum dream wrought by imagination.

* * * *

Everything is subject to interpretation, relatively little of it objective,
If such a thing is even possible in the consciousness born of mortal fare.

* * * *

All religion is absolute absurdity; there is no need to worship anything or anyone.
The universe is an unfathomable mystery, an inseparable quantum reverie, pure and simple.
We are all the same mystery, and the same mystery is all of us, equals in every way.
No need to make it any more or less than that; all else is but vain notion.

* * * *

Now is the only moment, in which the enigmatic awareness you think you exists.
There is no before, there is no after, there is no past, there is no future.
There is naught but the awareness, right here, right now,
An unknowable, timeless sentience, witness to a quantum dream.

* * * *

There is no such thing as history; there are only historians.
Storytellers who persuade you to imagine their stories real.

* * * *

You are the same now that is, has ever been, will ever be.
Despite all notions to the contrary, there is no time to it.

* * * *

Rushing, rushing, always rushing, as though you have the power to make eternity,
That mysterious presence that is neither time nor space, somehow move any faster,
Or slower, if you believe digging in your heels will have some effect that direction.

* * * *

Imagination can wander every possible agony and ecstasy, but it ain't ultimately real,
Never has been, never will be ... more than the fanciful glitter of the time-bound mind.

* * * *

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness that enables its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot because fallacy can never reign when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space can never capture even for a moment that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is not of times and space,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

* * * *

The Mariana Trench is 36,037 feet deep, Mount Everest is 29,029 feet tall, a total of 65066 feet.
A mile is 5,280 feet, so the distance from the deepest to the tallest points on earth is just over 12 miles.
The gap between the California municipalities of Turlock and Modesto is plus-or-minus 14 miles.
What would ever lead anyone to truly believe all the horrors the human species has inflicted
Would not have at least a teensy-weensy impact on the magical garden that birthed it?

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I in which awareness harbors
Is nothing more than a temporal concoction of imagination.
Even the ineffable, indivisible quantum matrix has no ultimate reality,
And to fantasize it does is to assuage the insatiable mind with deceptions unending.

* * * *

From long before human history’s earliest etchings,
The wealthy, the famous, the powerful, have deceived themselves and others
Into believing themselves superior to the masses without.
Smoke and mirrors from the get-go.

* * * *

What is the expert but someone fooling others
Into believing they truly know something

The bean-counting mind should know.

* * * *

Living for what others think of you can be a very long, very winding journey
Through an endless labyrinth of netherworlds born of imaginary notion.
The mind-body suffers, consciousness suffers, imagination suffers.
The eternal awareness you truly are – and are not – is ever untouched.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe any creed devised by the vanity of humankind
Would ever be anything more than a passing shadow of the reality that is.

* * * *

You are eternity pretending a limited, ofttimes narrow vision.
Hence vanity, and its indivisible, kaleidoscoping dance
Of every virtue, every depravity imaginable.

* * * *

This is it, this is all there is.
Despite all the hope, despite all the speculation, there ain't no more.
Try not to lose any sleep over it.

* * * *

Are you something trying to be nothing, or nothing trying to be something?
Whatever the happenstance may be in the mind born of imagination,
It is always witnessed by the awareness, right here, right now.

* * * *

What is ego, what is will, what is me-myself-and-I but a concoction of nature-nurture?
No more than imaginary attachment to a temporal mind-body born to die,
Oftentimes more painfully, more horribly, than any deserve.

* * * *

How long will you exist in this manifest dreamtime?
Five, ten, twenty, fifty, ninety years? Five, ten, twenty, fifty, ninety minutes?
The Reaper will greet all sooner or later; who can know when,
Lest you take the matter into your own hands.

* * * *

You imagine you were born.
You imagine you were a child.
You imagine you were a adolescent.
You imagine you spent life as an adult.
You imagine so many things along the way,
Including the mortal end yet to come.
Has any of it really been real?

* * * *

If you were truly free of all earthly constraints, would it ever even occur to you?
And is there any creature on this spinning dust ball that is not freer than you?

* * * *

All memory, all perception, all conception, all notion born of mind,
Are nothing more than time-bound imagination pretending existence real.

* * * *

Does anyone really aspire to do anything with their finite existence?
Or is it all merely the compulsion of the inherent nature-nurture?
Nothing more than the destined momentum of the given patterning.
An inescapable reverie playing out the delusion of meaning and purpose.
An inexplicable quantum cosmos ticking away with neither rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which you draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get you to this very right-here-right-now,
The most you can be, the most you have ever been, the most you will ever be.
There is no more but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

* * * *

How this mystery came to be, how consciousness came to be,
Neither you nor anyone else will ever more than speculate.
It is only in the eternal stillness of the ever-present awareness
That you will ever realize any tranquility in your existential quest.

* * * *

Every creation across the cosmos is founded upon one pattern or another.
Loops that play over and over until the quantum reality morphs into new designs.
Some may be moderately changeable, but only in relatively superficial ways.

* * * *

Make endless assumptions, take everything personally,
Hell is awash with boundaries of every imaginable notion.

* * * *

Artificial intelligence may be programmed to learn, to achieve great heights,
But will it not always be learning through the human mind that devised the code?
As with space travel, it is only through science fiction that any sentience will be achieved.

* * * *

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes.
We hope you have enjoyed your tour.

* * * *

So much loneliness playing out in so many minds in the human paradigm,
And consciousness never able to more than temporarily suppress the sorrow.

* * * *

The awareness does not care one whit whether you are good or bad,
Right or wrong, happy or sad, smart or stupid, sage or fool,
Kind or cruel, rich or poor, black or white, or any other this or that.
It is only the imaginary notions of consciousness that bother about anything.

* * * *

The mind is always seeking security,
But the mesmerizing draw of the insoluble,
The consuming anxiety born of desire and dread,
Leaves it in all-consuming turbulence again and again.
To attain at least a smidgen of serenity, of modicum of peace,
Give your Self over to the insecurity of the ever-transient moment,
Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

* * * *

The continuity is imaginary.
In reality the awareness is born anew every moment.
Eternal life, such as it is.

* * * *

Either you play the dream real in whatever way it calls,
Or it is the railroad tracks in one form or another for you.

* * * *

The ever-churning state of imagination is endlessly beguiling,
But it ain't never real no matter how much you yearn it to be.

* * * *

What is wrong with you? What is right with you?
What difference but figments born of imagination.
Ever-pervading chatter attempting reconciliation.

* * * *

It is all instantaneously, simultaneously, come and gone as it happens.
Beginnings and endings are but imagination make-believing time real.

* * * *

Outside-the-box thinking first requires perception of the box.
If there is to be any possibility of free will, any perception beyond the given state,
The boundaries of the nature-nurture conditioning must be discerned
By the ever-present attention of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

You are not the mind-body, you are not the imagination.
You are the timeless motionlessness of the unborn-undying awareness
Peering out in whatever way the quantum indivisibility has without effort contrived.

* * * *

Nature does not give a flying hooey about the human species.
She will create and destroy without compunction.
Thrive or fail, live or die, she cares not.

* * * *

For those forever pursuing the ultimate answer, here it is: There is no ultimate answer.
Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.
A busy mind is its own miasma.

* * * *

Far more challenging for the human mind to simply be
Than it is to mindlessly believe, to pretend, to imagine, the vanity of it all.
True faith, true devotion, true fidelity, is in the being.

* * * *

What a thing to have to squander so much of one's existence
Justifying, rationalizing, quarreling, over the endless absurdities
Of ethnicity and gender and other given nature-nurture persuasions.
What is any tribal mindset but imaginary fare from any and every get-go.

* * * *

After all the philosophical, all the spiritual, all the existential inquiry,
How is it your mind is still so compelled by the frolic of imagination?

* * * *

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness until consciousness is gradually conditioned
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

* * * *

No ultimate point to anything at all, really; existence is but a sensory-mind dream.
And the dream is nothing more than quantum mist born of an impenetrable mystery.
Pure, unadulterated illusion witnessed by an awareness without beginning, without end.

* * * *

In complete attention to anything unutterably engaging,
Little self evaporates and the awareness of true Self reigns,
Until the imaginary usurper regains its imaginary throne.

* * * *

Swaying the masses into not looking inward is what the absurdity of religion is really about.
Focus on mythologies, dogmas, idols, rituals, symbols, dress codes, hierarchies, not your Self.

* * * *

Reality is not as concrete as thought would have it.
In fact, it is not concrete, not tangible, not palpable, at all.

Dubbing it a quantum dream is as close to truth as truth allows.
No need to create, no point in creating, any belief system, whatsoever.

* * * *

The so-called real world, the one playing out in your mind,
Is but an ever-rolodexing set of very imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

Stories, history is chock-full of them, and every group across time has them.
It is the attachment to any of them that warrants fathoming the deeper current.

* * * *

Who can even begin to guess all the perceptions out there about you.
Some of which may be true, some of which may be false,
All of which fall into the relativity spectrum.

* * * *

That myth, that saga, that chronicle, that fable, that folktale, that legend,
Is most certainly not vaguely true or remotely possible
By any law of physics ever written.

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a sizeable scale,
And tribalism is nothing more than the collective me-myself-and-I
That is all about the imaginary you peering out into a sensory dream.

* * * *

No one is ever going to see, to perceive, anything the way you do.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The sensory mind, mesmerized by the sirens of quantum to wander the vibrations of light and sound,
Cast all creation into an impromptu theater that ceaselessly kaleidoscopes on in its metered way,
Carrying all organic life forms though a dream of awareness made apparent through time.

* * * *

Time is but a memory, a perception, a vision, an insight, a timeless flicker of imagination,
Sparked of the electromagnetic spectrum generating the invention of existence.
Upon a more esoteric scaffold, it has been called the Lila of Brahman.
The means by which the mystery may be eternally distracted,
With but a relative few stimulated by stubborn doubt
To quest, to wander, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

All existence is process.
No beginnings, no endings, just process.
Cause and effect streaming seamlessly, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever dreaming on until death takes center stage,

And the curtain forever falls.

* * * *

Do you give? Do take?
Do you heal? Do you injure?
Do you create? Do you destroy?
Do you nourish? Do you consume?
Do you think? Do you regurgitate?
Do you dance? Do you march?
Do you live? Do you die?

* * * *

A moment ago may seem more real than a vague long-ago memory,
But in reality, both are equal time-bound filaments of imagination.

* * * *

This eternal moment is all you are, all you have.
Observe it well, for it is ever come and gone
Before you can even begin to perceive it.

* * * *

The gradual shaping of self-imagery
Frames all minds into spontaneous roles
That fulfill the synergy of the human genome.

* * * *

No one cares about you anywhere near as much
As you in your illusional-slash-delusional way might like to believe.
The challenge is for you to balance the spreadsheet with a detachment equal to or more.

* * * *

So many true believers as to make it impossible
To not descend totally into absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Cast out the demons of vanity and greed.
Pure consciousness is untouched by all things mundane.
Only you can do it; you are on your own.

* * * *

There is no need to believe in anything, whatsoever.
All belief is born of imagination's ceaseless craving for more.
When what it is, is what it is, from any get-go, from any beginning,
The challenge is choosing contentment in whatever existence has offered.

* * * *

Who can even begin to guess all perceptions out there about you.
Some of which may be true, some of which may be false,

All of which fall into the relativity spectrum.

* * * *

Hard to imagine that by the end of this century
The human genome will not be either pruned back dramatically,
Or entirely extinct because of a blend of climate change and environmental collapse,
Or, given our kind's inability to get along for more than brief bits of time,
A beyond-the-pale biological or chemical or nuclear holocaust.

* * * *

Without the movement of consciousness,
Who and what and when and where and why and how
Could you imagine yourself being?

* * * *

Had you been left to your own devices without any input from the given culture,
What might you have imagined this mystery to be,
If anything?

* * * *

The only freedom from vain notion
Is in the pure awareness prior to consciousness,
And that only for as long as the given mind can fully attend it.

* * * *

It is not your Self that you should question, should doubt,
But the imaginary dream into which you have been cast.

* * * *

Even in the face of the most abominable roles consciousness might parlay,
Is it possible for any spirit to not reflect the purity of its absolute nature?

* * * *

You shall be right-here-right-now forever.
All yesterdays are but dreamy memories,
All tomorrows but dreamy projections.

* * * *

Consciousness is rooted in the instinctual mind
Evolved of the fierce, remorseless jungles of long ago.
It cannot be undone but through the most discerning attention.

* * * *

What is true religion but timeless awareness.
Consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem

Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least you are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

* * * *

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the nowness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

* * * *

In awareness, the seeker distinguishes Self.
In imagination the seeker seeks and seeks, on and on.
Breathe in, breathe out, to discern how eternity is far too simple
For the busy-busy of imagination to long endure.

* * * *

To believe the soul is something that needs saving, or can be saved,
Is an assumption, that has no merit, whatsoever.
Indivisibility requires no saving.

* * * *

Good friends are the closest thing to true family, true tribe,
That you can possibly have in this quantum dreamtime.
Note that your mother may or may not be included.

* * * *

You have always been right here, right now.
Imagination is a time machine born of illusion.

* * * *

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning you are right here, right now.
Everything you say, everything you do, was written in your sands
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

* * * *

What would you do with power? With fame? With fortune?
Would you be the same? Would you be different?
How might your dreamtime change?

* * * *

In awareness, imagination is its own weaver of heavens and hells,
And every category, every variety, every strand, of purgatory between.

* * * *

This is your story, the truth of you.
Hopefully, it worked out relatively well.
Hopefully, you did not wish it away.

Hopefully, the dream played true.

* * * *

What a thing the evolution of the brain, of mind, of cognition.
From a naturally-selected instinctual apparatus to one delineated by the given culture,
Teeming to the nth degree with ever sort of detail, every sort of trivia,
Every variety of mindful and mindless pursuit.

* * * *

Santa Claus was real until you finally figured out he was  not.
The same with the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka.
But Jesus? No, Jesus is real. Jesus is not a lie. Jesus died for your sins, that you might exist forever.
Jesus is going return someday to take you up to heaven, no matter what evils you have done.
All you need do is believe, and hand over ten percent-ish to your chosen middleman.

* * * *

Any cult (a.k.a. religion) likely has these usual suspects in common:
Charismatic leader,
Supreme deity with supporting troupe,
Mythology, idols, dogma, rituals, symbols, dress code, hierarchy,
And most importantly, a collection of true believers tithing to support the prescribed mission.

* * * *

The zombie-like stares of young minds adrift in one screen or another,
Dreaming in the virtual reality of quantum design of the mind-made one.

* * * *

A most earnest determination is required to truthfully inquire into this inexplicable dream of time.
Any agenda concocted by any other offers nothing more than a long-and-winding labyrinth,
Replete with every imaginable smoke-and-mirror-illusory-deflection-of-a-distraction.
Whenever you are of a mind to every moment be the timeless state of awareness,
It will ever be the same right-here-right-now it has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

This dreamy universe is all about chemistry playing out in ways beyond imagining.
It is about how the kaleidoscoping quantum theater is every moment patterned.
The entire cabaret is nothing more than an ever-changing puzzle of a matrix.

* * * *

You need not react, need not respond, need not answer, to anything, but through your own volition.
It is requires only your becoming acutely aware of the chemistries blended of desire and fear.
It requires observing closely, every moment, the feelings any given combination ordains,
Rather than simply giving awareness over to the conditioned mind-body responses.
The endorphin meter is set by the level of attachment to any given scenario.
To be as free as humanly possible is to function at a level of awareness
Challenging to manifest for any great duration of so-called time.
In other words, the indivisible now, the timeless moment,
The awareness you truly are in this reverie of time,

Is, far more often than not, being interminably shanghaied
By the time-bound imagination you are not, were not, will never be.

* * * *

Materialism is an aspect of any human dreamtime,
One that each and every one chooses to embrace or reject or integrate,
Depending on the endorphins that play out from the perception of possessing or being possessed.

* * * *

How much more satisfying, more agreeable, more enjoyable,
More gratifying, more pleasurable, even when giving,
To do anything creative or tedious or otherwise
For your imaginary mind-body self first.
Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

* * * *

If there is nirvana, it is surely in the purest state of awareness,
To which the myriad knowns of consciousness entirely evaporate.
A pristine state to which complete and utter aloneness is the key.

* * * *

Love is nothing more than an imaginary human concoction.
An evolutionary consequence of the mammalian nervous system,
That has no reality whatsoever in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Closely observe the insatiable craving for more of anything and everything,
And realize its intoxicating dynamic is entirely born of imagination,
That is itself risen of the instinctual origin of the species.
We are but a relatively brief advent in this magical-mystery tour.

* * * *

Awareness is incapable of doing anything and everything.
It is through consciousness's genetic proficiency at spinning the quantum
In ways limited only by the given spectrum of imagination.

* * * *

You can imagine doing just about anything you please.
Playing out in your mind whatever good, whatever evil you will.
But what you actually do is your worldly mark in the dusty sands of time.

* * * *

True belief, true faith, true knowing, do not flower in dogma.
Discern the indivisible to slash the Gordian Knot of doubt.

* * * *

The psychic weight of space and time is played out daily in every mind.
It is the quantum mirage that inspires endless impromptu

In humankind's epic collusion of imagination.

* * * *

Only the fairly rare can surround themselves with opponents
And be at peace with the differing realities perceived by others.

* * * *

How has this awareness come to be? And can its indelible nature ever be known?
Can its ever-present reality ever be truly discerned as more than a conception of consciousness?
How can that which is timeless, that which is indivisible, that which is unborn-undying,
That which is prior to all that is quantum, ever be confined, or even touched,
By the time-bound-sensory-mind cosmos fashioned of imagination?

* * * *

There are a variety of remarkable substances
That will aid your discerning the truth of this mystery of existence.
That this quantum dream of time and space, of agony and ecstasy, of all dualistic notion,
Is ultimately nothing more than an imaginary light and sound show.
That you are absolutely alone for all eternity,
And cannot do a friggin' thing about it,
Except succumb to one diversion after another,
Until you perchance wake up and stop smelling the roses.

* * * *

All judgments, opinions, conclusions, assessments, beliefs, prejudices, stereotypes, and the like,
Are ultimately meaningless, yet largely unavoidable given the dualistic nature of the sensory mind.
Best keep as many to yourself as possible if you aspire to the tranquility of political expediency.

* * * *

In any given sensory theater across the cosmos, across all creation,
Is it at all possible for consciousness to inspire anything but dualistic perception
In all but those rare few gifted with eyes that see and ears that hear.

* * * *

What is this awareness?
What is this perceiving we call soul?
Is it truly something distinct, something definite?
Or merely yet another resonant assumption of consciousness?
If awareness is soul, you are soul; if awareness is not soul, you are not soul.
How any prefer to see it is their own affair, and theirs alone,
As it is for every other, under any sun.

* * * *

Mother Nature is an absolutely impartial creator-destroyer.
She will raise you up and grind you down with the same equanimity.
It is up to you, and you alone, to survive, to persist, the dream of time between.

* * * *

The singular, indivisible, ever-present now is the only point
At which the quantum spark of consciousness is touched by the senses,
The memory of which generates the illusion of time and space.
What is called reality is but a kaleidoscoping dream.

* * * *

Whether Jesus ever really existed or not,
Humankind is 99.9999% likely stuck
With Catholic and Christian and Mormon
And other cultish absurdity for the rest of time.

* * * *

Resisting the ever-present, indivisible nature of awareness is futile.
Consciousness is but temporal passenger of a mortal dream.
And must inevitably relinquish its reverie at one point or another.
It is the fate of all great to small to drown in the sea of timeless oblivion.

* * * *

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.

* * * *

Is it as much religion or spirituality as it is being in touch
With the timeless actuality of pure, undifferentiated awareness,
Without all the missteps and mishaps and absurdities of consciousness,
And the ceaselessly insufferable array of temporal vanities
Born of desire's intoxication with imagination.

* * * *

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what you will, are but conceptual perceptions,
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions,
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

* * * *

Generally fairly wise to assume all your fussy persnicketiness about any this or any that,
Means pretty much diddly-squat to anyone anywhere else in this or any other dream of time.
Getting over yourself as often and quickly as possible is always judicious personal policy.

* * * *

Now the mind-body is doing this, now the mind-body is doing that,
None of it the awareness that is you without imagination assuming it so.

* * * *

Pleasure is the absence of pain.
Happiness, the absence of sorrow.
Wisdom, the absence of delusion.
Serenity, the absence of dread.

* * * *

The Me, the Myself, the I, are nothing more
Than the intangible, inseparable, indelible awareness,
Usurped by the dualistic notions of consciousness, of imagination.

* * * *

You are but timeless awareness peering through a quantum veil.
The you that you believe you are is but an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

I am better than you, and my tribe is better than yours.
Same old me-myself-and-I narrative spun across the human paradigm
Since imagination took root in the jungle-born mind that evolved in the time before time.

* * * *

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

* * * *

You can sit in ashrams staring at walls,
Or freely meander the dream doing whatever you will.
From any beginning to any ending, it matters not a speck of an iota.

* * * *

It is the eyes that create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion in anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater matrix, this quantum dreamtime would not be without them.

* * * *

If something is true, it is true rain or shine, forever and daze beyond,
And many if not most assumptions are little more than fallacious notions.

* * * *

There appear to be no stops in the senseless ways
To play out what appear to be an infinite array of insanities
Available in this manifest theater of consciousness.

* * * *

There is no ‘Me’, no ‘Myself’, no ‘I’, in the indivisibility of awareness, how can there be?
The given mind that asserts its dream real and true, is but a conditioned illusion,
An ever-changing, temporal, quantum phantom born of imagination.

* * * *

It is the immortal awareness we all equally are that carries on

In whatever seedlings are available in this grand manifest theater.
Your particular notion of individuality is but a one-time dreamtime.
There is no heaven, there is no hell, but whatever imagination imagines.

* * * *

Imagination is but a streaming quantum dream
Usurping awareness to fabricate an imaginary self.
It is only in a very still mind that you will be true Self.

* * * *

Anyone can fabricate a story,
But to believe it true requires a gullible mind,
Lacking any shadow of doubt, and prepared to pay any cost.
Such is the destiny of the true believer.
Let the buyer beware.

* * * *

A rational, lucid, cynical, skeptical, absurd, asymmetrical mind
May be the most balanced adaptation consciousness can concoct.

* * * *

The many attachments to which all are bound
Are subjective concoctions of our own individual imagination.
To be unbound, one must cast off into the indivisible solitude of pure awareness
From which all quantum creations are every moment spun.

* * * *

You are an ethereal cloud of awareness
Poking about the conditioned concoction
Of a sensory-mind dream of space and time.

* * * *

If you were lost at sea, bobbing in the immense emptiness, totally alone, with no hope of survival,
It would really be no different than if you were sitting in your living room doing boob-tube shuffle.

* * * *

The you that you dream you are, is but a set of perceptions,
A collection of memories, a frame of reference, a grab bag of attributes,
Imagining your character real, your body real, your world real, your universe real.
Real being nothing more than an ever-changing quantum illusion
Mesmerizing the awareness equally permeating all.

* * * *

Geometric forms have absolutely no reality in nature.
Lines, circles, triangles, squares, pentagons, and all the many other shapes,
Are but conceptual creations by minds imagining perfect order
In an indivisible mirage born of quantum chaos.

* * * *

If you must believe in something, believe in nature,
And draw on science to explore its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

You are the perfect, most indivisible you.
You are not flawed in any way or shape or form.
Imperfect minds formulate archetypes that can never be,
Like geometric shapes which have absolutely no reality in nature.
Leave behind all who would limit your dream of time.
Party on as you are, Pilgrim, party on.

* * * *

If you believe that any words, any numbers, mean anything to the mystery of now,
You must also imagine that wind and clouds mean something to the spacious sky.
Awareness is all, and the motley shards are but players wafting across the stage.

* * * *

It might have happened ten seconds ago, ten years ago, or ten thousand years ago.
What is time, what is space, but the quantum-made concoction of imagination?

* * * *

What does it mean to exist? What does it mean to be alive?
What does it mean for the quantum mystery to be conscious of itself?
What does it mean for the all but immeasurable electromagnetic spectrum
To be able explore even a infinitesimal sliver of its boggling potential?
What does it mean for you to be pondering this thought right now?

* * * *

Memories from ten-twenty-thirty-forty-fifty-sixty-plus years ago,
Are as real as one even just a moment ago.
Imagination is all.

* * * *

What effort it takes to hold that imaginary universe together.
So much simpler to abide in the pure awareness of eternity.

* * * *

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

* * * *

The mind is an insatiable beast, ever hungry for more.
More food, more sex, more things, more power, more fame, more fortune.
Tamp down the ceaseless more-more-more of consciousness

If you wish to wander about free and clear.

* * * *

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

* * * *

You do not exist in any way, any shape, any form, you think you do.
You are an imaginary, whimsical, fantastical creature,
Really no more real than a unicorn.

* * * *

Why are some so surprised that our fellow earthlings are intelligent?
We are all products of the same indivisible quantum essence.
We are all playing our parts in the same dreamtime.
Why would they not be our equals in their own awareness?

* * * *

No matter how far you wander, how long you wander, where you wander, how you wander,
You will ever be abiding in the very same eternal prior-to-consciousness awareness.
You will ever be enduring in the very same perpetual right-here-right-now.

* * * *

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is eternal, timeless, boundless.
Consciousness is temporal, time-bound, limited.
A dream and dreamer ensnared in a quantum mirage.

* * * *

Believing your little blip of existence
Will make any significant impact is laughable.
Historical archives are chock-full of the all-but-forgotten.
Oblivion awaits your surrender.

* * * *

To believe yourself wise, to believe yourself sage,
Can be yet another road to purgatory,
Yet another cautionary tale.

* * * *

Differences are ultimately not at all what the mind perceives them to be.
Emphasis on them disregards the indivisibility that equally permeates all.

* * * *

So many words, so many concepts, so many philosophies, so many dogmas.
All artificial, all just to describe, to explain, to illustrate, to capture, what always boils down
To the same timeless, unborn, undying, ungraspable mystery of awareness.
The eternal source that requires absolutely none of it.

* * * *

Why should it take any effort to be what you are?
It most certainly did not when you were very young.
If there is effort, consciousness is ever the usual suspect.
If consciousness is but a dream, why give it credence?

* * * *

No matter how immense or minute, how bright or dim, any given mind –
Musical-rhythmically, visual-spatially, verbal-linguistically, logical-mathematically,
Bodily-kinesthetically, interpersonally, intrapersonally, naturalistically, existentially, morally –
That given mind is ever bound in the limits of space-time by its imaginary potential.

* * * *

Awareness will always remain exactly the same no matter how it is branded.
It is impossible to burden its stillness with any twist or turn of conscious design.

* * * *

Evolution has sculpted life into many patterns, many forms, many ways and means,
But it is ever the same soupy essence bubbling away beneath each and every surface.
All separation, all difference, all uniqueness, is nothing more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

The human mind, human consciousness, is an insatiable beast,
Ravenously consuming everything it can, seeking experience at every level,
Including attempting to grasp, to know, the immeasurable unknown,
Whose indelible mystery is eternally, indivisibly unbreachable.

* * * *

The relatively negligible persona you play in that mortal container is a one-time show,
An extemporaneous fabrication of imagination that has no fundamental reality, whatsoever.
What you truly are is indivisibly more, and there is nothing individual, nothing personal about it.

* * * *

All chronicles are but piecemeal fabrications of illusory perceptions

Born of sensory minds wandering about a quantum playhouse.
Time is unreal, space is unreal, light is unreal, sound is unreal.
All is but imaginary notion, make-believe narratives from any get-go.
Only the immaculate awareness through which consciousness streams is real.

* * * *

What is this me, what is this myself, what is this I, but a time-bound dream of self-absorption.
Egocentric … ethnocentric … chronocentric … geocentric … heliocentric … cosmoscentric.
It is all about an imaginary me-me-me projecting in every way, every shape, every form.

* * * *

All the gusty flurries of the mind are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination are but time-bound fabrications
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If you yearn for tranquility, if you yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about you in the ground of awareness.

* * * *

The motley winds of consciousness with all its attributes, all its dualities:
Black and white hot and cold, full and empty, good and evil, life and death,
Has absolutely nothing to do with the still awareness through which it blows.

* * * *

All across the world, the same conversation.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversation.

* * * *

Bookstores, libraries, museums, thrift shops, garage sales, dusty collections, land fills, fiery pyres.
Selling, giving, burying, burning, books of every imaginable title written across the world, across time.
Billions and billions, likely even trillions of thoughts, set down again and again, forever again.
As if it really matters.

* * * *

Consciousness and all its imaginary assumptions is a tyrannical figment
Founded upon the evolutionary happenstance of the biological imperative.

* * * *

Do you hurt or kill someone
Because they do not see it or do it your way?
How absurdly ludicrous is that?

* * * *

You are the ever-present awareness, commandeered by the given biological container,
Sailing the illusion of space-time playing out whatever consciousness its capacity allows.

* * * *

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is you gender, your race, your religion, your culture?
What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes you so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that you were ever even born?

* * * *

The challenge is to not confuse the witness you are with what is witnessed.
To not attach in any way, in any shape, in any form, the awareness you truly are
With the sensory-inspired illusion-delusion of time and space kaleidoscoping about you.
You are pure awareness cloaked in a quantum reverie; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Do not confuse the witness you are with what is witnessed.
Do not attach, do not cling in any way, in any shape, in any form,
The mystery you are, with the dream playing out about you.

* * * *

Awareness is simultaneously, indivisibly, indelibly prior
To any and all illusions sponsored by space and time.

* * * *

This is what you have always been.
This is what you will always be.
There is no more or less to it.
All else is naught but vain notion.

* * * *

Ponder, if you will, every life form from great to small, sentient to insentient,
All born of the same indivisible mystery, all born with the same immutable awareness.
Each and every one, very much alone, crafting its own unique translation of the quantum play,
Each and every one simultaneously imagining an existence, a world, a universe, in its own distinct way.

* * * *

Timeless awareness is what you are, is all you are.
The quantum theater and all its countlessly boggling attributes
Is but an imaginary, touchy-feely, three-dimensional light and sound show.
A dream of time and space ever gone as quickly as it came.

* * * *

The future is fucked in just about every way imaginable.
What will happen to all the young folk when their entitlement collapses?
Hopefully, the aliens will have a time machine when they show up in a few million years.

* * * *

Destiny is founded upon the sands of mind,
Written and unwritten every ephemeral moment
By the imaginary continuum of assumption.

* * * *

The vanity of the human drama is a ceaseless, absurdity-laden circus.
Buddha did it his way, Hitler did it his, your mother did it hers.
What difference in the indivisible quantum reality, really?

* * * *

The ephemeral ground of imagination
Is built upon the ever-present quantum swirl.
The everything, the everywhere, nothing all the while.

* * * *

To declare, to assert, "I am free."
Who is the I? What is am? What is freedom?
Imagination, what an illusive jester.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is but a swirl of illusion
A dream to which you may or may not choose to subscribe.

* * * *

All human beings are shaped by the nature-nurture into which they are involuntarily cast.
All are conditioned, trained, programmed, indoctrinated, disciplined, humbled, tamed, cultivated,
Domesticated, subjugated, suppressed, conquered, curbed, pacified, repressed, brainwashed.
To unshackle one's true Self, to un-wash the mind, requires a great deal of discernment.
Each, very much alone, must choose, must grapple, to be free of all the absurdity.

* * * *

Enduring this existence, surviving this existence,
Need not make you guilty in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Heavens, hells, reincarnation, karma, whatever beliefs have been set before you,
Are nothing more than concoctions, speculations, assumptions,
Of the those who would own your mind.

* * * *

Awareness is all there is, awareness is all there is not.
Ever-present, indivisible, immortal, unborn, undying, unbound.
The time and space continuum is but an fleeting illusion of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Likely little or nothing of your dreamtime matters to anyone but you.
All your experiences, all your insights, all your sentiments, all your passions,
Mean squat to any other in comparison to the attachment you bear towards them.

* * * *

Nationalism, patriotism, jingoism, chauvinism, prejudice, xenophobia,
Are really nothing more than humankind's seemingly genetic predisposition
Towards the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric groupthink dynamic.
As narrow-minded, closed-minded, insular, provincial, parochial, as imagination deigns.

* * * *

For most every problem, there is most likely one solution, if not several.
Perceived clearly, the most logical resolution or resolutions
Will more than likely become apparent.

* * * *

What is the most priceless thing you can imagine?
And will what is priceless today be so tomorrow?

* * * *

Are the many who live fully in their thoughts really alive?
Or are they the walking dead only imagining existence?

* * * *

Regarding the genomic commonalities, the inherent behaviors of the human psyche:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
It is delusion for any individual, any group, any culture,
To believe itself in any way grander or superior to any other.

* * * *

From the first man, the first woman,
Nothing more than physics and chemistry and biology
Orchestrating ever-present in the epochs of the given imaginary context.

* * * *

No history is ever exactly what we imagine it to be,
And certainly not close to anything even the most well-intentioned screenwriter
Can bundle into a two-hour movie, a ten-hour documentary,
Or even a long-running mini-series.

* * * *

Life is a convoluted dream: Why should you not be convoluted dreamer?
Why should you be bound by any precept or principle, any theory or formula,
Any rule or law, any decree or edict, any order or directive, any concept or notion?
Why should you be obligated to any human-made mind-gorp, whatsoever?

* * * *

What makes anyone so beyond-an-iota-of-doubt-sure,
That anything ever really happened the way they arbitrarily perceived it?
And if perchance there is an objective, impartial truth, who or what can ever be witness to it?
Is it even the slightest bit possible for there to be an unbiased, impartial observer

Without one relative, subjective, judgmental rendition or another?

* * * *

What is this great fear, this great dread,
That harbors ever-humming in this mammalian frame,
But the genomic pulse, the instinctive craving, the conscious obsession,
The ceaseless quest, the endless pursuit of unfeasible-unreachable-unattainable security,
That is never long-satisfied, never long at ease, no matter how we feed it?
Consciousness ever-tormented to churn on and on and on.

* * * *

What curious things sensory-inspired perceptions are.
Given so much credence, despite being entirely born up the wings of imagination.
Stories all, to whatever end, only imagination cares.

* * * *

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities
In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

* * * *

Ambition, naked or well-cloaked, can be more savage than the most ferocious beast.
At least the beast stops until its corporeal hunger gives rise to the next chase.
Human hunger, the insatiable craving of consciousness, never sleeps.

* * * *

Your body? If it is your body, why is it always changing?
Where was it before you were born? Where will it be after you die?
And while in it, have you ever really been anything more than solitary witness
To a boggling, sensory-inspired, ever-present, quickly-passing dream?
We call it space, we call it time, we call it real, we call it true,
But is it all any more than dubious assumption?

* * * *

Everyone, everywhere, to whatever degree they can muster,
Investigates physics and chemistry and biology in their own unique way.
Some may well be more perceptive, more accurate, in their observations than others,
But all, right or wrong or indifferent, have their conclusions,
And play out their existence accordingly.

* * * *

This spinning orb has been usurped by psychopaths, sociopaths, narcissists, and sundry miscreants.
The more innocuous, less invasive folk, abide the heart-breaking absurdities as best as they can,
Growing gardens, taking long walks, and staring at walls in coffee shops, bars, and ashrams.

* * * *

History is woven into every language.
The dead reign from unmarked graves,
From dusty realms at imagination's end.

* * * *

What is this need, this monkey-mind drive, so many have,
To be on stage, to have others moving and swaying to their narcissism?
This deep longing for others to applaud them, to follow them, to mimic their delusion.
Why should anyone travel the same direction in the same manner as you?

* * * *

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream
To play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

* * * *

Knowing and unknowing, what difference to the timeless clarity of pure awareness?
Whether cloudy or clear, the skies are ever untouched by the trammels of consciousness.
Yes, your apparatus is perhaps more complex, your consciousness, your mind, more adroit,
But the essential awareness can be no different across any and all universes,
Or even the inexplicable dimensions beyond all beyonds.

* * * *

Ultimate truth, ultimate reality, whatever it is, whatever it is not,
Can never be ascertained through any means by the dream of consciousness.
All the perceptions, all the assumptions, that have ever played out in this quantum theater
Are naught but an ever-momentary, ever-intangible, ever-relative, burst of imagination in awareness.

* * * *

All those now living, now abiding this desecrated world, will relatively soon be dead and forever gone.
What we all thought and did about and to each other, what we all assumed real and true,
Will not matter even one scintilla to anyone but a relatively few academics
And other accumulators of all things absurd and mundane.
Assuming, of course, anyone manages to survive
The dream we are bequeathing.

* * * *

Imaginary friends.
More imaginary friends.
Even more imaginary friends.

* * * *

Dreams of glory.
More dreams of glory.
Even more dreams of glory.

* * * *

Quantum dreaming.
More quantum dreaming.
Even more quantum dreaming.

* * * *

Breathless absurdity.
More breathless absurdity.
Even more breathless absurdity.

* * * *

Perceptions.
More perceptions.
Even more perceptions.

* * * *

Absurdity and horror.
More absurdity and horror.
Even more absurdity and horror.

**Soundbites**

What is any universe but a mind and five senses imagining it so.

* * * *

If you must hope for something, hope for a quick and unexpected and painless death.

* * * *

One of the more peculiar things about humankind is its ability to delude itself about almost anything.

* * * *

Imagination is the guardian of the finite.

* * * *

Hope is what you make it.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; only the rarest not believing their parts real.

* * * *

A dream to which we have in ignorance submitted.

* * * *

You are an ever-changing dynamic of genomes, of instincts, upon which consciousness cavorts.

* * * *

If you cannot discern heaven now, what makes you believe you will deserve it later?

* * * *

Naming anything is to embrace illusion.

* * * *

Instinct slathered with consciousness.

* * * *

The mind is a quantum screen upon which time and space play their illusion.

* * * *

What happens when illusion meets reality? Death while living.

* * * *

The science fiction that is no longer fiction.

* * * *

How has imagination so usurped your awe that you are blind to your mystery?

* * * *

Without the mind-body, what need or use do you have for the imagined persona it has devised?

* * * *

What is life but a long stream of perceptions that add up to nothing.

* * * *

Absurdity usurped by madness.

* * * *

An imagined rendition of an assumed reality.

* * * *

How mistaken humankind is to believe itself so intelligent.

* * * *

Imagine it so.

* * * *

What need for belief? Attend the moment.

* * * *

What is time but a function of memory cells, make-believing perceptions more than a mirage.

* * * *

The mind is a harbor of delusion.

* * * *

Another day in the collusion-delusion-illusion.

* * * *

Where is this Me, this Myself, this I, to which imagination is so attached?

* * * *

Every dream a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the sentience; quantum, the vehicle that allows perception.

* * * *

To what ends, what end, will imagination go?

* * * *

Imagination is the rainbow of the mind.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all.

* * * *

Desire is ever fondling its imaginary self.

* * * *

All you want is naught but illusion.

* * * *

The Me, the Myself, the I, is nothing more than the pretend of imagination.

* * * *

The usurpers will use any means to blind you, deceive you, into believing their way true.

* * * *

Why waste your time believing anything? Stand alone, be free.

* * * *

How endless the weavings of imagination.

* * * *

What are you but a consequence of natural selection; naught but a Darwinian dream.

* * * *

What is truth, what is not truth, but a flicker of imagination.

* * * *

The human drama is about incessant movement.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all attachment, and the suffering that results.

* * * *

Freedom? What bother to have ever believed you were not.

* * * *

And what is it you are measuring anyway, but the imagination imagining you?

* * * *

The difference between me and you is imaginary.

* * * *

The never-ending story of absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

There really is no point but for the vanity of imagination.

* * * *

The laws of physics can only be broken by imagination.

* * * *

You are a bubble of consciousness permeated by awareness.

* * * *

Is it true or just something you want to believe?

* * * *

What memory serves tells the story within all.

* * * *

Do you really know any more than the nature-nurture of your quantum dream allows?

* * * *

Unclench the mind to free up the conditioning; discern the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

The price you pay for the blend of narcissism and hedonism you play is called consciousness.

* * * *

Amuse yourself however you will, it is, after all is said and done, but a dream born of mind.

* * * *

There is no more but what the craving of imagination concocts.

* * * *

The road to perdition is paved by many flights of imagination.

* * * *

The mind is ever rebuilding its imaginary universe.

* * * *

Free will is a dubious notion.

* * * *

Try not to make the mistake of making your imaginary god or gods as vain and petty as you.

* * * *

Why give your Self over to any speculation?

* * * *

In every mind imagination weaves a dream to which it holds until its dying day.

* * * *

The closest humankind will ever get to space travel is science fiction.

* * * *

Why pretend to know what you cannot?

* * * *

Dreams passing in the night.

* * * *

A collusion of consciousness.

* * * *

Let go the imaginary universe in your weary head, at least once in a while.

* * * *

Imagination will never find any truth that is not imaginary.

* * * *

There is no fear in the moment, in the awareness; only in imagination.

* * * *

What has any point ever been but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Too bound by tribal notion to discern that which is without affiliation.

* * * *

What is all knowledge, all experience, but imagination playing itself real.

* * * *

Can you really remember more than traces of perception?

* * * *

Time is an imaginary construct, a collusion to which only humankind religiously adheres.

* * * *

Yet another flight of imagination.

* * * *

The only real war is imaginary self versus true Self, and little self must lose to win.

* * * *

Did that really happen, or was it just a dream? What difference, really?

* * * *

Just when you start lulling yourself into believing absurdity cannot possibly get any more absurd …

* * * *

There is true Self, and there is imaginary self; which are you right now?

* * * *

The trick is to not believe your own propaganda.

* * * *

Is that what is going ion, or what you imagine is going on?

* * * *

Future-past is in each and every moment as it happens in the awareness of consciousness.

* * * *

No matter how many gazillions of things imagination might imagine, it is still just imagination.

* * * *

What is any mind but a reflection of perception.

* * * *

Pretending sentience is not sentience.

* * * *

Cast out the demons born of imagination.

* * * *

What absurdities and horrors will the future hold that the world has never witnessed.

* * * *

Love or hate, win or lose, believe or not, it will all soon be over.

* * * *

Anybody's speculation is no better or worse, right or wrong, real or unreal, than any other.

* * * *

This is what it all boils down to: There is only you, all alone, imagining it all.

* * * *

If your observation does not match your belief, do you change the belief, or stop observing?

* * * *

Humankind is a species prone to delusion.

* * * *

Engaged in a dream.

* * * *

You are an organism playing out an evolutionary context in a quantum dream.

* * * *

Imagination, the dreambaker.

* * * *

Is there anything the play of imagination will not come up with in this mortal dreamtime?

* * * *

As always, the universe is an interesting dream.

* * * *

There is a special place in hell for people who believe.

* * * *

There goes imagination feeling sorry for itself again.

* * * *

Stop scaring your imaginary self.

* * * *

It never ceases to amaze what delusions can be taken for reality.

* * * *

Death is just erasing the delusion of illusion.

* * * *

A flurry of imagination.

* * * *

Every imaginable distraction is set before you.

* * * *

What you do is not necessarily what you imagine.

* * * *

Awareness is neither good nor evil nor any other dualistic notion; it simply is.

* * * *

That you need to believe anything shows your lack of faith.

* * * *

If that is what you want to believe, who is anyone to tell you otherwise?

* * * *

No imagination, no universe.

* * * *

It has all been nothing more than extremely believable distraction.

* * * *

This is not what you are; it is what you pretend.

* * * *

All differences are only a matter of relative degrees of imagination.

* * * *

It is imagination that is alive, not you.

* * * *

All states of mind are imaginary.

* * * *

Imagination will always pull you back if you let it.

* * * *

Where does consciousness ply in the mind that is as clear as a cloudless, still sky?

* * * *

Suicide is just destroying your imaginary universe.

* * * *

Why believe in any deity outside your Self?

* * * *

You have labels for everything, but what do you perceive right here, right now?

* * * *

Is imagination a function of time, or time a function of imagination?

* * * *

Imaginary me, imaginary myself, imaginary I.

* * * *

Why should you fell any obligation to achieve the sanity imposed by absurdity?

* * * *

The projections of consciousness can be a seething broth.

* * * *

Stop identifying with the mind-body and all its perceptions, and where are you?

* * * *

The swirl of consciousness can never be more than imaginary.

* * * *

Carnal knowledge leaves much to the imagination.

* * * *

Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

You can get used to almost anything in the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

Abandon hope all ye who would see.

* * * *

The anarchy of insanity and absurdity.

* * * *

The difference between anyone and you is but an imaginary universe.

* * * *

It is imagination that roams far and wide.

* * * *

The awareness that is prior to consciousness is prior to all stories.

* * * *

The difference between you and me is but an imaginary universe.

* * * *

The universe that imagination built.

* * * *

Surrounded by a world full of every absurdity, about which you have no say, whatsoever.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination.

* * * *

Hell is born of imagination, as is heaven its absence.

* * * *

And what is it to be rational in an absurd world?

* * * *

What a bother this sack of imaginary notion can be.

* * * *

What is comparison but rating imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

Imagination venting.

* * * *

Consciousness is the bloom of the quantum creation.

* * * *

Imagination shaping your universe to whatever degree capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

Vanity is imagination tooting its own horn over and over until death does it part.

* * * *

It is in awareness, not consciousness, in which you will find your Self.

* * * *

The meek of spirit and stale of mind abide in delusion.

* * * *

Hard to be afraid of things in which you do not believe.

* * * *

Why believe in anything? Is not awareness enough?

* * * *

Imagination is always tripping on its own creations.

* * * *

All life is the same nameless traveler, each with its own unique dream of a universe.

* * * *

Die, non-believers! Die!  Die, believers! Die!

* * * *

We are all normal in our imaginary universes.

* * * *

The world is still very Darwinian; but in a conscious way.

* * * *

You really believe your labels mean anything to the ultimate?

* * * *

If there is a supreme being, how could it not be just as imaginary as you?

* * * *

History is a great deal of imaginary dead weight.

* * * *

Sophisticated absurdity is no different than the unsophisticated kind.

* * * *

What you really are, and are not, is the awareness upon which all creation is imagined.

* * * *

Still trying to fill that hungry mind in every way imaginable, and with what?

* * * *

Awareness is as big as it is small; without consciousness, nothing at all.

* * * *

About so many things you can never know; why pretend you do or ever will?

* * * *

All is but one imaginary concoction after another after another after another.

* * * *

Praise Jesus for Christian guilt and other absurdities.

* * * *

Awareness is nothing without a mind-body in which to conjure a dream.

* * * *

The dream ignores most, and quickly forgets all; no trace but ghosts of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Have you ever cared deeply about anything not tied to one vain notion or another?

* * * *

Denial is the way of delusion.

* * * *

Always an endorphin or three in payment for a chore in imagination's wake.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but intoxication with imagination.

* * * *

Belief is capable of inspiring any and every imaginable absurdity and horror.

* * * *

What is a true believer but a delusional contortionist.

* * * *

This world is a playground for psychopaths and every imaginable strain of degeneracy.

* * * *

There is no you but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is a collusion of imagination.

* * * *

Have you seen the dream for what it is, and is not?

* * * *

Is imagination life? Is it death? And does any rhetoric prove either so?

* * * *

Let imagination be the harbor of murder and mayhem.

* * * *

Are you consciousness, or the awareness peering through its veil?

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream, and death its end.

* * * *

Awareness is the sky, consciousness the wind.

* * * *

If you had no memory, no knowledge, about what would you think?

* * * *

Without imagination, no creature can discern any reality but its own.

* * * *

Awareness is the life force's window to consciousness.

* * * *

Imagination is all about endorphins and their hypnotic addiction.

* * * *

How could your version of the cosmos exist without you relentlessly imagining it so?

* * * *

And when the dream is done, what more?

* * * *

And still they believe.

* * * *

How can you not stand aloof from a species so absurdly unaligned with its origin?

* * * *

Self, Soul, God … Nothing more than imaginary construct with no reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

Sure hope you do not think that is going to work in the real world.

* * * *

Got illusion and delusion in profusion.

* * * *

What end can there be to self-absorption but the voluntary cessation of imaginary notion.

* * * *

How to negotiate the rocky dream through the sea of bliss is the question.

* * * *

Nothing like a true believer to sharpen your wit.

* * * *

Abolish absurdity today.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the source of all human vanity, all human delusion.

* * * *

The only difference between you and any other is imaginary.

* * * *

Yet another true believer.

* * * *

We all believe what we are capable of believing.

* * * *

Perceptions are but glimpses of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything?

* * * *

Nothing like a true-believer to get your head shaking no.

* * * *

How can awareness ever be tamed by the myriad values born of any imaginary paradigm?

* * * *

An imaginary existence from which all perception is parlayed real and true.

* * * *

The difference between you and anyone or anything else is imaginary.

* * * *

Un-imagine yourself; un-imagine your entire existence ever happened.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a quantum plaything.

* * * *

You are awareness aware-ing the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Somebody else's dream.

* * * *

Why participate in anything, why contribute to anything you do not believe?

* * * *

The human mind wherein delusion abounds.

* * * *

The future-past ever resides in the imaginary now.

* * * *

Will the true believers still praise their deities when their entitlements dissolve?

* * * *

Is it god that is dead, or all the religions carving on their speculations?

* * * *

And what have you done with your dream?

* * * *

Rest on your laurels until they rot from the weight of vain notion.

* * * *

Hope is the longing to which the superstitious subscribe.

* * * *

Imagined self is not true Self.

* * * *

Imagination, illusion, same thing.

* * * *

The tyranny of selfishness, of greed, of ignorance, of absurdity, is unending.

* * * *

Consciousness assumes continuity to a dream that has none.

* * * *

What you imagine your Self to be, you are not.

Prior to consciousness, prior to all quantum shenanigans, awareness is.

* * * *

When awareness focuses upon its translation, the quantum cloud crystalizes into illusion.

* * * *

A dream, to which the only continuity is the assumption of imagination.

* * * *

How many creatures abiding their dreamtime existence are as lonely as human beings?

* * * *

No universe is more than an imaginary quantum dream.

* * * *

You imagine, therefore you imagine you are.

* * * *

Imagination is all.

* * * *

The relativity of subjectivity morphs, permutates, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Imagination rules imaginary kingdoms.

* * * *

Imagination is imagination, no matter how rational its flights of fancy.

* * * *

Continuity is the first and last assumption of imagination.

* * * *

Consciousness is the parasite; awareness, the host.

* * * *

Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.

* * * *

Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.

* * * *

Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.

* * * *

Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.

* * * *

Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.

* * * *

Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.

**Breadcrumbs**

A mystery pretending to be a human being, to be an earthling, to be a cosmic being.
A mystery pretending to be a white-male-labels-unending American.
A mystery that happened to happen, no reason known.

* * * *

Believe me, there is no expectation herein that anything in the human drama will change.
I am just reflecting on whatever comes to mind, posing a wide melee of thoughts.
I hold out little hope that our cancerous species is even remotely capable
Of reigning in its passionate mind and myriad instinctual drives.
My predictions for the future are not in any way optimistic.
More of the same-old-same-old is more than a little probable,
But only for as long as Mother Nature condescends our existence.

* * * *

Yet another reason why I need to find a cave and never pretend to be a human being again.

* * * *

If there is some sort of personal deity, as so many incline to believe,

Then, pray tell, answer me this: Where did he/she/it/whatever come from?
Granted, this quantum mystery had to begin somehow, sometime, somewhere,
But some Santa-Claus-heaven-hell fiction does not slice the mustard.
And do not get me started on the alien speculation advocates.
This orb is a garden enough to do it on its own.

* * * *

These many thoughts merely point out what seems obvious to these eyes.
What outcome they may, or likely will not serve in bringing about,
Are the choices of consciousness that play out in every mind.

* * * *

You may say that I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one.

* * * *

Having for all practical purposes written off the human species,
I really should cease and desist from further commentary,
But no, I blather on and on, basking in the play of wit,
Such as it is in this temporal gray-matter dream.
It is, indeed, a waste of time, but what else is time for?

* * * *

Just shake my head at anyone who truly believes
Humankind will ever get off this planet in any meaningful way.
And what is the friggin' point of colonies on the Moon or Mars or anywhere else,
That will be unsustainable without absurdly expensive supply chains?
And with all the dominos a-quivering on this dying planet,
How will anything even get off the ground?
The absurdity is boggling.

* * * *

I have absolutely no interest
In being placed on some absurd pedestal,
Only to be dragged down by some small-minded mob.

* * * *

Not interested in creating anything organized or otherwise;
Only laying bare the reality of the quantum dream all endure.

* * * *

When it comes to dealing with the mystery of existence,
History seems to have dished up every possible delusion imaginable.
These many thoughts are for those whose only real hunger
Is to discern the truth of it for themselves.

* * * *

Did I write these many thoughts?
Or did they inscribe themselves through me?

Another uninspiring example of don't-know-don't-care.
It just be a diversion, something that passes a portion of the dream.

* * * *

I am as alone in my dream as you are in yours; we are all alone, together.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

What I do is not necessarily what I imagine.

* * * *

The way I see it is the way I write it, and within you it is surely no different.
All differences are the dreamy perceptions of the sensory mind
Caught up in the time of its imaginary epic.

* * * *

I am the center of, the creator of, the witness to, my universe.
And unless every other form, alive or not, is a projection of my imagination,
You and everyone else is, too.
Fucking amazing.

* * * *

How much longer will I concern my Self with this world
And the absurdly, wretchedly insoluble human dilemma?
Rest assured, there will be no Noah in my last judgment.

* * * *

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

* * * *

My religion is awareness; consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

No longer interested in all the dishonesty and delusion, sorry.
Just serving this wreck of a world in whatever way the day calls.

* * * *

Not a big believer that anyone is going to save anybody here or any elsewhere.

* * * *

I will never know what became of all this babble.
What I imagine of the future is that it will not in any way be pretty,
And all the chitter-chatter in the world will not put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

* * * *

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

* * * *

No interest in that level of absurdity anymore.

* * * *

Apologies to all you dreamy idealists,
But … if … if … if only …
Just ain't enough.
Ya gotta wake up, man.

* * * *

Not at all in the mood for any man-made absurdities this day,
A lengthy wandering into the conclusion of which
Only a moderate dose of gin and tonic
Can comfortably navigate.

* * * *

Another meditative day for words of a random nature
To flow uninhibited from the matrix of consciousness.

* * * *

To discern what ends these words will meet, if any,
Is but an imaginary ponder only time will ever know.

* * * *

Editor's notes are strewn throughout;
As many contingencies accounted for as imaginable.
The Hydra of the times to come, and of humanity's response to it,
Is akin to accurately predicting any crap roll.

* * * *

Really neither for nor against, just sipping another pint of black gold,
Watching this touchy-feely, three-dimensional, illusory dream of time,
Play out its dusty theater of the absurd to whatever end Gaia allows.

* * * *

If you peer long into this mind,
You will find it as simple and complex
As the mortal dream of time in eternity allows.

* * * *

How many men use the word ‘love’
Because they fear the woman that chose them,
Or are still vainly hoping to get laid?

* * * *

Hope, the four-letter H-word; not one I subscribe to as often as possible.

* * * *

True believers can take all their political correctness,
And shove it back up the abyss from whence it came.

* * * *

Thoughts of Self and the dreamtime of this brief, mortal, illusory existence,
Both for my Self and that of any other wanderer who happenstances upon it.

* * * *

Really very little point in we commoners paying much attention to current events and such,
Especially as we have just about absolutely no say in anything in this beyond-absurd world.

* * * *

I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.

* * * *

Must have Missouri blood in me bones: I only believes it if I sees it.

**The Standard Ripostes**

A collusion of imagination.

* * * *

The insanity of humanity.

**The Real is Discovering Series**

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.

The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.
The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.

The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

# Breadcrumbs 2020

**Leftovers**

Any given life is filled with so many adventures, so many misadventures,
All vague perceptions that never happened the way they are remembered.

* * * *

There are indeed many classes, many grades, many calibers, of imagination,
But all are nonetheless imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Time is an invention of the human mind.
The eternal moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind turns the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world,
All things sentient, all things inanimate,
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas,
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art,
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

Large brain, imagination, sense of self,
Opposable thumbs, arms, legs, larynx, lungs, cooling system,
Ability to manipulate the environment and fabricate tools, tribalism, superstition,
Made us what we are, keep us what we are.

* * * *

There is no god, only awareness.
All deities are the imaginary creations of human consciousness
Ever grappling with the unknowable.

* * * *

The inner eye of awareness witnesses indivisibly.
Allow consciousness to wander willy-nilly,
And the world erupts into the anarchy and absurdity
Of every form of vanity and the countless judgments it inspires.

* * * *

Science is the never-ending exploration of nature in all its grandeur.
Any conclusion that is not open to question sullies its primary directive.
Despite the fact that existence is an illusion, that it is naught but a dream,
Science offers the most reliable, accurate watchtower imagination can offer.

* * * *

What is history?
My story, your story, his story. her story, their story, our story, the story.
All nothing more than imagination larking about in each and every mind.

* * * *

Positing a god or gods, a creation, a cosmos, a mystery,
That does not include the you that you truly are,
Is absurd beyond all notions of absurdity.

* * * *

History has never existed as more than a fiction of imagination.
It is but a shadow given reality in the vanity of human consciousness,
Ever since its evolutionary ascension in the primal jungles long before time.

* * * *

Nature, whether you love it or hate it or ignore it, is always there,
Timelessly creating and destroying your world, your universe, and you.

* * * *

Why pretend, why make-believe, why fantasize, why feign, you know,
Who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening,
When you do not, when you cannot.
It is a mystery.
Leave it, weave it, at that.

* * * *

So much suffering, and for what, really, but the mirage of vanity,
The delusions of narcissism and hedonism, the contrail of imagination.

* * * *

You cannot distinguish this awareness, you cannot be this awareness,
If/when you are attached to anything born of imagination.
It is a very timeless realization of the sentience
That permeates the all and none.

* * * *

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is you who chooses to school yourself.
It is you who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is you who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is you who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is you who creates the frame of reference in which you will abide.

* * * *

You are in an imaginary prison of your own making
Until you clearly discern the relativity of consciousness,
And the absoluteness of the awareness in which it wanders.

* * * *

Detach the timeless awareness from the time-bound mind-body consciousness,
And who are you, what are you, where are you, why are you, how are you?
The world, the universe, are but temporal notions born of imagination.

* * * *

All sense of self is but imaginary notion born of an evolutionary context.
Awareness, ever-present, without frames or boundaries, is the only reality.

* * * *

The challenge is renouncing the sorrow of consciousness for the quietude of awareness.
In transcending attachment to the mundane-secular-time-bound world
For the timeless insecurity of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

The body is the result of a seed, a blueprint, ever-changing since life's creation.
The you that you really are, the you that you really are not,
Has never been what you think.

* * * *

Every culture that has ever existed has had its deities and demons,
All nothing more than the fabrications of imagination,
None more or less real than any other.

* * * *

The identity you pretend is only as capable of functioning
As the given mind-body the awareness you truly are inhabits.

* * * *

It is the essence of the one and only timeless moment,
That the beginnings of all ends are the ends of all beginnings.
That all causes become all effects, and all effects become all causes.
That what is called reality is but an ever-kaleidoscoping sensory illusion.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto life.
You are the mystery come unto awareness.
You are the mystery come unto consciousness.
You are the mystery come unto imagination.

* * * *

There you so many narcissistic, hedonistic moments are,

Still trying to fill the abyss, still trying to become something.
Things that imagination can never more than pretend to achieve.

* * * *

Negation is simply clearly realizing the awareness that you actually are
Is none of the many concoctions of imagination born of mind,
And letting them all go, and becoming very, very still.

* * * *

The ephemeral dream of consciousness is without tangibility,
Without meaning or purpose, without beginning or conclusion.
Any given existence is nothing more than a fiction of imagination.

* * * *

Rest easy in the forebrain, where all dreaming appears and disappears each and every moment.
The space, where from nothing, imagination weaves its reverie of space and time
In the thunder and lightning of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

You appear but a speck of the cosmos,
Yet without you to witness it, it would not, could not be.
It is an inexplicable, indivisible, quantum mystery born of imagination,
In which observer and observed are interminably intertwined
In the all-pervading, unborn-undying awareness
Prior to all plays of consciousness.

* * * *

Language, mathematics, music, are all inventions of the imaginary mind born of illusion.
They sashay through eternity's ether like the smoke of all things earth, water, air, fire.
They persevere for only as long as imagination maintains its holographic universe.

* * * *

How can that which is a temporal fabrication of analog creation
Ever fully comprehend, fully surrender, to that timelessness which is prior?
A maddening and pointless exercise to which only fools are drawn.

* * * *

What is sanity, what is insanity,
But all the standards of any given culture
Asserting this or that is or is not acceptable behavior.
Standing alone, standing sovereign, is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Through all agonies, through all ecstasies,
The awareness is ever the same.
It chooses no sides, it chooses no modes.
All states of consciousness are equally transcended.

* * * *

For the awareness that is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent witness to stand alone,
The consciousness of imagined little self must surrender to the stillness which is absolute.

* * * *

How can you who are the unborn-undying awareness
Not be the witness within and without every seed ever born
Across the vast ever and ever of all quantum creation?
Not a string of separate lives, but an ocean of all.

* * * *

Awareness, consciousness, perception, memory, imagination, are one in the same, the same in one.
The cosmos is nothing more than the happenchance of quantum selection since the mystery's origin.
To suppose some separate creator creating it all, is to misconstrue the fact that it is all very much you.
Not a point to be taken in some proud, vainglorious, narcissistic way, but one to be discerned
As the way it truly is, the way it has always truly been, the way will ever truly be.
You are source, source is you, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is rooted in complete and utter absurdity.
If you are steadfastly resolved on annihilating an individual or group,
Why should-could-would it possibly matter how you do it?
Dead is dead, no matter the ways and means.

* * * *

Knowledge is perception recalling.
All futures are but empty speculation.
Speculation does not count as knowledge.
It utilizes knowledge to predict possibilities,
But can never transcend its veiled nature.

* * * *

Waking dreams, sleeping dreams, what different, really?
Both are fictions of consciousness, of imagination,
Of minds born of illusory quantum play.

* * * *

Any god or gods born of imaginary notion are false, meaningless idols,
Whose chief function is to feed the narcissism of the individual,
And the collective in which the individual participates.

* * * *

The ever-changing moment.
Sometimes it creates, sometimes it preserves, sometimes it destroys.
There is no knowing what will come next.

* * * *

Every moment is in quantum reality entirely unrelated to any other,

But through the time-bound dream of consciousness.
All continuity is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

There is no creator, only creating; there is no destroyer, only destroying.
And they are both one in the same each and every never-changing moment.

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same, indivisible way.

* * * *

The last human …will it be a man? A woman? A boy? A girl?
Who will it be? What will happen? Where will it happen?
When will it happen? Why will it happen? How will it happen?
What will be the last story of the final spark of human consciousness?

* * * *

What happened a moment ago, what will happen a moment hence,
Is not where the wheel is hitting the road, and only imagination cares.

* * * *

Each and every moment is a new beginning, a new ending.
Why believe, why imagine, you can ever hold on to anything?

* * * *

Every life form is the same quantum mystery, the same awareness, indivisibly alone,
Each peering out into a completely unique, completely sovereign creation.
If you are questing an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent god,
That grand vision of totality, which also includes you,
Is as real and true as it can ever get.

* * * *

Did something happen for a reason? Or did something just happen to happen?
Fallacies are mistaken beliefs, especially ones based on unsound argument.
Piecing together things to give meaning and purpose where none exist.
Mind is good at connecting dots, but often into great absurdities;

* * * *

You are indelible awareness.
Try not to believe what you see.
Try not to believe what you hear.
Try not to believe what you taste.
Try not to believe what you smell.
Try not to believe what you feel.
And most of all …
Try not to believe what you think.

* * * *

We are all first and last in our own little dream.
Every window of time offers its own articulation.
None are greater or lesser, despite all assertions.

* * * *

All values, all standards, all morals, all ethics, all ideals, all principles, all tenets, all beliefs,
Are subjective, arbitrary, fallacious, sentimental, distorted, idiosyncratic,
Skewed, prejudiced, colored, slanted, biased, personal.
Meaningful only to minds conditioned, habituated to believe them.

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions
Founded upon the sensory-mind quantum matrix.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same way.

* * * *

Take an hour, split it in half.
Take that half and divide it in half,
And then half that half into yet another half,
And half and half and half again and again and again,
Until there is but the half-est half that half can consciously be,
And that half will still be more half than the one and only twinkling,
In which all time born of human mind imagines its measured passing to be.

* * * *

Glance over at the weary old woman sitting very alone at the thieving slot machine three stools away;
Chain-smoking cigarette after cigarette, downing as many gin and tonics as the waitress will allow.
Though she does not even begin to fathom it, she is just as much the indivisible mystery as you.
So do not get all pride-filled and judgmental believing you are special for discerning the obvious.

* * * *

Become a stranger to the mind-body that the timeless awareness you truly are inhabits.
Be as aloof toward your passing dream of consciousness as you would be to any other's.

* * * *

What is to feel happy for? What is to feel sorrow about? What is to feel angry at?
What is any passion but the self absorption of desire and rage and fervor,
A dream that is not real, has never been real, will never be real.

* * * *

I am center stage in my dream, you center stage in yours.
What is to be done but play on however the mystery calls.

* * * *

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,

All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

* * * *

The universe is an ever-mutating theater of quantum design
How it came to this or that, how it continues on,
Only ignorance imagines knowing.

* * * *

No, not that.
And not that, either.
And throw out that one, too.
Such is the destiny of all speculation.

* * * *

So many speculations, none any more or less true than any other.
What point the delusion of knowing what can never be known?

* * * *

Spin that narrative however you will, it is just a story.
Imagined, fabricated, temporal, bounded,
Destined to be forgotten.

* * * *

Pain and suffering are created by imagination's flight in the illusory winds of time and space.
To be still in the awareness that is source, is to detach from the body and the cosmos it creates.

* * * *

Would you every be as concerned
What any other creature thought of you
As you are some stranger passing on a sidewalk?

* * * *

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection in such as a way as to conjure up a sense of self,
And the rest is the imaginary tale we call history.

* * * *

No matter that it be alleged fact or fantastical fiction, all thinkers, all writers, all actors,
All historians, all scientists, all mathematicians, all engineers, all electricians,
All architects, all carpenters, all chefs, all tailors, all cobblers,
All inventors, all producers, all originators,
All creators of every variety, every scope, are storytellers.

* * * *

Someone creates a story.
Someone else believes it true.
Someone else builds a toll booth.

* * * *

You have been a time-traveler ever since you were born,
And will come to a complete halt when you die.
Such is the dream for all living things.

* * * *

Any given system tends to eventually grow too large, too unwieldy, too stale,
And is usurped by more adaptable systems unbound by the same constraints.
It is the nature of the manifest garden, the manifest universe, since its creation.

* * * *

It is impossible for awareness to exist.
It is but timeless witness to a kaleidoscoping quantum dream,
Over which it has no control, no say, whatsoever.

* * * *

The indelible voraciousness of humanoid consciousness
Traps the genomic paradigm in an endless vortex
Of every conceivable narcissism, every achievable hedonism.
The old monkey's-fist-in-the-coconut narrative played out forever again.

* * * *

Awareness is witness,
Imagination, the dreamer,
Quantum, the theater.

* * * *

The tyranny that desire and fear, power and fame and fortune,
Have over the human mind is an unending theater of absurdity.

* * * *

The moment is timeless.
It harbors no beginnings, no endings, nor anything before or between or after.
Those are the dominions of imagination.

* * * *

To be as still as the awareness that perceives it all,
To be free of all desire and fear, all musings, all conclusions, all speculations,
All the weavings of the ever-kaleidoscoping senses,
That is the challenge.

* * * *

Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?

Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Witty or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
Infinite or finite, what does the mystery care?
Creation or destruction, what does the mystery care?
Atheist or believer, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Male or female, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Good or evil, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

* * * *

The only duality, the only dichotomy, with all its blacks and whites,
Nears and fars, larges and smalls, heres and theres, rights and wrongs, loves and hates,
Pluses and minuses, goods and evils, creations and destructions,
Is fabricated entirely of imagination.

* * * *

Plug five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Into a neurotransmitter capable of higher consciousness,
Capable of imagining a sense of self journeying time and space.
Add memory, larynx, opposable thumbs, two legs, lungs, cooling system,
And an inherent predisposition for tool-making and intricate social interactions.
Sprinkle into that biological stew a few dashes of desire and fear,
And, poof, a theater of unmitigated absurdity.

* * * *

There is only awareness, immaculate and ingenuous, indivisible and absolute.
It is not Brahman, nor Tao, nor God, nor Allah, nor Jehovah, nor Zeus, nor Jesus, nor Buddha,
Nor any other graven image on high, born of consciousness, manmade or otherwise.

* * * *

Every creature plays a sensory universe.
Every creature taps into a wee slice of the quantum pie.
An itsy-bitsy sliver of the web of life sponsored by the electromagnetic spectrum.
Finite is finite, no matter the perspective.

* * * *

Be exceedingly wary of those who believe their own propaganda.
Regarding your own self-deceptions, your own fallacies,
Do your best to keep them to a minimum.

* * * *

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.
Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

* * * *

We are all actors upon the stage.
Most believing their parts real and true.
Some more believable than others,
But all dreams, nonetheless.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness, free of all pasts, free of all futures,
All movement of the clouds of consciousness,
Are you free in the dream.

* * * *

Why bother pretending to know what can never be known?
Only delusion and greed assert anything beyond comprehension.

* * * *

Only imagination desires and fears, likes and loves and hates, creates and preserves and destroys.
Only imagination wallows in pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth.
Only imagination determines all things separate and unequal.
Awareness is indifferent to all attributes.

* * * *

Awareness has no time to create or destroy,
Live or die, give or take, stay or go, happy or sad, love or hate, good or bad,
Right or wrong, smart or stupid, kind or cruel, rich or poor,
Sage or fool, black or white, this or that,
Duality is not its purview.

* * * *

That which can be perceived is not the timeless quantum.
That which can be named is not the nameless awareness.

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I is a delusion born of imagination.
It but a fictional player in the timeless eye of awareness.

* * * *

Amazing how much pain and suffering we all put up with in this sensory-mind inspired,
Three-dimensional, touchy-feely, extremely finite, extremely illusory, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Tangibly intangible, ethereal, electromagnetic spectrum quantum matrix of a dreamtime.

* * * *

Breathe in nothing, breath out nothing.
Repeat until the last unborn-undying moment
Consciousness is capable of sustaining.

* * * *

The cosmic garden is an indivisibly immaculate creation.
Imagination is the creator of original sin, the last sin,
And all the incalculable ones betwixt and between.

* * * *

The ephemeral moment offers haven to neither joy nor sorrow.
That is the dominion of the temporal mind imagining all things so.

* * * *

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – are the ways and means of greed,
And greed, of pride, and pride of an indefatigable capacity for perpetual delusion.

* * * *

You are attached to anything tangible or intangible
That distracts you from the pure beingness of awareness,
Anything that draws you into the endless web of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize.
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?

What is to traditionalize?

* * * *

What creature has not been the transcendent timeless serenity its entire existence?
Only the human species has fabricated a hellish enterprise of this magical garden world.
The gods and demons it has mythologized are but the vanity of imagination's divisive nature.

* * * *

That you are co-creator, co-creating, is not an ego thing.
It is an actuality thing, every moment of every existence.

* * * *

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

* * * *

Awareness is the clarity, the simplicity, the transparency, the eternity,
In which the thunder and lightning of consciousness
Equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

The same awareness is in all life,
It is neither mine nor yours or theirs.
It is without attachment to any structure.
And equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

All gods and other mythological creations are un-provable assumptions
Born of the inexplicable human need to rationalize their inexplicability.

* * * *

Regarding the infinity of the mystery into which we have been cast,
No one can ever know more than the speculations of imagination allow.

* * * *

In the Bhagavad Gita, in Lord Krishna's discourse with the warrior, Arjuna,
He states the manifest aspect consists of eight material energies:
Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, and ego.
And that the higher nature is the life force
That permeates all things and sustains the Cosmos.
This two-fold nature is the womb of all beings and things.

It is the source of all Creation, and that into which it dissolves.
That there is nothing higher than the Self that clearly discerns this,
That "All That Is" hangs upon this Self like "pearls threaded on string."
And that those few who absolutely, without doubt, see this, become That I Am.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant in all eternity
When you are not the unborn-undying changeless nature.
All perceptions, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructs.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant when you are not the unborn indivisible nature.
All perceptions, all causes, all effects, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructions.

* * * *

Imagine yourself back to the moment you were conceived,
And re-examine, re-witness, from that timeless, spaceless beginning,
The womb, the world, the cosmos, you have in time traveled, in time created.

* * * *

Truth is not something that can be taught, nor can it be learned.
It is about fully attending the moment; not the triviality of memory.

* * * *

Observing, contemplating, the imaginary expanses of the mind's kaleidoscoping theater,
All seen, all heard, all tasted, all smelled, all touched, all anything,
Is the nothingness of quantum play.

* * * *

Dreamtime.
More dreamtime.
Even more dreamtime.

**Soundbites**

Religion is human vanity given over to absurd quibbling in much-ado-over-nothing fashion.

* * * *

Imagination ever takes flight, ever creating its imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

How is it so many relatively intelligent, rational people still believe in magical thinking?

* * * *

Your sleeping dream, your waking dream, what difference, really?

* * * *

Nature timelessly creates and destroys without artifice or theatrics or agenda.

* * * *

The life force is not about you; you are but an imaginary story in your own mind.

* * * *

Does time create consciousness, or consciousness, time? Is one without the other?

* * * *

Wisdom is the absence of delusion.

* * * *

Imagination is the weaver of continuity, but where is continuity in the eternal moment?

* * * *

The life that you imagine is but a subjective dream, as real as any cloud.

* * * *

Ceaseless what absurdities groupthink can contrive.

* * * *

The absurdities of groupthink are unending.

* * * *

One wonders how many times has God blown out his brains watching the human absurdity.

* * * *

It is not ultimately real, yet we must pretend it so.

* * * *

Rationality and absurdity are diametric players in the theater of consciousness.

* * * *

Yet another layer of absurdity whipping at what little sanity remains.

* * * *

Everything is over before you know it; only the perceptions of imagination remain.

* * * *

Absurdity abounds.

* * * *

Hope dashed on the rocks yet again.

* * * *

Truth is stranger than fiction.

* * * *

Imagination cavorts about the stage, but quantum physics runs the theater.

* * * *

The first and last delusion is believing you exist.

* * * *

Lessons in absurdity.

* * * *

Consciousness is its own trip.

* * * *

Absurd beyond all notions of absurdity.

* * * *

The vanity the monkey-mind considers so real and dear is not to any other creature.

* * * *

When it comes to the mystery, there is no knowing; only the speculation we call knowing.

* * * *

There is neither beginning nor ending to the creation-destruction dynamic.

* * * *

What are goals and plans but rabbit holes in your dream?

* * * *

What is vanity but the bravado of consciousness.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning are nothing more than concoctions of imagination.

* * * *

What is any life but frozen moments of perception.

* * * *

Are all creations born of consciousness inherently flawed?

* * * *

Battling over this opinion or that is such preposterous human fare.

* * * *

Gauging what others think of you comes round to what you think of your imaginary self.

* * * *

All the rationality in the world cannot reverse the inertia of its absurdity and horror.

* * * *

We are all compost for the dreams to come.

* * * *

Despite all efforts and delusions to the contrary, Mother Nature is still in charge.

* * * *

Is polite society anything more than nasty people pretending they are not?

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant in the ever-changing quantum dream.

* * * *

Memory is the perception that this or that happened, but did it, really?

* * * *

The record of perception plays over and over and over, pretending, ever pretending, its reality true.

* * * *

The Great Game creates winners and losers, but what are you if you stop playing?

* * * *

Another day wandering the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

So vain as to believe we are the only ones; so vain as to believe we are not the only ones.

* * * *

And why would most if not all of what you believe matters, matter to anyone but you?

* * * *

Memory is the wellspring of consciousness as dictated by the frame of reference.

* * * *

All beliefs are declarations of delusion, even the belief in nothing.

* * * *

The mystery creates the brain, and the brain, the mystery.

* * * *

Life is an intoxicating dream, an intoxicating illusion.

* * * *

What is called living is but an imaginary state of mind.

* * * *

It is all pretend.

* * * *

Imagination creates heavens and hells, and everything between.

* * * *

Is imagination real? Only to minds lost to delusion.

* * * *

Everything you do belongs to a world that you did not create.

* * * *

What effort we put into all our absurdities.

* * * *

To believe one fable is to believe them all; believe none, and peace is the bargain.

* * * *

Regarding truth, what you want it to be, hope it to be, believe it to be, means diddly-squat.

* * * *

Trying to alter a true believer's catechism, why bother?

* * * *

You must teach your Self to let go the imaginary mind.

* * * *

There you go again, imagining you exist.

* * * *

Thinking is an addictive habit to the juggernaut of imagination.

* * * *

It is imagination that pretends to exist, not you.

* * * *

Life is but vague perceptions stored on neuron trails.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto consciousness.

* * * *

You are the mystery come unto imagination.

* * * *

Nothing linear about it but for an imaginary state of mind.

* * * *

Reality is of no importance but to imagination.

* * * *

If you must believe in something, believe in nothing.

* * * *

To approach the moment with a fresh mind is too easy to imagine.

* * * *

Imagination is ever bent on clinging to its creation.

* * * *

You are lost as long as you believe any story real, especially your own.

* * * *

Life is a collage of undone perceptions.

* * * *

What is this quantum enterprise but a maze of infinite dreams.

* * * *

Yet another dream born of quantum dust.

* * * *

What is death but the end of an imaginary state; what is birth but its beginning.

* * * *

Such is the nature of the dream that the awareness of now passes into the perception of then.

* * * *

It was all a hoax, a dream, an illusion, from moment one.

* * * *

Rest assured, Mother Nature does not give one iota of a hoot what you believe.

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness.

* * * *

Which is more arrogant, to realize you are that which is god, or believing you are not?

* * * *

You are far more vast than imagination can allow.

* * * *

Do not misperceive what you imagine your Self to be with what you truly are.

* * * *

All history, as scientifically as it might be sorted, boils down to scholarly speculation.

* * * *

The art of speculation is a game of smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

All perceptions of existence are but a mirage of the quantum mind.

* * * *

The point of old age is realizing how absurdly mundane it has always been.

* * * *

What can you recall of even a moment ago but the vaguest perception?

* * * *

Never real but that imagination deigns it so.

* * * *

what great difference do you believe you have really made in this cosmic swirl?

* * * *

You are an eye of the mystery; what need to believe?

* * * *

Pandering to fear and absurdity again, are we?

* * * *

Being in the moment requires no belief; being in the moment is not capable of belief.

* * * *

Talking heads and dittoheads share the commonality of an eerie absurdities.

* * * *

Consciousness is the creator of space and time, a quantum dimension born of imagination.

* * * *

So many seek until they find a new game of charades that is but another lie of consciousness.

* * * *

What is to surrender but a dream born of attachment to imaginary notion.

* * * *

Does it all count for something? Only in imagination.

* * * *

The life you hoped for … planned for … even expected … well, good luck with that.

* * * *

The dream, the imagination, will always draw you back if you allow it.

* * * *

A new tack, a new leg, to the dream.

* * * *

It all means nothing but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

Live in whatever ignorance you will, the mystery of awareness equally abides all dreams.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the spice of imagination.

* * * *

The joy of god, the sorrow of god, are but imaginary states born of the dream of time.

* * * *

Longing for what was, hoping for what will be, are the suffering in which imagination dwells.

* * * *

You are awareness, the eternal moment, creator and creation, there is no other.

* * * *

All but a dream based on all the attachments to the mortal frame.

* * * *

With but a glance, a cosmos is created.

* * * *

In the vagueness of memory, all things are possible.

* * * *

There is no knowing the truth of history; it is all the speculation of storytellers.

* * * *

You are the center of your imaginary universe, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What need to conquer a world you have created?

* * * *

Consciousness is but a player.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, exist only in consciousness; they are nothing in the ever-present moment.

* * * *

The human paradigm is an impromptu passion play founded upon imaginary notion..

* * * *

What is Creation but a wave heading toward its own shore.

* * * *

Be cautious about believing you know things you cannot.

* * * *

Face it, your entire existence has been a fabrication of imagination; awareness, cloaked by vanity.

* * * *

Do not rely on hope.

* * * *

In less than an instant, this moment too shall be a memory subject to imaginary recollection.

* * * *

How can there be different dimensions when all appearances, all attributes, are but illusion?

* * * *

Clinging to a dream, what torture.

* * * *

Imagine a world, a universe, in which you have never been known.

* * * *

Best to be cautious about pretending you really know something.

* * * *

And what do you believe you have accomplished that will matter at all to eternity?

* * * *

Pretending you exist again, eh?

* * * *

He with the most imagination suffers most.

* * * *

Imagination's reign will be but a relatively short one.

* * * *

If you truly believed in God and Heaven, would you not be seeking to get there quickly?

* * * *

Life as we know it is a lot of moments strung together by imagination.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness, of imagination, blow through the sky of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Every time has its own little window of absurdity.

* * * *

Seems like a lot of people still believe that world exists.

* * * *

Alimentary canals surrounded by prattle and notion.

* * * *

What is any life but a set of moments strung together by imagination.

* * * *

Awareness is true Self; imagined self is but imagined self.

* * * *

Trial and error is the brick and mortar of all creation.

* * * *

Imagination is creator and creation.

* * * *

Fabrication that it is, knowledge will always see itself out.

* * * *

The body is but the regalia of a dream

* * * *

What a different world is created by hysteria.

* * * *

Awareness is witness; imagination, the dreamer; quantum, the theater.

* * * *

Imagination can only usurp awareness for as long as awareness allows.

* * * *

The dream carries on and on until death do you part.

* * * *

Pretending you are not insane is insane.

* * * *

There is no becoming, only being; imagination is the source of all vanity.

* * * *

Anybody who believes they are not crazy is crazy.

* * * *

The human condition is founded entirely on imagination.

* * * *

What is knowledge but the futile attempt to be secure in a merciless dream.

* * * *

Empty the cache of all memories, all perceptions, all assumptions; free your Self.

* * * *

Doing not harm is an exceedingly relative perception.

* * * *

Is time any more than a function of memory cells?

Rationality or delusion, you choose.

* * * *

All in a dream, all but a dream.

* * * *

Why torture your Self for so many imaginary reasons?

* * * *

The delusions of self-interest wander many paths to many dead ends.

* * * *

How can you save what was never more than a dream in the first place?

* * * *

What point to existence if awareness does not use it to explore the creation to which it is home.

* * * *

What could you possibly do to make it more or less the dreamtime it is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

You are only as useful as others perceive.

* * * *

You are the most immaculate you the immaculate mystery could immaculately create.

* * * *

Nothing matters but to vain notion.

* * * *

Are you deluding yourself that you are not deluding yourself?

* * * *

The imagination-driven universe awakens to a new day.

* * * *

Yet another talking head believing their yabber really matters.

* * * *

Original sin is but an imaginary notion born of dogmatic thinking.

* * * *

The freest mind is the one not suffering the contractions of consciousness.

* * * *

Nothing matters only as much as imagination imagines.

* * * *

Possibilities, imagine them all.

* * * *

Whatever you believe will tinge whatever you see.

* * * *

Gravity deceives you into believing you are not floating in space.

* * * *

Only those lost to absurdity argue or ignore with facts.

* * * *

Yet another auspiciously inauspicious day; perception is all, attitude is all.

* * * *

The awareness prior to consciousness is as near as you can be to anything called god.

* * * *

To believe the jungle owes you anything is a first and last error.

* * * *

Awareness harbors no duality; that is the purview of imagination.

* * * *

Behavior may be modified, but the essential underlying perceptions ever remain the same.

* * * *

Is faith anything more than another world for delusion?

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe any label, any meme, even begins to encapsulate anyone.

* * * *

What is this momentary dream but one kaleidoscoping phase after another.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is far beyond far, any reckoning to which consciousness might aspire.

* * * *

All insane, some more functional than others, that being called normal.

* * * *

No belief is real belief; no faith is real faith.

* * * *

A rare few see reality clearly, without effort, and move on at ease with their brief dream.

* * * *

Consciousness and imagination are different words for the same thing.

* * * *

Imagination is the harbor of duality.

* * * *

What is consciousness but the flurry of its own proportion.

* * * *

Absurd assumptions make for absurd dogma.

* * * *

Why engage with any dualistic notion?

* * * *

What is fashion but a lot of vain people pretending they look like more than pigs in makeup.

* * * *

Imagination exists, not you.

* * * *

True belief requires no belief; true faith requires no faith.

* * * *

An mind given over to awareness is attuned to conscious breathing.

* * * *

It is all just speculation, it is all just wordplay, until you discover it for your Self.

* * * *

Imagination is its own boon; imagination is its own bane.

* * * *

Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.

**Breadcrumbs**

Don't share your delusion, sorry; please go annoy someone else.

* * * *

So weary of pretending to be a human being.
All the vanity, all the greed, all the pain.
But hey, what is a god-man to do?

* * * *

Materialism has played a big part in my absurdity.

* * * *

Do I laugh? Do I cry? Do I love? Do I loathe? Do I enjoy? Do I suffer?
Do I Create? Do I preserve? Do I destroy?
What a thing, this fickle mind.

* * * *

I be a human being who happened to be born in Kaliforny,
In the Disunited States of America at its height of its delusion and greed,
And never had the acuity nor the craving to get out of Dodge.
Being inside the dronosphere was a big plus.

* * * *

Oh, for a quantum-piercing time machine
To watch how the human paradigm plays out.
Will it be as madly dystopian as I imagine?

* * * *

Alas that I have been such a disillusionment to so many people
Along the long and winding road that has woven this mind's tapestry.
Such is the destiny of those for whom their cosmos is the first and last pearl.

* * * *

Please do not hesitate to take your delusion elsewhere.

* * * *

… Once upon a time I was six …
… And then sixteen … and then 26 … 36 … 46 … 56 …
… And now 66 … perhaps someday 76 … maybe even 86 … or even an improbable 96 …
… What a dream …

* * * *

How monotonous to be surrounded by true believers,
Followers, minions, sycophants, groupies, toadies, gofers, hangers-on,
Devotees, disciples, flatterers, adherents, supporters, admirers, enthusiasts, underlings,

Cronies, yes men, fans, acolytes, favorites, optimists, subordinates, slaves,
Fawners, bootlickers, brownnosers, and ass-kissers.
Give me a nitpicking skeptic and a grousing cynic any day.

* * * *

About as foreign a foreign policy as absurdity allows.

* * * *

Spent life looking for meaning and purpose until I finally realized there is none.
That the entire human drama and the dreamtime in which it is set,
Is but an illusion, a game rigged for delusion.

**Sketches of the Once Upon a Time**

**Nightmare**

Dreams have never been a high priority in this existence,
But there was a recurring one that began back in the years before adolescence.
One in which I felt helplessly, hopelessly, powerlessly trapped beneath a suffocating, bean-like torrent,
Which only ended when I finally realized it was my spirit being conditioned by the world.
It may well have been the first intuition of all that has since transpired.

**Titles, Titles & More Titles**

The Netherworld of Consciousness

* * * *

Imagination Creates Everything

* * * *

Once Upon a Dream

* * * *

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

* * * *

Absurdity Abounds

* * * *

Managing Absurdity

* * * *

Lessons in Absurdity

* * * *

The Hubris of Consciousness

* * * *

The Humility of Consciousness

* * * *

The Bravado of Consciousness

* * * *

The Frozen Moments of Perception

* * * *

The Delusion of Love

* * * *

Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness

* * * *

Cultural Fabrications

* * * *

It Is All Pretend

* * * *

An Intoxicating Dream

* * * *

An Intoxicating Illusion

* * * *

The Imaginary Existence

* * * *

The Theater of Imagination

* * * *

The Matrix of Imagination

* * * *

The Dream of Existence

* * * *

The Habit of Imagination

* * * *

The Addiction to Imagination

* * * *

Yet Another Dream Born of Quantum Dust

* * * *

A Maze of Infinite Dreams

* * * *

The Imaginary Mind

* * * *

My Insanity

* * * *

The Art of Speculation

* * * *

Do Not Rely on Hope

* * * *

Doors of Perception

* * * *

Pretending You Exist Again, Eh?

* * * *

The Flavors of Imagination

* * * *

Imagination's Reign

* * * *

Prattle and Notion

* * * *

The Rest is Imagination

* * * *

Windows of Absurdity

* * * *

Ironic Faith

* * * *

The Regalia of a Dream

* * * *

The Makeshift Dream

* * * *

The Mystery's Indivisible Trinity: Awareness, Imagination, Quantum

* * * *

Hope Fails Again

* * * *

The Dream Carries On

* * * *

Delusion 101

* * * *

Illusion 101

* * * *

The Loneliness Created by Time

* * * *

All But a Dream

* * * *

The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness

* * * *

Dualistic Notion

* * * *

The Imagination-Driven Universe

* * * *

The Web of Consciousness

* * * *

The Contractions of Consciousness

* * * *

Floating in a Dream

* * * *

The Effortless Dream

* * * *

The Awareness Prior to Consciousness

* * * *

Denial and Delusion

* * * *

True Belief Requires No Belief

* * * *

True Faith Requires No Faith

* * * *

The Boon and Bane of Imagination

* * * *

Imagination is the Harbor of Duality

* * * *

Dreamtime

* * * *

More Dreamtime

* * * *

Even More Dreamtime

**My (Not Quite) Haiku**

A collection of 'not quite' haiku inspired by Bart Marshall's "One Hundred Two Haiku" from his book "Verses Regarding True Nature."

Verses Regarding True Nature
https://versesregardingtruenaturemarshall.blogspot.com

One Hundred Two Haiku
https://onehundredtwohaikumarshall.blogspot.com

More from Wikipedia on Haiku and other poetry genrres that originated in Japan. In the 17th century, two masters arose who elevated haikai and gave it a new popularity. They were Matsuo Bashō (1644–1694) and Uejima Onitsura (1661–1738). Haiku was given its current name by the Japanese writer Masaoka Shiki at the end of the 19th century.

Haiku
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haiku

Translations of Ancient Writings by Bart Marshall

Ashtavakra Gita
http://theashtavakra.blogspot.com/

Tao Te Ching
http://theperennialway-taoteching.blogspot.com/

Bhagavad Gita
https://bhagavadgitamarshall.blogspot.com/

Yoga Sutras
http://yogasutrasbypatanjali.blogspot.com/

Dhammapada
http://buddhasdhammapada.blogspot.com/

The Book of Ecclesiastes
https://21ecclesiastesmarshall.blogspot.com

**My (Not Quite) Haiku**

When was it I stopped crying?
When I saw the universe
for the dream it is.

This moment
is all I could ever imagine
letting go.

Can any cloud be more dark
than the stoical cynicism I bear
towards the dream dancing in my mind?

The universe is an ever-mutating show of quantum design
How it came to this, how it continues on,
Only fools imagine knowing.

Adrift in the ether of awareness;
Consciousness swirling around and about.
No destination known.

Had I known what I know today,
Would have only made for another trail of discovery
In the helter-skelter of dreamtime.

Polarization at every turn.
Imagination … the combustion of consciousness …
Locked in ceaseless struggle for survival.

I imagine,
Therefore, I imagine I am.
And the recording plays on and on and on …

When it comes to this Grand Mystery,
Why would anybody believe, trust, imagine, accept,
Anyone else truly knows any more than they?

An agnostic mind, knowing it knows nothing,
Freely wanders, anonymously wanders, serenely wanders,
Though the madness of a delusional illusion.

I putter, therefore I think I am.
But what am I, but awareness locked in a vat of flesh and bones,
Witnessing a figment of imagination wandering an illusory matrix of space and time.

Alone again, naturally.
The world, the cosmos, naught but a mind-body dream.
Just the way I likes it.

An illusory matrix, chock-full of vain dreams of becoming.
But what more can any truly be,
But the way it is, right here, right now.

# Breadcrumbs 2021

**Leftovers**

You are the immaculate awareness, the immeasurable witness,
Through which nature every moment creates, every moment destroys.
It is a timeless dance, a timeless dream, in which duality is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

There is nothing in the right here, right now of the timeless moment,
To hold up or bolster the idolatry of anything or anybody in the mirage of time.
False gods are a pretense to those intent on freeing themselves from imaginary constraints.

* * * *

Imagination can create and destroy, give and take, ebb and flow, receive and impart,
Learn and ignore, listen and speak, walk and run, retreat and attack, maneuver and fire,
Block and strike, caress and maim, resign and resist, still and wander, yin and yang,
In every conceivable way, at any moment, with equal and unadorned abandon.

* * * *

What space, what time, what theater, what dream,
Could ever contact, ever confine, ever control,
The awareness you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Stop, already, with the perfection conception archetype.
None who play mortality, are that with which perfection would ever align.
All are flawed; all are faulty, defective, damaged, blemished, inconsistent, unsound, weak.
Better to embrace the reality of this mundane touchy-feely dream,
Than to contort to yet another vain absurdity.

* * * *

To keenly perceive the limitations of imagination's usurpation of awareness,
Is the inevitable burden of all who awaken to the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

All those likes, all those dislikes, are really nothing more,
Than imaginary universes ever embracing and colliding.

* * * *

Belief, faith, hope, certainty, conviction,
And other notions of a whimsical nature,
Do not long dwell in the arena of doubt.

* * * *

Great doubt, whether through hesitation or disbelief,

Is the motivation, the momentum, the impetus, the stimulus,
That sets canvas and rudder to whatever parts known and unknown,
Any given wanderer, any given rambler, any given gypsy, any given sailor,
From harbor to harbor, from adventure to adventure, from birth to death, may tack.

* * * *

Worshipping false idols, whether in form or concept,
Is not an intelligent use of one's brief window of time.

* * * *

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these free-given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind you as quickly as them running shoes allow.

* * * *

You have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes you could have ever imagined.
If you signed up for this mortal playhouse, you were too drunk to remember.

* * * *

Consciousness, judgment, belief, imagery, measurement, inventiveness,
Imagination, visualization, fantasy, hallucination, meditation, contemplation, revelation,
Perception, thought, reflection, deliberation, observation, conception, prescience,
Creativity, understanding, planning, problem-solving, problem-making,
Dreaming, opinion, notion, theory, philosophy, theory, design …
All very much the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the plain?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?

Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?
Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?
Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?

Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?
Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?
Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?

Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?
Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?
Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?

Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

* * * *

That reflection in the mirror or window,
That photograph on the mantle or album or screen,
Is not you … it never was, it never will be.
You are prior to all attributes,
No matter the dream.

* * * *

It is all this imaginary becoming that wreaks all the many passions,
That generate so much sorrow and suffering in existence.
Awareness is, without concern for any moment
The human paradigm could ever spin.

* * * *

Why would anyone even begin to believe, to imagine,
The indelible mystery could ever not be whole,
That it could ever separate in any way from its awareness.
You are the mystery, you are the awareness, witness to all and none.

* * * *

Cults and religions come and go because the multitudes
Fear suffering and oblivion, fear the unknowable,
And seek salvation from the fires of damnation,
For nothing more than evils born of imagination.
Truly, the one and only angel, the one and only demon,
The one and only usurper of awareness in all its human forms.

* * * *

Imagination will, more than likely,
Very quickly, without warning or fanfare,
Take flight in the inattentive mind.

* * * *

One of our bigger errors was thinking, believing, expecting, it would be any different.
Giving power to the masses has generally been frowned upon by the bigger club-carriers.
To in any way hope that might change in these our modern times, was naïve from the get-go.

* * * *

To die before you die, you must die to the story.
To the narrative, the chronicle, the tale, the fable, the myth, the legend,
You have manufactured and projected unto your universe
For this relatively brief play of imagination.

* * * *

Vanity plays out the narrative to which you are so attached,
So conditioned by nature-nurture to every moment play out.

* * * *

You have never not been the mystery.
Duality is the polarizing inclination of imagination.
The unblemished indivisibility of nonduality is reality's true sheen.

* * * *

Are great brutality and voraciousness truly the actions of some great evil force?
Or merely the predictable me-myself-and-I, playing out extreme tribal notions?

* * * *

But for vanity's countless self-absorbed assertions,
You cannot be more than you already are,
Nor less than you already are not.

* * * *

Those who control the narrative shape history's perception
Down whatever future-past its tenuous nature can lay claim.
The routine of tradition is a strong force in the human psyche,
So there is a stanch penchant to cling to whatever story is provided.
How many cultures have played out in humanity's relatively brief epoch,
Is but one of the beyond-countless things that can never be more than speculated.

* * * *

All dreams, all worlds, all universes, all dimensions,
Are but illusions you play over and over with your Self,
In every imaginable way, times and spaces beyond counting.

* * * *

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.

To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.

To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or bot to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.

To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.
To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.

To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.
To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.

To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.
To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.

To partner, or not to partner.
To sally, or not to sally.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.
To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.
To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

* * * *

Why is it so enticing, so beguiling, for you to know that which can never be known?
Why is it necessary for you to continue believing whatever imaginary stories your culture has spun?
Or for you to continue believing whatever imaginary narratives you have yourself spun?
Why is it so arduous to be in concord, in harmony, with the mystery you are?
To just serenely be the moment to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

God is never born. God never dies.
God is the timelessness prior to all time-bound creations.
God is awareness, unborn, undying, untouched by the vagaries of consciousness.
God is much more, God is much less, than any word.
There is no God but you.

* * * *

How can awareness see without eyes?
How can awareness hear without ears?
How can awareness smell without a nose?
How can awareness taste without a tongue?
How can awareness touch without a receptacle?
How can awareness perceive without a mind?
Manifestation is necessary for the mystery
To perceive, to discover, to experience,
Whatever dreams existence offers.

* * * *

One moment you are the dreamer, the conditioned part imagination routinely plays.
And the next, you are the awareness, the one and only you, dreaming.
Dreamer and dreaming, back and forth, forth and back.
Not at all an easy thing to stay awake.

* * * *

It is consciousness, imagination, that moves, not awareness.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is simply awareness.
Forever a mystery: inexplicable, unfathomable, ineffable, indelible, immeasurable.
Only in the timeless present, only in the unborn-undying, immutable moment, can it be discerned.

* * * *

Every sentient being has its own dream, its own world, its own universe.
There is no creator judging; there is only the creation experiencing.
The concoctions of priesthood middlemen are nothing more
Than means to manipulate masses to their own ends.
The only thing personal about the dream is you,
And you are nothing more than an invention of imagination.
It is in the awareness of the moment that you will discern the true Self.

* * * *

Let go all the narratives, even your own, and what is left
But the pure awareness of a very still, very timeless moment.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) starts and stops, ebbs and flows, creaks and groans.
The awareness, the eternal moment, ever streams through the kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

There is no imaginary creator on high judging its creation.
There is only the spontaneous creation equally experiencing all dreamtimes.
Heavens and hells and purgatories are the delusional fabrications
Of those who allow imagination to get the better of them.
Implacable doubt is the means to awakening
To the awareness witnessing all.

* * * *

How many fellow earthlings, given the capacity, would not do everything we have?
All organisms small to great have an opportunistic impetus to survive however they can.
It is the sense of self, and the insatiability of imagination, bodily hunger morphed into avarice,
That has taken instinct, the drive to persevere, to a cancerous level no web of life can forever endure.

* * * *

Doubt is the key ingredient.
Believing anything, assuming anything,
Is the sure road to any and every imaginable delusion.

* * * *

Kudos and boos to all those who weave the lie to their own ends.
It is a mysterious dream, well-suited to sociopaths and psychopaths.

* * * *

It is a mysterious mystery.

It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.

It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivalled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.

It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.

It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is a … mystery.

* * * *

Imagine whatever you will, as often as you will,
It has never been more real than the given moment,
Which is a vague reality, a dubious awareness, in its Self.

* * * *

Your sensory mind-body, your world, your cosmos, is a quantum construct of imagination.
Since birth, you have been conditioned, mesmerized, brainwashed, compelled,
By the given nature-nurture, to play a part that partakes it all real.
Few see it for what it is; fewer still live it for what it is.

* * * *

Yes, it more than likely you will wake up tomorrow morning

Just as mesmerized as you have been all those yesterdaze.
Awakening to the illusion of it all, is the rarest of feats.

* * * *

"God's Plan" appears to be for the human species to play out, to witness,
Every conceivable, every achievable, every nook and cranny absurdity,
That vanity and greed, narcissism and hedonism, can possibly muster.
What a jester that Santa Claus is; he make us laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

* * * *

Everyone imagines, everyone breathes, everyone consumes,
Everyone desires, everyone fears, everyone suffers, everyone dies.
You are very much alone, very much not alone, each and every moment.

* * * *

No perception … No sight, no sound, no taste, no smell, no touch,
Ever lasts more than the ever-present, timeless moment.
Only imagination ties the sensory illusion together.
Awareness is the presence through which all dreams abide.

* * * *

Cultures across all times, all geographies, have all fashioned mythologies,
Legends, folklores, traditions, fables, sagas, fairytales, parables,
Allegories, beliefs, creeds, convictions, and dogmas.
All founded on imaginary underpinnings
Stemming from the same inexplicable, unnamable mystery.

* * * *

As diverse as they may seem, human beings are very much the same across all times, all geographies.
They work, they play; they laugh, they cry; they love, they hate; they cooperate, they secede and clash.
They act out every sensation, every emotion, every passion, for which the genomic algorithm is wired.
How free can any mind-body be in the face of evolution's timeless wheel of creation and destruction?

* * * *

You know that you do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And you do not believe nor trust nor hope that anyone else truly does, either.
And thus, you wander all alone, through any and all camps, watching, waiting, wondering.

* * * *

What a bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a god on high,
Have you really lived such a despicable existence to be all that apprehensive
About being eternally damned in the byzantine abysses of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

* * * *

A vast horde of conglomerate empires, voracious dinosaurs, insatiable lizard-brains,
Daily, bit by bit, greedily devastating this garden planet and all its creations.
What hope can there be in the face of such overwhelming synergy?

* * * *

Jesus was more than likely not your rendering of Jesus, nor was Buddha,
Nor were any other graven mirages history has in imagination ever devised.

* * * *

Will that thought, that memory, that perception, ever go away?
Probably, but maybe with Magic Eight Ball glimpses here and there.

* * * *

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness.
What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

* * * *

You know that you do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And you do not believe, do not trust, that anyone else really does, either.
But for the greater part of the human mass, and its paradigm of vanity and greed,
The belief, the faith, the assumption, the conviction, the confidence, that someone else does,
Has directed the human absurdity into the deafening crescendo it has become in these modern times.

* * * *

How can timeless awareness and the so-called soul not be one in the same?
All divisions, all dualities, all gulfs, all rifts, are the concoctions of imagination.

* * * *

How can something be either ‘meant’ to happen or ‘not meant’ to happen?
It simply does or does not; there is no higher power moving you about some chessboard.
Only vanity contrives deities to give meaning and purpose to a mystery that is oblivious to any and all.

* * * *

How can you possibly let go of it,  until you every moment discern it all illusion?
And is it truly worth all the exertion? All the effort? And for what, really?
When it does not at all ultimately matter in any way-shape-form.
So … Red Pill? … Or Blue? … You choose, as destiny (i.e., vanity) calls.

* * * *

No one is at the helm of your illusory fate but you.
Calm or stormy, you will sail on and on,
To one sorry end or aother,
This brief existence being what it is.

* * * *

Each and every one is on their own, is the ultimate reality.
There are no trophies, no medals, no ribbons, no laurels, no brass rings.

There is no gold at the end of the rainbow, nor a seat at the foot of some deity on high.
All who quest truth, scrape away at their illusions, their delusions, their fallacies, their desires, their fears,
To whatever degree seems most authentic to the imagination of the given nature-nurture.
Right, wrong, or somewhere between, why would it possibly matter?

* * * *

The quantum theater, time and space, are ultimately not real,
So beginnings and endings are little more than moot assertions.
Illusory fabrications of the senses feeding into the neural transmitter.
A biological matrix founded on the Darwinian happenstance of evolution.

* * * *

The number of deities and demons that humankind has imagined
Throughout its perpetual migration across the world,
Would make for a very long list, indeed.

* * * *

Has there ever been even just one human culture across all times, all geographies,
That has not contrived a belief system of one sort or another?
Is a question that can never be answered.

* * * *

Knowledge, dogma, superstition, trivia, can be passed on,
But critical thinking, common sense, discernment, insight, wisdom,
Are well beyond the compass of any classroom or catechism or indoctrination,
For that is in the dynamic, the joie de vivre, of any given nature-nurture to fathom, or not.

* * * *

If time does not exist,
How is any before, any beginning, any during, any ending, any after,
Even possible as more than illusion?

* * * *

It is absolutely impossible for the awareness that you are and are not,
To be anywhere else but this moment, this instant, right here, right now.
Only imagination travels the three-dimensional illusion of time and space,
Through which the quantum mind-body plays out its sensory mortal dream.

* * * *

Watch the senses reach out into the world, the cosmos, that awareness every moment attends.
Watch the eyes see, the ears hear, the tongue taste, the nose smell, the flesh feel, the mind reflect.
How is it not obvious that this entire universe, this entire dream, is but an illusion you have created?

* * * *

If you are of a contemplative, reflective, pondering, meditative nature,
Cease hunting for meaning and purpose, knowledge and wisdom, in this world or any other.
It is nothing but the ceaseless distraction of a quantum dream.
Journey the still abyss within.

* * * *

Where is the boundary between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
But in minds unwilling, minds unable, to distinguish whimsey from reality.
If you are in accord with nature, with the rubrics of the quantum dream,
How can you not ramble unburdened by the limitations of delusion?
How can you not be in tune, in sync, with your total beingness?

* * * *

Consciousness will not long remember you,
And the starry-starry cosmos will not even for a moment miss you.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No pyramid, or any other repository for the departed,
Has ever been an means to carry on after death.
When the Grim Reaper comes to harvest payment due,
There will no longer be a mind-body for awareness to occupy,
Much less a vault-in-tow, filled to the brim with treasure and memory.
We are but flickers of existence here, all occupying very temporal containers.
All fashioned by nature-nurture into programmed destinies that cannot long endure.

* * * *

Whether painting or sculpture or tune or essay or universe,
All creation requires some sort of fashioning evolution.
No form, no world, no cosmos, just appears out of the blue.
All assertions to the contrary are but delusions yammering away.

* * * *

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

* * * *

Another day in the dream ends; another night in the dream begins.
Another night in the dream ends; another day in the dream begins.
And so on, and so forth, and so on, and so forth … Try not to yawn.

* * * *

Those who inquire into the farthest reaches are able to step back
And observe their illusory dream with a detachment only seers know.

* * * *

You are not your mind.

You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not you talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

* * * *

Time is the creation, the dance, the dream, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination's gradual usurpation of instinct,
The make-believe of self, and the pretense of free will.

* * * *

The first … the initiator, the designer, the motivator, the inventor, the architect, the creator …
Shows others that something is worth doing, worth considering, worth changing.
The second … the third … the fourth … and others who follow …
Slowly but surely craft some sort of paradigm shift,
Until another trailblazer comes along with a newer, better idea.
Such is the rise and fall, the creation and destruction, of any and all bell curves.

* * * *

To really go all the way,
To really surrender all the way,
To really be totally awake in awareness,
Is the eternal harmony, the unborn-undying reality,
Of the great nothingness from which all appearances are spun.
The challenge is to embrace the mystery of awareness,
Without the imaginary limits of consciousness.

* * * *

There is no authority in the inquiry into the mystery.
No writings, no individuals, no groups, no deities high or low,
Are more than imaginary anchors in the unborn-undying dreamtime.
There is no owning the mystery, never has been, never will be.
You are first and last, in whatever way you discern.

* * * *

The trick to not collecting followers is to become somewhat unappealing in one way or another.
It is enough for any who cross your path to have gleaned your message.
Far better they wander on under their own steam,
To do with their nature-nurture dream, whatever the fates deign.

* * * *

How can time be wasted if there is no such thing?
Only vanity would ever contrive meaning and purpose.

* * * *

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The only way to be free of it is to imbed in the moment,
Ever motionless, ever aware, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn-undying.

* * * *

A frame of reference is a stew, a blend, a fusion, a union, a brew, a mélange,
A double-double-toil-and-trouble-fire-burn-and-caldron-bubble,
That the fate, the destiny, the kismet, the nature-nurture,
Has through happenstance-happenchance
In imagination played.

* * * *

We are well beyond turning back from the precipice we have created.
Too many problems to even attempt changing course in any meaningful way.
The species is as captive to its narcissistic-hedonistic self-absorption as it has ever been.
And all accelerating exponentially in every way, every shape, every form, imagination has to offer.
The hungry monkey is not letting go of that tasty bait in the coconut snare anytime ever.
In Darwinian reckoning, greed may not always be the best survival strategy.

* * * *

What is a prison?
A small locked room with bars?
A mass of mind and body and sensory intrigue?
Or a cosmos of stars too far to ever more than imagine reaching?

* * * *

The expert is someone who has studied something so much,
That s/he really truly believes they actually know something.

* * * *

… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …
… Creation … Preservation … Destruction … Creation … Preservation … Destruction …
… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …

* * * *

Erasing the scars from the traces of existence is not an easy undertaking.
Even the most persevering can tumble back into their imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

Senses, organs, glands, bones, muscles, nerves, tissue, skin, hair,
Blood, saliva, snot, sweat, piss, shit, gas, and other fluids.
Is that really you? Is that really what you truly are?
Or is the mind-body just the only practical way
The mystery could manifest a touchy-feely dream?

* * * *

Down one road or trail or another, you will long and winding wander,
Partaking whatever the dreamtime offers, as nature-nurture allows.

* * * *

God is all the creation, all the preservation, all the destruction.
God is all the you's there are, have ever been, will ever be.

There is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

As much as you might believe it to be more,
As much as you might achingly yearn for it to be more,
It is not more, nor has never been more, nor will never be more.
Nor is it less, nor has it ever been less, nor will it ever be less.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The vanity of Jesus was witnessed by the same awareness
Witnessing yours and every other critter's across critterdom.

* * * *

If you could travel back in space-time to a variety of life events, would you see them the same?
Would they seem fairly similar to your vague memories, or be almost entirely rewritten?
And how different would they be if you were to re-watch them every decade or so?
Memory being what it is, frame of reference being what it is, chances are good
That your perspective, your assessment, might well be different each and every time.

* * * *

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned clock.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could be.
And then man learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

* * * *

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

* * * *

What reason, what point, what advantage, is more absurd mind gorp,
When you likely already know many or most things far much more than necessary.
After all, how many times does the same recording need be uploaded?

* * * *

The so much that you believe you know, is infinitely dwarfed by all that you do not.
And what, pray tell, do you really know of anything, but the huff 'n puff of imagination?

* * * *

Good and evil, like and dislike, love and hate, great and small, black and white.
All conceptions of manifest consciousness, of imagination.
Awareness ever aloof, untouched.

* * * *

You may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,

From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

A secular response to how all religion is sustained. is akin to The Emperor's New Clothes folktale.
A story about vanity, and how others play along for fear of embarrassment being found out.
It is a collective narrative, a miasma, seemingly built into humankind's genetic coding.

* * * *

To understand what is actually being spoken or written in most any context,
Requires an astute mind's eye capable of nuanced, critical thinking,
Marinated in a wholesome fusion of absurdism infinitum.

* * * *

No one can ever know what anybody or anything else
Sees or hears or tastes or smells or feels, or any other sensory feed.
Perception is a nature-nurture quantum phenomenon, boggling to the nth degree.
All things great to small, are very much alone together.

* * * *

The human species is a creation of this quantum garden world.
It evolved simultaneously alongside all the other life forms,
Each and every one developing its own sensory reality,
In unmitigated harmony with its given environment.
Naturally selected or intelligently designed, what matter?
Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

* * * *

Somehow this universe was created.
Somehow this world was created.
Somehow sentient forms were created.
Somehow the human species was created.
All speculation about the somehow is pointless.
Here you are, here we are, creating our future-past.

* * * *

Un-imagine you are this mind-body.
Un-imagine you are this existence.
Un-imagine you are this world.
Un-imagine you are this cosmos.
Un-imagine you are this dreamtime.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.
In every moment, you are as close to nothing as awareness is.

* * * *

Stop imagining you are the same character you were yesterday,
And all the unborn-undying yesterdaze before that.
Infinity hath no bounds, including you.

* * * *

Imagine your body in flames like a marshmallow over a campfire.
The eternal awareness observing, thoroughly detached, thoroughly indifferent,
As the body screams and writhes, until there is nothing left about which to scream or writhe.

* * * *

For those who seek that beyond all doubt, the world, the universe,
Gradually loses its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

As long as you believe you are the sensory body,
You will suffer its perpetual potpourri of agonies and ecstasies,
As you meander all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches,
That the mind's cosmos has to offer in its nature-nurture realm.
To be liberated is to surrender without reservation,
To the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?

What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

* * * *

Money is not the root of all evil, any more than guns or other weapons are the root of death.
It is greed, and the vanity, the self-absorption, the narcissism, that is the root of that called evil.
And it is the quantum mind … it is consciousness … it is imagination … that is its neural playground.
Ecclesiastes 1:2 … "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which facilitates consciousness (a.k.a., imagination)
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

* * * *

For human consciousness to evolve, and survive, and thrive,
Required naturally-selected delusion fostered by quantum illusion.
A hypnotizing algorithm, a molding of mind and body,
From the jungle ponds of Eden long ago.

* * * *

How challenging it is to be in the garden, and not of it.
To be with family, friends, co-workers, adversaries,
Or merely wandering through the day-to-day,
And always be aware you are awareness,
While consciousness frolics about the mind,
Has never been easy for any of the myriad seers
Who in all future-pasts have discerned it but illusion.

* * * *

All anyone can know about the mystery, about the awareness,
Is all the speculations that traditions around the world have contrived.
Stories, stories, and more stories, none more valid than any other.
Not authentic knowing in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

What is won is lost.
What is created is lost.
What is learned is lost.
What is built is lost.
Sooner or later.

* * * *

The genetic lottery spins a matrix in which the dreaming you imagine real and true,
Will witness the agony and ecstasy of each and every moment destiny has in store.

* * * *

The mystery is all, the mystery is one, including you,
In the creation of all beginnings, in the destruction of all endings,
And the process in all the befores, in all the betweens, in all the afters, as well.

* * * *

Have you ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

* * * *

We call it space, we call it time, we call it so many things.
But in truth, it is but awareness witnessing a quantum dream.
A friggin' boggling mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the timeless perception of awareness in the given moment,
That the true kingdom, the true heaven, the true singularity, is discerned.
It is not, it has never been, it will never be, anything articulated by consciousness.

* * * *

It is only in the given moment, it is only in the awareness, that you exist.
Everything else is but a dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Nothing more than a kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And the nature of that so-called existence
Is but a subjective assumption.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How could awareness witness its quantum creation
In omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent fashion,
But through the eye of every sentient being,
All equally born of the same indelible mystery.

* * * *

The soul you quest is your awareness.
The same awareness that is equally in all things, across all creation.
It is not your awareness, it is not my awareness, it is not our awareness; it is simply awareness.
There is only one soul, some call it god, and it is one and all … including you.

* * * *

It was not some deity who created man and woman in his or hers or its image.
It was man and woman who invented deities in their imagination,
And the result is a great swath of the human story.

* * * *

Awareness is the bastion of serenity.
Vanity is the source of all hells, of all purgatories.
Eternity has been right here, right now, every moment, all along.
Time and space are but quantum illusions choregraphed by the sensory mind.
It is through the self-absorption of consciousness, of imagination,
That we have become blind to the timeless presence.
Still the mind-body, abide in awareness,
Discern the mystery you are.

* * * *

Awareness is all: indelible, unsullied, indivisible, unfathomable.
Practically any way consciousness plays it is laced with vanity.

* * * *

Like snowflakes and fingerprints and chromosomes,
We will always be different; we will always be limited editions.
We will always perceive the world, the cosmos, in our own unique ways.
We will always be one of a kind, no matter how much we pretend to be the same.
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

The choices you every cause-and-effect, yes-no-maybe moment make,
Will impact every tomorrow your timeline has yet to celebrate or lament.
Being as mindful, as attentive, as possible, is rarely a bad part of those choices.
No one gets out of this dream without at least a notion of the price of consequences.

* * * *

The unborn-undying moment is where awareness timelessly resides.
Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is anything else, is everything else.

* * * *

The human paradigm,
Fueled by imagination,
Snared in space and time,
The roaring falls ahead.

* * * *

A neural network of memories, of perceptions,
Is all you are, have ever been, will ever be.
Space-time is but a quantum illusion.
Consciousness, but temporal theater.
Clouds drifting in the eternal awareness.
Unborn, undying, indivisible, unfathomable.

* * * *

Every other tribe, every other group, every other culture,
Is barbaric, brutish, bestial, savage, inhuman,
And you, the same to them.

* * * *

What is there to be egocentric about once you are truly detached,
Once you are truly naught but the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness is ever untouched, indifferent, uncorrupted, untainted, unblemished, immaculate, flawless.
Awareness is indelible, changeless, indivisible, unfathomable, absolute, unborn, undying.
Whatever happened any moment ago, whatever happens any moment hence,
Have absolutely no relationship with any right here, right now,
But through the imaginary, illusory, time-bound notions of consciousness.

* * * *

If there was a Jesus, it is not at all likely he was the one you imagine.
Same with Buddha, Lao Tzu, or any other brigands your mind harbors.

* * * *

When referring to the relationship between awareness and consciousness,
How to articulate it? … prior to consciousness? … or … beyond consciousness?
Both have been equally used in these many thoughts as suits the aphoristic creation.

* * * *

The mind-body has its fate, the imaginary persona has its fate,
But the real you, the awareness, the moment, Self, itself,
What fate can there possibly be but all and none.

* * * *

This garden world is quite capable of creating it all on its own.
It is a quantum algorithm, no aliens required, only imagination.

* * * *

All expressions, all narratives, all illustrations, all constructs of consciousness,
Become inconsequential in the hereness, the nowness, of pure, timeless awareness.
That which is totality – often called by one deific name or another -- in all its mystery.

* * * *

From birth to death, from first breath to last, from first moment to last,
The mystery of awareness is sovereign witness to the play of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness does not require faith.
Awareness does not require belief.
Awareness does not require dogma.

Awareness does not require anything.

* * * *

The mystery, the moment, the awareness, can never know itself
But through the reflections of consciousness, the reflections of the illusory other.
Therefore, creation and preservation and destruction,
Rife with agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

If it is belief, it is false.
Nothing more than an invention born of consciousness.
Seeing is not believing.

* * * *

True believers lack the wit to grasp the subtleties of irony and paradox,
And the nuances required for deep refection in the earnest quest for truth.

* * * *

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
But for consciousness, would space, would time, would light, would sound, exist?

* * * *

Consciousness is the great divider.
The source of all dualistic perception.
The source of all dualistic misconception.

* * * *

Awareness is the ether of consciousness.
Consciousness is the engine of will.
Will is the engine of vanity.
Vanity is the engine of greed.

* * * *

An imaginary universe, an imaginary world, an imaginary self.
How can that which has never been more than the vapor of consciousness,
That which has never been real, has never been tangible, ever be more than a dream?

* * * *

The motivations of any middleman between you and truth can be more than a little dubious.
Speculation is not truth, and many if not most who consider themselves religious-slash-spiritual,
Are spellbound by, ensnared by, blinded by, the time-bound catechisms of their cultural assumptions.
Add to that the three vanities of power and fame and fortune, fueled by greed,
And truth becomes but a usurped ways and means.

* * * *

How can time ever touch the timeless?
How can space ever touch the spaceless?
How can imagination ever possess reality?

* * * *

The reality of mortality.
The quantum of mortality.
The awareness of mortality.
The absurdity of mortality.
The paradox of mortality.
The irony of mortality.

* * * *

Absolutely beyond-the-pale astounding,
How so many cling to ignorance, to fallacy, to delusion,
Conceived thousands of years ago.

* * * *

Regarding the fate of the human paradigm, is there really any point in saying anything,
When the species is careening full bore towards the edge of the Petri dish,
And not more than the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.
All hopeful endeavors are destined to fail.

* * * *

If you see your Self as the mind-body, if you are attached to the world,
Imagination will take you through every possible agony.
Ecstasy is the plight of the detached.

* * * *

Being born has proven to be fatal in every case thus far known,
Except for vampires and other characters of a fictional nature.

* * * *

You are the moment, you are the awareness, you are the unfathomable, you are the mystery,
The challenge is to not allow the mind to take it any further into the imaginary realm.
There is no need for more irrationality, more absurdity, than there already is.
Just be, right here, right now, free of all the limitations spawned by imagination.

* * * *

This garden world is a most excellent purgatory.
Whether it gets better or worse after demise,
Only the dilettantes of speculation know.

* * * *

All mythologies, all legends, all folklores, all traditions, all customs,
Are nothing more than human-created, fear-based, greed-laced,
Egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric mind gorp.
When they are not imparting pearls of wisdom, that is.

* * * *

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,

The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role you play,
The you that is real, the you that is true, the you that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

* * * *

So many roles to choose from in imagination's infinity.
Creator or destroyer, saint or sinner, sage or fool.
Which mask, which costume, to wear today?

* * * *

There appears to be no inanity, no absurdity,
Which will not be explored to its full potential.

* * * *

How is it possible to prove existence or nonexistence?
Perception is the invention of imagination; knowledge its deception.
From all beginnings to all ends, the intuition of awareness is the candle in the abyss.

* * * *

What happens when your imaginary universe ceases?
When family, friends, work, events, things, memories, no longer rolodex through your thoughts.
When the busy-busy mind stills, when timeless awareness reigns.
Some call it dying while living.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.
Imaginary world.
Imaginary you.

* * * *

The narrative has many facets.
What is real and true is all that is relevant.
Dispel all creations, all forgeries, all fictions, all stories,
That are mythical, legendary, contrived, fictional, whimsical, symbolic,
Theatrical, melodramatic, allegorical, figurative, metaphoric, rhetorical, characteristic,
Emblematic, fabulous, unreal, hyperbolic, inflated, exaggerated,
Abstract, invented, illusory, and imaginary,
In the quest for truth.

* * * *

What is ambition but vanity's hungry cry for more, more, more.
For imagination's insatiable craving to be renowned, celebrated, notorious,
Through whatever combination of power and fame and fortune the Fates condescend.

* * * *

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

* * * *

Challenging not to make mountains out of molehills with all this seeking and finding.
The question always boils down on whether to be, or not to be.
We are all ultimately on our own,
And that aloneliness is not an easy place
For the hurly-burly of imagination to long abide.

* * * *

No one can travel any faster than the dreamtime of momentary awareness allows
In their touchy-feely, three-dimensional, very mortal, quantum space-time machine.

* * * *

Do you really believe every group, every culture, across the human experience
Was not, is not, very much the same in their own very unique, very distinct way?
How much all humans have in common is far more defining than all the differences.

* * * *

The quantum mirage of time and space is but a biological-neurological phenomenon.
Nothing more than the mind-body's imaginary perceptions wafting along neuron trails.

* * * *

Imagination swells larger and larger in the matrix of space and time,
But the moment, the awareness in which it transpires, is ever the same.

* * * *

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

* * * *

There is no god but awareness: inexplicable, indivisible, indelible.
All else is but the dream; the illusion born of consciousness.
Clouds drifting across the sky are as real and lasting.

* * * *

Boxes within boxes within boxes within boxes.
Such is the predicament of human consciousness within all.
Only in pure awareness do all evaporate into the oblivion of true nature.

* * * *

Why feel obligated to believe in, to idolize, to fear, any deity or deities,
Or any other spiritual notions formulated by imagination, human or otherwise?
Being awareness, being the moment, is the matchless state of existence.
No need for faith, no need for prayer, no need for doctrine.

* * * *

Being awareness, being the moment, is eternal life.
To want more is to be ensnared in the maze of imagination,
The dreamtime of the sensory mind given over to quantum illusion.

* * * *

Heavens and hells and purgatories and reincarnation,
How can the quantum wind of vanity possibly be carried on
Through the timeless awareness of the unborn-undying moment?
It is the game of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Aloneness is without vanity … without point, without purpose, without meaning,
But the voyage into the unfathomable enigma begets every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

Hard to imagine something that has never played out
Sometime, somewhere, somehow, in the human theater.

* * * *

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every mind.
The you that you think you are, the you that you believe you are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception,
An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known
But by those rare seekers who become it.

* * * *

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning into which it is spawned.

* * * *

Consciousness, cognizance, knowledge, memory, deliberation,
Thinking, recollection, recall, remembrance, retention, reminiscence, rumination,
Contemplation, reflection, meditation, pondering, musing, dreaming,
Merely different words for the same play of imagination.

* * * *

It is a quantum theater.
You are not the quantum theater.
You are the unborn-undying eternal moment.
You are the awareness infusing the quantum theater.

You are the awareness perceiving the quantum theater.
You are the awareness witnessing the quantum theater.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than etchings
Of memories of an existence we imagine we have lived.
Key moments that we visualize and re-visualize over and over again.
Amorphous perceptions forever unborn, forever undying,
Each and every moment, in the sands of time.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but individuals and groups,
Vying for supremacy in all of vanity's imaginary cuisines.

* * * *

Awareness is the indivisible, impenetrable moment.
Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.
It is the inexplicable, immutable, indelible, omnipresent, faceless witness of eternity.
Label it whatever sound or symbol mind wills, no paradigm can ever own its unborn-undying nature.

* * * *

All religions are just a way for middlemen to control the masses.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is as enticing as the worldly variety.
All nothing more than vanity clutching at the swag of imagination.
The sheeple so many human beings are, are so easily herded.

* * * *

The imaginary you believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time and space are real, that the mind and senses demarcate the universe.
That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the artless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever you are, it is but illusion, you, its mystery.

* * * *

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives you have no memory; of future lives you have no certainty.
All that is relevant is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, you are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all you know …
… Stop believing in the world …

… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing you are a human being …
… Stop believing you are alive …
… Stop believing you will die …
… Stop believing you were ever born …
… Stop believing you are more than awareness …
… Stop believing you are even awareness …
… Just stop …

* * * *

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that you can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

* * * *

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever you will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

* * * *

For all practical purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

* * * *

The challenge is not making such a challenge of it.
Learn to endure the rises and falls, the ebbs and flows of the given mind.
As much as imagination would like to believe, nothing you do really ultimately matters even one iota.
Look for yourself, let go all the propaganda endlessly contrived for selfish purpose
By all the parasitic middlemen throughout the human epoch.
You are it, it is you, it is that simple.

* * * *

What is ego but little self's identification with, little self's attachment to,

All the assumptions, all the habituation, that consciousness has imagined.

* * * *

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness and all the dimensions it imagines.
All are but temporal creations, time-based perceptions of one theater or another.
No matter how vast or small, how complex or simple, all are naught but quantum illusion.

* * * *

The deities, singular or plural, were all fabricated by the mind of humankind.
They are vanity's narcissistic-hedonistic need for meaning and purpose.
For some raison d'etre for this often banal, often painful existence.
For validation of the unquenchable craving for the unattainable more.

* * * *

The awareness is neither alive nor dead.
Only consciousness conceives existence.
Only consciousness imagines itself real.

* * * *

The ethereal, sensory dream of quantum existence
Is nothing more than time-bound memory, even as it is happening.
The unborn-undying nature of awareness is not touched
By the willy-nilly of any imaginary construct.

* * * *

Calling it a life implies something much more than it is and can ever be.
Calling it a dream fits the narrative much more accurately;
Imagination being the root of the collusion
To which the human species is so inherently attached.

* * * *

What is the mindful state given over to absolute awareness of the unborn-undying nature?
That which is prior to all imaginary notions evolved of the mind's quantum dream.
That which is eternally right here, right now, without past, without future.
That which is all you really are, that which is all you really are not.
That which is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotence that is truly God.

* * * *

Where does inner begin and the outer end?
Where does the inner end and the outer begin?
All boundaries are the handiwork of imagination;
A sea of metaphors born of linguistic aptitude.

* * * *

Religion is a shell game
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
And were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more disregarded.

* * * *

An 80-year existence as a human being, not including 20-ish leap years, is:
960 months; 4160 weeks; 29,200 days; 700,800 hours; 42,049,000 minutes; 2,522,880,000 seconds.
What will you do with all those moments in your preordained eternal dream?

* * * *

What will your existence manifest if you are irrational?
Unwise, silly, senseless, wild, cracked, stupid, outrageous, unrealistic,
Outlandish, ridiculous, bizarre, peculiar, useless, eccentric, odd, zany, daft, hollow,
Passionate, fanatical, mad, extreme, preposterous, absurd, unreasonable, incredible, nonsensical,
Crazy, zealous, foolish, nutty, dippy, rash, reckless, foolhardy, lacking, wacky, screwy, futile,
Unconventional, preposterous, vain, futile, meaningless, fantastical, eccentric, illogical,
Capricious, implausible, farfetched, empty, unlikely, unbelievable, preposterous,
Strange, weird, whimsical, incongruous, ludicrous, pointless, offbeat, odd,
Farcical, idiotic, purposeless, fanciful, wacked out, off your head,
Generally, just jam-packed with every assortment of magical thinking?
What will it manifest, what will it convey, if you are at least reasonably rational?

* * * *

How can you discern the eternal but by observing very lucidly,
By observing beneath the shallows of consciousness at the timeless awareness,
The moment in which the world, the universe, all creation, kaleidoscopes unborn-undying.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, that your sensory mind daily perceives,
Will be forever undone at the imaginary mind-body's demise.

* * * *

Only of the moment is true, and awareness is its witness.
All else is the fluff of consciousness and its imaginary fictions.

* * * *

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.

Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

* * * *

Consciousness is a clingy thing, always wanting more, and more never enough.
Contentment is ever just out of grasp, and even if it could be grasped,
More would sooner than later raise its dissatisfied head.
Only the rarest of the rare can gaze mindfully joyful at a wall.

* * * *

All ideas, all theories, all beliefs, all opinions,
Are conceptual frameworks concocted by imagination.
Awareness is the moment prior to all movements of consciousness.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping quantum theater is but a mirage of the sensory mind.
And no mirage, no concept, no dream, no matter how real or true it may seem,
Is ever ultimately more than an assumption, an invention, a falsehood, a hoax, a lie.
It is all but a reverie to be taken only as seriously as the given witness is inclined.
Laugh if you can, cry if you must, what are joy and sorrow but secular states.

* * * *

Every moment you are born, every moment you die.
Unborn-undying every moment, why hold fast to anything?
Unborn-undying every moment, why be troubled about anything?
Unborn-undying every moment, why believe in anything?

* * * *

The deities most fabricate and worship are of a limited mindscape.
What God truly is, is so beyond the naked eye, that the naked mind
Cannot even begin to comprehend the infinitesimal infinity of it all.

* * * *

All things – animate or inanimate – are always in the quantum here now.
All forms great to small are but notions given reality by the sensory mind.
The eternal moment, the timeless awareness, is all there truly is, and is not.

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion, an unfathomable theater,
Created by the magic of evolution, playing out in the mystery of awareness.
There is really only the inexplicable, intangible, immeasurable, unknowable, timeless moment,
Through which dreamtime streams, unfolds, unfurls, displays, kaleidoscopes,
In the mind-body patterning of each and every sentient being,
All extemporaneously interacting together,

All very much alone.

* * * *

In the immaculate awareness of the timeless unborn-undying moment, you do not exist.
Only in consciousness, only in the time-bound notions of imagination,
Does the me and myself and I come into being.

* * * *

Mind-bodies too dynamic to keep still, have concoct everything imaginable under the human sun.
Culture, religion, commerce, industry, art, music, writing, architecture, war …
Even the most still ones rarely stay still for all that long.
The order of chaos rules.

* * * *

If this moment of immaculate awareness is all there is, how can any measurement,
Any assumption, any play of consciousness, whatsoever, ultimately mean anything?

* * * *

You are you, I am I, and we are all but limited mortal elements in this quantum dreamtime,
All together playing out every ecstasy, every agony, every narcissistic-hedonistic spin of the dice,
And not the remotest chance, not the vaguest possibility, of surviving all that long in the relative sense.

* * * *

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion,
A three-dimensional dream of consciousness,
An evolutionary collusion, an ever-kaleidoscoping mirage,
An inexplicable magician's trick extraordinaire.

* * * *

Whether many deities or just one, all religions, all mythologies,
Are nothing more than human vanity's superstitious, delusional need
To pretend it is of first and foremost relevance to the inexplicable unknown.
Only path-less-followed minds see through the make-believe,

And stand alone, clear and unknowing.

* * * *

How long will imagination allow you to reside in the immaculate serenity of awareness,
Totally alone, unbound by the tethers of the world and all its hullaballoo?
Why come back ever again to that which is not at all real
In any way or shape or form, whatsoever?

* * * *

To cease cloaking awareness with time and space and its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum attributes,
Is a conceptual awakening that humanity is having considerable difficulty achieving.
Even in light of the vast amount of scientific evidence to the contrary,
Lethargic minds are substantially more suited to superstition and absurdity.
Peering behind the mask of the many-faced mystery is a task to which few are called.

* * * *

Awareness is all there is … In its ever-present moment, you always are.
There is no 'have always been' … There is no 'will always be.'
Time and space are naught but quantum illusions
In which imagination takes flight in every notion imaginable.

* * * *

Who wrote this?
Who do you think? And why would it matter?
All that matters is that you have the keenness to read it, and unlock the given mind
From the shackles of a conditioned nature-nurture dream.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

There is no forward, there is no back, there is no right nor left nor oblique.
There is only this very right-here-right-now quantum dreamtime,
For whatever moment the mystery of awareness allows.

* * * *

What is the meaning, what is the purpose of existence?
Why, everyone unremittingly telling everyone else
What they should believe and do, obviously.

* * * *

A time machine would be great fun, if time truly existed.
Alas, imagination is the one and only contraption on hand.

* * * *

Despite all words, all concepts, all notions to the contrary,
All philosophies must ultimately boil down to nothing,
Else the philosophers have not made the final unknowing leap,
And are instead snared by the metaphors of their own imaginary design.

* * * *

The quickest, easiest way to put any given true believer behind you
Is to listen for a bit, nod a few times, offer thanks, and then meander on.
If you discuss or argue further, you risk wasting who knows how much time
That would be better spent wandering alone in your own sovereignty.

* * * *

All sentient forms great to small gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

* * * *

What is death but the end of the need to think, to breathe, to move, to eat, to drink, to poop and pee.
The end of ever-kaleidoscoping agonies and ecstasies played out in the dream of time and space.
The end of power, fame, wealth, and all the narcissistic and hedonistic vanities they serve.
The end of the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth.
The end of knowledge and wisdom and foolishness, and all the effort to maintain them.
Death offers such peace, such quietude, the heaven of non-existence, no imagination required.

* * * *

Here it all is, right here, right now.
Awareness, allotted to an imaginary existence.
The you that you imagine is not, was not, will never be.
You are the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
A mystery the time-bound mind can never grasp.

* * * *

All nothing more than the make-believe-pretend
Of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum)
Riding the coattails of the mystery of awareness.

* * * *

Everything happens with or without your perception.
Everything happens with or without your permission.
Everything happens with or without your acceptance.

* * * *

What is this phenomenon we call existence?
A long and winding yellow brick road,
A deep and cavernous rabbit hole,
A reverie of timeless perception,
A collection of memories called real.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Everything you think is a record of your nature-nurture habituation,
The conditioning that plays over and over and over, until death do you part.
Understand the difference between believing the record, and witnessing the record.

* * * *

Every life a dream of its own, until death it does forever part.
The same quantum mystery, the same awareness, all the while.

* * * *

For the seer, the challenge of the ever-changing consciousness
Is in the remembering and forgetting of its imaginary creation.

* * * *

All creation is but a simultaneous blip of imagination.
Ergo, time and space to play it out in grand theater form.

* * * *

Despite all evidence, all beliefs, all theories, all assumptions to the contrary,
It is nothing more than a manifest dream, a touchy-feely mirage,
That has no ultimate meaning or purpose, whatsoever.
Only vanity ever make-believes it more.

**Soundbites**

Different parts of the jungle have always been off-limits to different dreams.

* * * *

Try not to pretend to know what you can never know.

* * * *

The lies of imagination are many and without end.

* * * *

Consciousness, imagination, dreaming, all the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Doubt requires no belief.

* * * *

To approach the moment without the taint of memory, that is the challenge.

* * * *

Imagine all it took for these words to evolve into what you now read.

* * * *

Is existence really anything more than a bag of chemistry given over to imagination?

* * * *

It was hard to imagine that would be the case.

* * * *

What is history but stories rippling through minds in ways the storytellers can never imagine.

* * * *

All sense of self is a fabrication of imagination, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in imagination that self is created and vanity rules.

* * * *

There is only awareness, through which imagination dreams.

* * * *

Can the sense of self, the sense of separation, born of consciousness, ever be sane?

* * * *

It is consciousness that moves, not Soul.

* * * *

The only thing personal about the dream is you.

* * * *

Consciousness: Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Both believer and atheist assume they know something they do not, never could, never will.

* * * *

How can an empty sky be pointed out to clouds caught up in the dreams clouds dream?

* * * *

Even wisdom is imaginary.

* * * *

The delusional permutations of imagination are without end.

* * * *

Awareness is the presence through which all dreams abide.

* * * *

What is prior to consciousness? Awareness. What is prior to awareness? Nothing.

* * * *

Hope is akin to believing you can win in Las Vegas.

* * * *

Only vanity believes there is a problem; only vanity believes there is an answer.

* * * *

You are not what you imagine your Self to be, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Right here, right now, ever and ever ceaselessly kaleidoscoping in consciousness.

* * * *

No, vanity is not all; how can the patter of imagination ever really amount to anything?

* * * *

It is but vanity that believes its self or anything else matters.

* * * *

Thinkers think, dreamers dream, philosophers philosophize,  it is what we do.

* * * *

Time and space, clouds and sky, consciousness and awareness, where is the separation?

* * * *

Yet another false hope to inspire the masses.

* * * *

Yet another imaginary feat.

* * * *

The challenge is to embrace the mystery without the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

Do not confuse the vanity of consciousness with the sentience of awareness.

* * * *

Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

* * * *

Your Jesus is a fabrication of your imagination, as is any historical characterization.

* * * *

What need of deities when imaginary is all they ever are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

to believe how stupid, how insane, how absurd, so many can be.

* * * *

Born of illusion, born into illusion; the trick is not to stay there.

* * * *

Who's the who, who chooses? Consciousness? Or awareness? Or both and neither?

* * * *

The vanity of science is believing all its measurements count for something.

* * * *

The indivisible pie lets you play your illusion however you please.

* * * *

Imagine the world without you in it.

* * * *

Holding out for hope is not the best of strategies.

* * * *

Only vanity believes anything matters.

* * * *

Life, dreamy, touch-feely, three-dimensional illusion that it is, it ain't all literal, it ain't all figurative.

* * * *

Hoping against hope generally ain't a winning strategy.

* * * *

Time and space are imaginary constructs inspired by the illusory world built by the sensory mind.

* * * *

Embrace absurdity.

* * * *

That you are alive as anything more than an imaginary figment, is an imaginary assumption.

* * * *

Cynicism is a shield of righteousness against the absurdities of human consciousness.

* * * *

A higher level of faith is required.

* * * *

You really believe that!?

* * * *

Consciousness is ever-changing; awareness, ever-changeless.

* * * *

Imagine the imagination.

* * * *

Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.

* * * *

Why believe in anything?

* * * *

Speculation is the irrefutable bailiwick of ineffectual thinking.

* * * *

Believing your thoughts real and true is the first and last delusion.

* * * *

What is will, what is drive, what is resolve, but primal instinct coated in consciousness.

* * * *

Consciousness … imagination … is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Keep it absurd.

* * * *

Imagination only dreams it is alive.

* * * *

Existence, however it is parsed, is nothing more than a stretch of imagination.

* * * *

Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.

* * * *

Imagination is but a swirl of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., The Great Quantum).

* * * *

How can you see-hear-touch-taste-feel a dream but through imagination?

* * * *

Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

Good agnostic that you are, treat aliens like you do God, believe in ‘em when you sees ‘em.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) is about becoming; awareness, being.

* * * *

Dust to dust, unborn, undying, space and time naught but quantum illusion.

* * * *

there is to know is that you are the mystery of awareness; everything else is imaginary.

* * * *

Much easier to fabricate deities and demons than it is to take personal responsibility.

* * * *

There are no limits to human absurdity.

* * * *

The limits to human absurdity have not yet been fathomed.

* * * *

No memory, no imaginary notion, has ever been real.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Humankind did not have to imagine it the way it has.

* * * *

The future of the human paradigm only grows more absurd by the day.

* * * *

Seeing is not believing.

* * * *

Other than being witness, the real has no relationship with the imaginary context.

* * * *

And there you are again, imagining yourself real.

* * * *

Accept no premise laced with falsehood or fallacy or absurdity, and you are home, scot-free.

* * * *

How to balance all the perceived unfairness that existence has dealt all.

* * * *

Better a dream than nothing? Or nothing than a dream? Hmm …

* * * *

Time is yours to spend wisely or wastes foolishly as the given dream ordains.

* * * *

Pretenders all.

* * * *

Hope cannot save you.

* * * *

Only speculation knows.

* * * *

There you are – right here, right now – fulfilling this imaginary fate.

* * * *

The perceptions of the sensory mind-body are all.

* * * *

Perception is the invention of imagination; speculation, the jester of delusion.

* * * *

To which you are you referring? The imaginary you, or the real You?

* * * *

Imaginary universe, imaginary world, imaginary you.

* * * *

The trilogy of consciousness is me, myself, and I.

* * * *

This is where imagination gets you.

* * * *

If dallying with imagination is your calling, you likely will not dally long here.

* * * *

Yet another wander down memory lane.

* * * *

Whether a world, a universe, or a dimension, all are of the same quantum dream.

* * * *

What book or journal or movie or memory can ever catch any historical event accurately?

* * * *

The space-time continuum is but an illusion of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Only imagination gets interested or bored.

* * * *

Absurdity in, absurdity out; logic in, logic out.

* * * *

Prior to all the passions of consciousness, you, awareness, are.

* * * *

Whatever you imagine it to be, it is and is not.

* * * *

Imagination is just imagination no matter how well-imagined it may be.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a collusion of imaginary scale.

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness prior to consciousness and all its imaginary whims.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth; it is all speculation.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.

* * * *

It is all the make-believe of vanity, the whole shebang, the whole enchilada.

* * * *

Your play of identity, your vanity, is but a ruse of consciousness.

* * * *

Women are tied to the world, to the mundane, to the illusion, by their wombs.

* * * *

No one can really know more than they can imagine remembering.

* * * *

Imagination can only take you so far.

* * * *

Rediscover the eyes you had before imagination took root.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowledge.

* * * *

Imagination believes it lives; imagination believes it dies.

* * * *

Seeking who-what-where-when-why-how answers runs the gamut, the gauntlet, of speculation.

* * * *

The vanity trap has been the burden of human consciousness since little self took root.

* * * *

Existence as it is known is nothing more than memory, even as it is happening.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a delusional infatuation with its own imagination.

* * * *

The mind is imagination's playground.

* * * *

Many things can be perceived many ways; quick conclusions are prone to error.

* * * *

Speculation abounds.

* * * *

Consciousness is born and dies; awareness is unborn-undying.

* * * *

Imaginary worlds, imaginary minds.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all quantum dimensions, all electromagnetic creations.

* * * *

You are bound by nothing but imagination.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, it is imagination that suffers, not awareness.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

Are you astute enough, worthy enough, to be conscious container, conscious witness, of all creation?

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness; everything else is imaginary.

* * * *

If it requires belief, it is not truth.

* * * *

Less a belief system than a seeing dynamic.

* * * *

Consciousness ponders, consciousness wants, consciousness cares; awareness, not so much.

* * * *

The state of the world is but a dreamer's dream.

* * * *

What is eternal life but a mind given over to the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Who is master? Awareness or imagination? Eternity or consciousness?

* * * *

Imagination takes itself so seriously.

* * * *

Curiosity is not easily abated; consciousness ever yearns for more.

* * * *

Suicide is less about killing your Self than it is removing the mask and all it pretends.

* * * *

It is only as real as you believe it.

* * * *

Wandering a dream.

* * * *

The insanity of humanity.

* * * *

Just because billions of people believe something delusional does not make it any less absurd.

* * * *

Humankind's genetic fascination with flesh and bodily fluids makes for every variety of delusion.

* * * *

Nothing has ever touched the real you; only that which is consciousness thinks and feels.

* * * *

The source of vanity is imagining self to be real.

* * * *

Discern that awareness in the dream-weaving mind where time ceases and space dissolves.

* * * *

The vanity to which all cling, despite all speculations to the contrary, is a one-shot deal.

* * * *

A poor memory is not necessarily a bad thing.

* * * *

The wind of imagination is the weaver of the delusion.

* * * *

Prayer, the ultimate insult to real faith.

* * * *

Those who consider themselves religious authorities are charlatans upon the podium of absurdity.

* * * *

No persuasion is required in the perception of truth.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to memory, prior to imagination, prior to pride, you are.

* * * *

Only imagination exists, you do not.

* * * *

What is called existence is really nothing more than the past tense of imagination fueled by pride.

* * * *

The mountain is rife with paths of every variety imaginable.

* * * *

Dispatch all notions of deities, of superstitious and magical thinking, and live free.

* * * *

Consciousness is imagination is dreamtime.

* * * *

Do not allow the delusions of others to sway or cloud your clarity.

* * * *

Another moment imagination can only pretend to know.

* * * *

So, what are you up to this fine day in your dream of time?

* * * *

Imaginary notion is the drivetrain of every human mind.

* * * *

History is awash in every conceivable variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What's happening, Dreamer?

* * * *

Pretenders pretend because for the sake of others.

* * * *

All who join any group give themselves over to the delusion of the group mind.

* * * *

Imagination wins out until the simplicity of merely breathing, merely being, carries the moment.

* * * *

Awareness, without concern, without attachment, allows whatever imagination wills.

* * * *

If you believe humanity's endless parade of deities and dogmas mean anything, guess again.

* * * *

What hope does nature have once it is designated a resource?

* * * *

The delusions of magical thinking are many and without end.

* * * *

Somebody else got that dream.

* * * *

There is no accounting for absurdity.

* * * *

Awareness is neither heart nor mind, nor any other imaginary notion.

* * * *

How difficult for the imaginary mind to remain still.

* * * *

No point envying another's dream; play out the hand you have been dealt.

* * * *

What is history but an imaginary context that orchestrates a future.

* * * *

The final vanity is believing you are enlightened.

* * * *

How challenging to perceive a bubble before it bursts.

* * * *

Only the dead know the end of all things imaginary.

* * * *

Yet another example of absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

Imagination frolics willy-nilly in the forebrain theater.

**Breadcrumbs**

I have seen enough, heard enough, tasted enough, smelt enough, touched enough,
And thought and done enough, for all the lifetimes I could have ever imagined.
And if I signed up for this mortal playhouse, I was too drunk to remember.

* * * *

If someone is soliciting your wallet for these free-given words,
Or pretending to represent some spiritual groupthink that hopefully will never spawn,
Put them behind you as quickly as them running shoes allow.

* * * *

Why didn't I speak up louder?
Because I didn't want to lead anybody,
I didn't want to endure endless discussions or debates,
I didn't want followers, I didn't want to create another absurd religion,
I didn't want to endlessly circle the world trying to save a narcissistic, hedonistic species,
Consumed by vanity and greed in a headlong dash towards a great fall.
All I ever really truly wanted was to be my Self by my Self.
Becoming a member of The Dead Poets Society
Was a much more tolerable cup of tea.

* * * *

Illusion that it is, still I wander to and fro through the ebb and flow.

* * * *

I do not believe, expect, or in any way, hope,
These words will have any meaningful impact on the future, at all.
Writing and editing and organizing them on the world wide web for free, was just too hard to resist.
Believe me, when I testify that none of this would have ever happened to the degree it has,
If I had had to write books, generate a following to buy them, build an ashram,
Sit up on stage having every word be closely judged, maybe filmed,
Pose on some golden throne for hours and hours comforting the miserable,
Or arguing over absurdly meaningless dogmatic details with true believers of every ilk.

* * * *

Thinkers thinking, dreamers dreaming, philosophers philosophizing,  it is what we do.

* * * *

Very likely history will not shine a bright light on the United States of Amerika.
Assuming, of course, humankind manages to survive its absurdities
Long enough to contemplate the how-we-got-here thing.

* * * *

I may be very wrong about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From absolute to relative, from to realistic to delusional, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from black to white,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.

It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

A few hours, most every day, sharpening the legacy, imaginary as it is.
It has been absorbing, it has occupied a great deal of time,
But, hear me, hear me, I am well over it.

* * * *

It would be hard to believe that most everything yappable
Has not been yapped about somewhere in this aphoristic edifice.

* * * *

Have done many foolish and stupid things in this dreamtime.
No need to add more to the list as often as the moment allows.

* * * *

This lifetime exploration of consciousness, of imagination,
Has been a long and winding expedition down the road less traveled.
A destiny to which I have been haphazardly, matter-of-factly, irrevocably drawn,
As the world, the universe, gradually lost its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Good agnostic that I am, I treats aliens like I do God, I'll believe in ‘em when I sees ‘em.

* * * *

The human paradigm has reached such a level of absurdity for me anymore,
That even just waking up to the bother of getting out of bed
Is proving more and more a challenge.

* * * *

What men could endure playing out the absurd existence of so many modern women?
A near-endless fascination with hair, nails, eyebrows, make-up, clothes, shaving, waxing, bodily fluids,
Children, cats, rat dogs, parties, flowers, cards, shopping-shopping-and-more shopping,
Romance novels, soap operas, chick flicks, game shows, song and dance shows,
Froufrou drinks, pastries, thighs slowly spreading across the couch,
Insatiably sucking out the soul of the man they bagged,
And ever still wanting more, more, more.
Mind-dulling ad infinitum.

* * * *

concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives I have no memory; of future lives I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever coined.

* * * *

Nomad, wanderer, traveler, sojourner,
Explorer, sanyasi, student, apprentice, pupil, learner,
Adventurer, transient, trailblazer, itinerant, speculator, buccaneer,
Pioneer, migrant, drifter, rover, vagrant, rambler, voyager, trekker, rolling stone,
Dreamer, philosopher, sage … All of the above, and more, I have been.

* * * *

a dream, aloof and free.

* * * *

A poor memory is not necessarily a bad thing.

* * * *

By this mind-body, and the cosmos and world it has somehow fashioned,
I, whatever 'I' imagines itself to be, will not much longer be afflicted by this reverie of space and time.
One moment in some relatively near-soon, by, if the fates deign it, this own crippled hand,
This inexplicable awareness shall back into the serenity of oblivion be cast.

* * * *

History toys with all who believe.

* * * *

Same old rolodex of imaginary perceptions, none more real than the next.

* * * *

Those were the daze, my friend, we dreamt they would never end.

* * * *

Many times, it begins with just the inkling of a notion, not even close to being fully formed,
And the new ditty takes fuller definition as pen scribbles across paper.
And later, when time is made for the keyboard,
That squiggle of an idea often magnifies even further.
The joys of word association are many and not far between.

**The Who Was the First Series**

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the plain?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?

Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?
Who was the first to make music?
Who was the first to make a flute?
Who was the first to make a drum?
Who was the first to make a harp?
Who was the first to make a harpoon?
Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
Who was the first to build a shield?
Who was the first to devise a currency?
Who was the first to make a bed?

Who was the first to enter a cave?
Who was the first to build a hut?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to make a sling?
Who was the first to make a bow?
Who was the first to ride a horse?
Who was the first to form a hunting party?
Who was the first to make a mirror?
Who was the first to make a comb?
Who was the first to make a brush?
Who was the first to use build a home?
Who was the first to build a boat?
Who was the first to name a star?
Who was the first to make first painting?
Who was the first to design first symbol?
Who was the first to create a deity?
Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
Who was the first to create paint?
Who was the first to use a stylus?
Who was the first to make pottery?
Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
Who was the first to conceive numbers?
Who was the first to conceive letters?
Who was the first to conceive language?
Who was the first to awaken to Self?
Who was the first to conceive love?
Who was the first to conceive romance?
Who was the first to kill a beast?
Who was the first to wear clothes?
Who was the first to make a wheel?
Who was the first to make a cart?
Who was the first to make a boat?
Who was the first to make a sail?
Who was the first to barter?
Who was the first to create money?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to create a business?
Who was the first to chip a stone?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to wear jewelry?
Who was the first to dig for metal?
Who was the first to make a forge?
Who was the first to create an explosive?
Who was the first to make a shield?
Who was the first to make a rope?
Who was the first to sew?
Who was the first to make clothes?
Who was the first to write graffiti?

Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
Who was the first to bury a body?
Who was the first to eat fruit?
Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
Who was the first to make alcohol?
Who was the first to create a currency?
Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
Who was the first to kill another?
Who was the first to use a pillow?
Who was the first to float on a log?
Who was the first to swim across a river?
Who was the first to make sugar?
Who was the first to harvest honey?
Who was the first to kill a tiger?
Who was the first to ride an elephant?
Who was the first to make a saddle?
Who was the first to make a stirrup?
Who was the first to milk a goat?
Who was the first to sow a seed?
Who was the first to create a herd?
Who was the first to make a blanket?
Who was the first to make a coat?
Who was the first to dig a well?
Who were the first to hunt as a band?
Who was the first to dam a river?
Who was the first to discover gold?
Who was the first to walk a beach?
Who was the first to milk a cow?
Who was the first to climb a mountain?
Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
Who was the first to wear a dress?
Who was the first to wear pants?
Who was the first to make a belt?
Who was the first to make glass?
Who was the first to wear underwear?
Who was the first to milk a horse?
Who was the first to make a candle?
Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?

Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

**The Mystery of the Mystery Series**

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.

It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivalled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.

It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.

It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.

It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is a … mystery.

**The You Are Not Series**

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not you talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.

You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

**The to Be or Not to Be Series**

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.

To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.
To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or bot to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.

To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.
To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.

To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.
To participate, or not to participate.
To allow, or not to allow.
To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
To analyze, or not to analyze.
To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
To passion, or not to passion.
To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
To throw, or not to throw.
To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
To berate, or not to berate.
To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
To tribe, or not to tribe.
To teach, or not to teach.
To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
To toss, or not to toss.
To start, or not to start.
To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
To spend, or not to spend.
To buy, or not to buy.
To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
To infinite, or not to infinite.
To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
To address, or not to address.

To quantum, or not to quantum.
To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
To rage, or not to rage.
To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.
To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.

To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.
To comment, or not to comment.
To kneel, or not to kneel.
To nest, or not to nest.
To assist, or not to assist.
To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
To thirst, or not to thirst.
To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
To shield, or not to shield.
To harvest, or not to harvest.
To delve, or not to delve.
To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
To fathom, or not to fathom.
To delight, or not to delight.
To dig, or not to dig.
To partner, or not to partner.
To sally, or not to sally.
To adapt, or not to adapt.
To attack, or not to attack.
To venture, or not to venture.
To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
To have, or not to have.
To pretend, or not to pretend.
To struggle, or not to struggle.
To endure, or not to endure.
To wonder, or not to wonder.
To question, or not to question.
To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

**Plays of Imagination**

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?

Are shores separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

**Un-Imagine**

Un-imagine you are this mind-body.
Un-imagine you are this existence.
Un-imagine you are this world.
Un-imagine you are this cosmos.
Un-imagine you are this dreamtime.

**Only Consciousness**

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

**Titles, Titles & More Titles**

All in a Dream, All in a Dream

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Imagine Nothing

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The Lies of Imagination

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Imaginary Musings

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Imagination (a.k.a., Vanity)

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Even Wisdom is Imaginary

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The Oppression of Consciousness

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Absurdity or Bust

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The Seer's Dream

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Hoping Against Hope, Not a Winning Strategy

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Imagine the World Without You in It

* * * *

The Thespian Dream

* * * *

Born of Illusion

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The Coin of Illusion

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The Coin of Delusion

* * * *

Absurdity Beyond the Pale

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Embracing Absurdity

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The Absurdity-Laced Mind

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A Higher Level of Faith

* * * *

The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness

* * * *

Imagine the Imagination

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Clinging to Absurdity

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Why Believe in Anything?

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Keep it Absurd

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Absurdity Abounds

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Consciousness, the Usurper

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Imagination, the Usurper

* * * *

A Stretch of Imagination

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Irony and Paradox and Absurdity Rule

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Imagination Only Dreams It Is Alive

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Imagination Only Thinks It is Alive

* * * *

The Eye of Perception

* * * *

The Gordian Knot of Consciousness

* * * *

The Gordian Knot of Imagination

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)

* * * *

Seeing is Not Believing

* * * *

Imagination: Usurper of Eternity

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The Absurdity of Mortality

* * * *

A Jester's Dream

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Perception is All

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Speculation: The Harbor of Delusion

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Imagination's Infinity

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Only Speculation Knows

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Where Imagination Gets You

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The Trilogy of Consciousness

* * * *

A Wander Down Memory Lane

* * * *

Absurdity In, Absurdity Out

* * * *

Measuring Illusion

* * * *

A Collusion of Imaginary Scale

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Speculation is Not Truth

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The Land of Hope

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The Whims of Consciousness

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Speculation is Not Knowledge

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Imaginary Worlds, Imaginary Minds.

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Imagination's Playground

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Speculation Abounds

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The Shallows of Consciousness

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Fantasy Gods

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The Imaginary Assumption

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The Air of Imagination

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Wandering a Dream

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The Insanity of Humanity

* * * *

Prayer, the Ultimate Insult to Faith

* * * *

The Podium of Absurdity

* * * *

Prior to Memory

* * * *

Prior to Imagination

* * * *

Only Imagination Exists

* * * *

The End to Hope

* * * *

Land of Imaginary Notion

* * * *

What's Happening, Dreamer?

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Memory Lanes

* * * *

All Pretend

* * * *

The Delusions of Magical Thinking

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The Mirage of Memory

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The Perception of Now

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The Swirl of Imagination

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The Rainbow of Imagination

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The Ever-Changing Consciousness: Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

# Breadcrumbs 2022

**Leftovers**

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

* * * *

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

* * * *

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

* * * *

Who can more than speculate what is actually going on in the grand starry-starry mishmash of all genesis?
Except maybe that fabled supreme-deity Santa Claus, crisscrossing the cosmos in his enchanted sleigh;
Who must, surely, be bone-weary, from the on and on, of the never-ending labyrinth of imagination.
All over something, that may well have been, nothing more than a now much-regretted impulse.

* * * *

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

* * * *

It is your dream; do with it what you will.
Do with it what time and circumstance allow.
Do with it what the quantum matrix ordains.

* * * *

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

* * * *

Any history is entirely reliant on storytellers who tell, and listeners who listen.
No history is ever completely accurate, and many, if not most, are never even close.
The campfires of imagination weave their way into every conceivable reckoning,
And it is left to the solitary few, to realize not even one, has ever been real.

* * * *

Reflections such as these cannot but remain marginalized by the masses,
Because imagination will not allow itself, cannot allow itself,
To be purged, or even brought to heel, from the annals of this garden world,
But through complete annihilation, to which end, it every moment drives closer to probability.

* * * *

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

* * * *

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.

Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.
Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.

Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

* * * *

One cannot help but feel sorry for women who work so hard to become men,
And never quite figure out, that they can never do, never be,
What men so easily, so naturally, do and are.
It is the genomic sequencing that underpins the entire human paradigm.
We all have the same software, the same programming, hundreds of thousands of years in the making.
To deny that, is to succumb to a dystopian nightmare, that no one was designed to play well.
Unless they are a psychopath, a sociopath, or just naturally endure whatever comes.
And no, we are not talking about the airy-fairy men who imagine whatever.
It is ever a Darwinian dreamtime, and natural selection will sort it.

* * * *

You are the electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix,
Come to life, come to consciousness, come to imagination.

* * * *

True science does no harm.
We would not understand as much,
We would not have all the luxuries and toys,
But at least we might still be wandering in the garden.
Assuming, of course, we ceased breeding so much, so absurdly.
But is it possible for any cancer to stop before it kills its host and benefactor?
In the race for survival, who do you think is going win?
Hint: The garden always wins.

* * * *

Existence in a nutshell:
In any life, no matter how simple, no matter how complex, there are an endless stream of decisions,

That lead to consequences that require new decisions, and on and on, choice after choice.
Every variety of agony, every variety of ecstasy, until finally, departure.
And what continues on, but the unborn-undying awareness;
Never even once, the time. imagination imagines.
Now is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not you.

* * * *

Stories are easy to hear or read, and to remember and share.
They teach lessons about given cultures, and offer insights into human nature.
They may leave listeners, perhaps happier, perhaps more hopeful, perhaps more united, perhaps wiser.
No matter the time, no matter the geography, they are the foundation of the human paradigm.
Used rightly, they can create great futures; wrongly, they serve to disparage and destroy.

* * * *

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.

You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing you.

* * * *

The real Jesus, assuming he really existed, died some 2000 spins around the sun ago.
Who knows how many millions, even billions, of imaginary ones, have existed since?

* * * *

The endless pretenses of vanity,
Do not make you more, do not make you greater, do not make you anything,
Other than in your wee little imaginary mind.

* * * *

Peel away all that clothing, all that hair, all that greasepaint, all that polish, all that jewelry.
Slice away the five sensory organs: the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
And you will be just another blob; just another crunchy-chewy-gooey creature.
No different than any other life form this spinning globe has ever spun.
All the egocentric pretenses that humankind harbors, are but absurd theater.

* * * *

We are reaping what we have in ignorance sewn, and dragging our magical garden down with us.
The wave is about to collapse into a chaotic tumult, beyond all control, beyond all hope.
Where we are, where you are, in that decline, in that fall, is at best, speculation.
And what to do, where to be, to survive, is unknowable ground for all.

* * * *

Awareness permeates all things, all illusions.
Any given universe is but a manifestation of quantum design,
In which the awareness, the infinite vastness of eternity, is witness to all, in all.

* * * *

How seriously to take this dreamtime, how seriously to take your Self, is every moment a choice.
Whether to be an involved participant, or a joyful buddha, is all doable, in the illusion's quantum buffet.

* * * *

Imagining you are anything but the very right-here, very right-now awareness,

Is the Black Snake of ego, slithering through the mind, you imagine your own.

* * * *

Imagine the billions of journeys around our little star, it took for you to be here reading this.
And let us not even try to speculate, how this mystery even reached this moment.
Just breathe in, breathe out, the mystery, You, this very instant, are,
And allow the destined chips fall, where they will, in the great so it goes.

* * * *

What is it but another metaphor –
Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

* * * *

We have all played our touchy-feely-nature-nurture parts well; Best Actor Awards to all.
Everybody, applaud the infinite awareness peering out into their illusory universe.
Celebrate the one and only thespian, equally playing each and every role.

* * * *

Prey are predatory in their own way, and predators, prey, as well.
After all, it is an indelible, indivisible, quantum theater extraordinaire.
And there has never been even one creature that has survived,
For more than an iota of time's illusory continuum.
By one means or another, all evaporate,
Back into the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

Are seers the delusional ones for spouting all this? Or you, for not seeing it?
Or perhaps all, forever engaging in this fantastical dreamtime absurdity, at all?

* * * *

Whistle, while you daily push that boulder up the hill,
If you can find the right song, the right tune, the right chord,
The right harmony, the right tone, the right melody,
To make all the absurdity worthwhile.

* * * *

Sickness, injury, dying, are just other altered states of consciousness.
Less enjoyable than the voluntary subscriptions, but no less momentary.

* * * *

Becoming a conscious observer –
Witness, spectator, onlooker, bystander, eyewitness, watcher –
Makes for a road-less-travelled dream.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is this mysterious awareness?
Where is this ephemeral nowness, this timeless right-here-right-now?
Is it in the frontal lobe? Is it in the top of the head? Is it in the entire brain?
How can any ever hope to capture it with any eloquent conclusion?
All any can do is be still enough, to discern it is all they are.

* * * *

Is your dream motivated or indifferent? Driven or lackadaisical? Energetic or apathetic?
All fates find the same grave; will yours strike a note in history?
Or be resigned to an unmarked grave?

* * * *

To imbibe the clear elixir of eternal life, timeless life, momentary life, disengage the mind from time;
From all the memories of existence – even from the recollection of a moment ago –
As often as the ever-present attention can wrestle itself free,
From the insistent grip of imagination,
The creator of all that is time-bound and illusory.

* * * *

Challenging, if not all but impossible, to be entirely free of imagination,
For it is the engine of illusion, to which all humans are genetically inclined.

* * * *

Imagination, and all its memories, knowledge, history, metaphors … and drama,
Has a tendency to crash the party without notice, as often as inattention allows.

* * * *

Forms project an illusionary duality, that the indivisible quantum matrix in no way confirms.
Yet, even in realizing all this, you must still daily wander through the dreamscape.
Only in death, figuratively or literally, can the sensory mind-body,
Give itself over to the essence of the ever-present.

* * * *

It is an arduous flight to allow vanity wings.
There is no knowing what hardships will sally forth.
Far more serene to impart to others no unwarranted reflection,
For imagination is but an illusory player in this dream of space and time.
Wandering through life alone, relatively anonymous, has its trials and tribulations,
But the long-and-winding road less traveled, pathless less traveled,
Does not, in any way, necessitate a dream-bound audience.
You are as inwardly free as you allow your Self to be.

* * * *

Separated only in imagination's Shakespearian touchy-feely, space-time theater,
The crunchy-chewy-gooey vehicle will sooner or later fall victim to the Reaper's fell scythe.
But You, the awareness, You, the moment, You, the instantaneous, You, the ever-present right-here now;
You will ever remain, unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffaceable, interminable, timelessly infinite.
Some call it existential, nihilistic, but it is the reality in which all dreams come to fruition.

What You believe does not at all matter; mystery is what You are, it is what all are.
Dreamtime is a quantum matrix, in which the mystery, through imagination,
Equally plays all forms, all parts, in all the theaters across the abyss.

* * * *

The elephant in the room, standing right there, how can you not see it?
Neither wall nor spear nor snake nor tree nor fan nor rope, nor any other metaphor;
It stands alone for all to see, what there is to see, what there is to unsee,
Within and without all manifestation prior to imagination.

* * * *

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness of all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

* * * *

The less you cling to any given moment,
The less the dream will distract you from your eternal due;
The absoluteness you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world.
Become the awareness you are,
As often as attention allows.

* * * *

There is only the imaginary appearance of separate souls.
Awareness is the indivisible timelessness permeating all.

* * * *

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when you are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,

That you are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

* * * *

It is but an illusory, secular dream, to which only the chosen few –
Those inexorably drawn to the indivisible abyss –
Will truly, fully, ever awaken.

* * * *

Everything has been brought to you by imagination,
Keeper of the key to the time-bound illusion-delusion.

* * * *

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.

You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
If You are thinking it, You are not being it.

* * * *

How can space-time have any ultimate reality,
When it is founded upon the gravities, the chemistries, the temperatures,
The interactions, the dances, the vagaries, of suns and planets and moons, and all the dust about them.
Clocks, watches, calendars, are but temporal gauges of the relativity of illusion.

* * * *

Solving problems, creating solutions, is the keystone of the human paradigm.
Every other organism adapts to its world as nature-nurture prescribes in its allotted niche.
Humankind: the toolmakers, the craftsmen, the artists, the scholars, the kings, the servants, the slaves,
Fashion their manifest worlds, as imagination, through genetic lottery, dictates,
And quantum, through every illusionary device, allows,

* * * *

There truly is no point to existence, but the omnipresent moment,
In which the timeless awareness, perceives a sensory universe,
So touchy-freely-three-dimensional real, that minds are easily bent,
Into, with nary a doubt, playing whatever part, nature-nurture has deigned.
Only rare lifeforces are called to doubt the kaleidoscoping dream unfolding about them;
Such that their courses are reset, and the true game afoot.
A matrix thing, to be sure.

* * * *

No creation,
No sensory-born playground,
No amount of imagination in any possible dimension,
As touchy-feely-whatever real, as it may seem,
Can ever be more than a passing dream.

* * * *

Once that little, imaginary, conditioned, inner voice, gets its tongue, it is ever a challenge to shut it up.
There is no end, but death, to the ways and means, imagination can ecstasy-and-agony its imaginary self.
And awareness, ever-present, ever-still, ever witnessing, the nature-nurture mind-body illusion-delusion.

* * * *

If you are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.

Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.
Kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

If you are anything less than the rationality of pure awareness,
Then your imaginary cosmos has you in its clutches, yet again.

* * * *

Others have always capitalized on vanity's never wanting to exit center stage.
Or at least, to not be forgotten, overlooked, misplaced.
Forever, if such a time is possible.

* * * *

Blame lead apes for the state of the world, if you like,
The path of chaos and destruction the human paradigm has taken,
Really falls upon the shoulders of the toolmakers, the architects, the builders,
Whose minds only rarely pause to reflect upon the wayward course,
They have inflicted upon the natural world's web of life.
The spin of greed and vanity have but one fate.

* * * *

Language is the mechanism that imagination uses in ways and means beyond counting,
To bind the awareness in every contortion that frames of reference manage to contrive.

* * * *

Loss, regret, guilt, sorrow, grief, distress, defeat, concern, despair,
Agony, doubt, disbelief, qualms, dread, misfortune, mistrust, misery, fear,
Are among the endless ways and means the suffering of consciousness manifests.
A rolodex of tormenting memories, of recollections, that imagination ever regurgitates,
When there are a dearth of real and pressing problems for the problem-solver mind to solve.
Conscious breathing holds the mind aloof from unnecessary drama and intrigue.
Living, as if you never born, as if you will never die, is s rare feat.

* * * *

The one-percenters have, since the jungles of long ago, set the tone and tempo,
To which all the puppets below dance, however might-makes-right dictates and allows.
Any well-rewarded, ranking position, is determined by whatever they and the many minions value,
Which statistically boils down to avarice and power and vanity; to a pile of gold,
And whatever entitlements are at hand in the given time and place.
It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

You are not a super hero nor a super sleuth nor a super spy nor a super anything.
You are not even a crunchy-chewy-gooey globule bound by the airs of vanity and greed.
You are the awareness – untainted, unburdened, unswayed – by the idolatries of consciousness.

Do not succumb to the illusion-delusion, that the imaginary mind-body every moment imagines anew.

* * * *

Unless you are called by vanity and greed, to make a crowd-pleasing show of yourself,
It is relatively easy, unproblematic, to remain somewhat anonymous in this dream.
To live it out, as simply and profoundly, as walking the razor's edge allows.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for your imaginary little self –
For the mind, for the body, for the other, for the world, for the cosmos,
For all the pain and suffering that biology and imagination have inflicted upon you again and again,
For the illusion-delusion dream of time, you hold so dear, feel so important –
Try not to go there.

* * * *

You must still the mind – rid it of the vagaries of imagination – to engage the moment absolutely.
You must be the awareness you truly are, to not be hypnotized by the whimsies of illusion's delusions.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative; that is for the dream.
You are playing the part that all the vanities will remember, until they do not.
All dreamtime histories are replete, unto their entireties, with forgotten everything, sooner or later.
Imagination is but a flickering candle in the quantum wind.
Its reality is highly suspect.

* * * *

All any can do, to live out the dream presented,
Is to play the persona, however nature-nurture and imagination allow.
Rest assured, every other will have their version of you,
To cast humility upon your self-flattery.

* * * *

This is the role, character, protagonist, you have, through the wind of nature-nurture,
And its tango with imagination, fashioned, and quantum-impromptu played.
To be the awareness, you indelibly are, is life's greatest challenge.
Sisyphus looks up, sighs, and begins the daily ascent.
Will he whistle while he shoulders the boulder, is the question.

* * * *

It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will always be a mystery.
Why resolve it? Why personalize it? Why dread it? Why measure it? Why worship it? Why dogmatize it?
Why pretend it is something that can be named, can be grasped, can be altered, can be saved?
Why play make-believe games, pretending to know what can never be known?
It is but dreamtime illusion, You are but dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

It is the quantum's kaleidoscoping that generates the illusory dream of space and time.
It is the quantum movement through awareness, as clouds through a sky,

That simultaneously creates and preserves and destroys.
The challenge is to, in every moment possible,
Resume the absoluteness, the You, that is the unborn-undying mystery.
You are not the illusory dreamtime; You are not the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

The road to absurdity is potholed with every variety of idyllic ideal.
The streets are not paved with gold in any real world, before or hence.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative, your own projection, your own propaganda, your own myth.
That is for the dream to play out, however it will, through all the perceptions about you.
"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

Imagination, in all its vanity and avarice, will never consent, will never allow, You,
To be the pure, unadulterated awareness; to be as tranquil as a still pond.
As the Sirens did Ulysses, it will ever beckon the inattentive.
Using any hook, any crook, it will draw you back,
To the shoals of its imaginary creation.
Death, figuratively or literally, is the final solution.

* * * *

Why does the spacetime continuum seem to pass so much more quickly as we age?
Perhaps because the gradual loss of innocence, the gradual domestication of mind and body,
Have left us always describing and labeling and explaining and clarifying and justifying and defending
And measuring and counting and gauging and evaluating and ranking and appraising and judging,
And the moment, the awareness, through which imagination streams, is but rarely discerned.

* * * *

You have wandered your world, your cosmos, your illusion, your delusion, so many ways, so many times.
Do you ever pause to observe it anew? Do you ever perceive this one and only timeless moment?
Do you ever see all the colors and shapes and textures and whimsies of light and shadow?
Do you ever taste the flavors, hear the sounds, smell the scents, feel the sensations?
Or are you so ensnared, so confined, by desire and fear and dread, by all your millstones,
That your innocence, your presence, is forever lost to imagination's plays of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Take moments now and again in all the busy-ness, to reflect on the illusory mystery that it is,
And perhaps give your Self over, at least occasionally, to that evasive quality of mind called detachment.
Very challenging for any two-legged, because the dream seems so every moment very real.
And we are all so absorbed, so engaged, so attached, to our given dreamtimes.
There are no masters, only beginners, always beginning anew.

* * * *

Quality breathing is an awareness enabler.
So much bother boils down to oxygen deprivation.
Returning to the ever-present is the challenge, the razor's edge.

Not an easy calling to become a conscious witness to the mystery we all are.
To have taken the ruby-slipper red pill launches a destiny none could ever have anticipated.
The blue pill would perhaps have made it all so much easier, in so many ways.
But alas, there is no going back; alas, there is no rewind button.
All life is born to live out whatever fate the seed calls.
All any can do, is do it as well as possible.
Breathe it in, breathe it out.
Be here now.
You.

* * * *

Why does it matter so, why does it matter at all,
Who-what-where-why-when-how, others witness you?
Why are you, why is our kind, so mesmerized by our vanity?
Is it possible to wander unconditionally in the midst of all the fanfare?
Is it possible to wander in an utterly detached, disinterested, uninvolved, state?
How far would our species have come, could our species have come, were we all alone?
Despite the very apparent, very mysterious, very ineffable, fact, that we are, all, unutterably alone.
This momentary awareness, this now, and its absoluteness, its indivisibility, its solitude,
Is very much the same, within each and every one, throughout all creation.
All the other, is but a quantum illusion, a quantum delusion,
In minds given over to imagination's whims.

* * * *

The scars, the stresses, in mind and body, are inflicted by all the other.
By the universe that the senses and imagination have created.
By the dream that has bound the awareness you are.

* * * *

You are an electromagnetic, biological phenomenon; a beast, a savage,
Domesticated to serve whatever tradition, natural selection has spawned you.
Is it possible to reverse engineer the conditioned mind-body you imagine you are,
To such a degree, as to become the infant, the innocence, the tabula rasa,
You were before the dreamtime took you by the scruff of the neck?
It is a question that compels focused, undivided attention.
A laser, burning away the dross of imagination,
Until only the awareness remains.

* * * *

The grand strands of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) that have created you,
Are only concerned that you generate as many offspring as possible, by any means.
Whether or not any given strand carries on, is always subject to natural selection downstream.
Ethics has never been an issue, in the one and only immortal quest, truly in play.
The constructs of imagination, of illusion-delusion, notwithstanding.

* * * *

How can any ever-streaming moment be auspicious or trivial or boring,
Or any other illusionary-delusionary notion, born of the imaginary mind?

* * * *

You are what You this moment are; that sentient awareness, that sentient awakeness.
Nothing before, nor hence, matters, but to imagination, and all its time-bound trickery.

* * * *

Instinct was the baseline before imagination magnified it to heights and breadths beyond reckoning.
To be unaware of how it has shaped human history, is to submit to a power that embraces extinction.

* * * *

Sooner or later, life will take you by the scruff of the neck,
And bash you proper, in whatever way your nature-nurture dream has in store.
And it will not be a once and only time, guaranteed.
Try not to take it personal.

* * * *

From the ultimate standpoint, from the eye of the mystery's standpoint,
What makes your biological array any greater or lesser than any other's?
Only vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity separates it little self from the source of all.

* * * *

Space and time are less about being a measurable continuum,
Than they are, an immeasurable, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum medium.
An ineffable creation, enabled by a neurological set, evolved in a biological cauldron,
From which imagination plays out never-ending Shakespearian theater of nature-nurture design.

* * * *

Has there ever been any other species,
Born of this garden world, born of this quantum mystery,
That has imagined, has pretended, with such great effort, to be so many things,
That it is not, that it has never been, that it will never be?

* * * *

Be wary you do not become so absorbed in your imaginary self,
That you assume everybody else should be, too.
Notoriety is a dubious quest,
And groupies cultivate many dramas.

* * * *

In the aging process, the weight of memory can cause a ceaseless tug-of-war,
Between imagination and awareness, between the dreamtime and the moment.

* * * *

Waking up to another day of illusory possibilities,
Another day of illusory compliance,
Another day of illusory philosophical observation,
Another day of roaming about the illusory rabbit hole of imagination,
For which you have whatever illusory enthusiasm, your ethereal spirit naturally summons.

* * * *

Delve as deeply as one might, the mystery ever remains a mystery.
Ultimately, no one really has any choice, but to do whatever needs doing:
Breathe in, breathe out, hunt, gather, eat, pee, poop, breed, ponder, sleep, repeat.
Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all imagine and believe.

* * * *

Prior to all creation,
Prior to all forms,
Prior to all functions,
Prior all plays of consciousness,
You are.

* * * *

Stories, narratives, chronicles, sagas, memoirs, accounts, tales, fairytales, legends, myths,
Are the primary ways and means that imagination perpetually, unabashedly utilizes,
To commandeer the purity of awareness, ever still in its immaculate moment.

* * * *

So, what is it you think you are looking for? What is it you think you might find, will find?
Unless you are no longer a seeker, unless you have already figured out the irony-paradox absurdity,
Any answer, any guess, any speculation, means you already have some sort of assumption,
And that means you may not be as serious as you would have yourself believe.

* * * *

No matter how much you learn, no matter how much you study, discover, analyze, realize;
No matter how known, how affluent, how powerful, how influential, you might become;
You are very much quantum-equal from the elemental, indivisible, matrix perspective.
All the vanity, all the pride, to which humanity inclines, is as empty as empty ever is.

* * * *

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

* * * *

Every mind has a story, every group mind, a chronicle.
Some myths even campfire their way down the mirage of dreamtime,
Until they, too, are forever forgotten, forever adrift, in the moment they were given.
Dreamtime is like that: loyal to all, loyal to none.
Go away, Kid, ya bother me.

* * * *

The awareness that You are, is right-here-right-now.
In what other quantum dimension, in what other imaginary dream,
Would it be any different? Could it be any different? Should it be any different?

* * * *

The body's chemical responses to the world and all its many threats, real and imagined,
Will drag the mind-body back into the emotional depths anytime it is allowed.
Detachment is not easy, even for the most indomitable philosopher.

* * * *

The senses are always drawing you out to play,
In this imaginary world, in this dream of space and time.
To disregard them is the big challenge, for all who would linger,
In the ever-present awareness, this one and only moment,
That all really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The alsorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!

The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!
The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

* * * *

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?

What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

* * * *

We are blobs; we are all the progeny of blobs.
Our primordial antecedents were merely gooey, slimy.
But natural selection, lots of time, and no lack, no end, of horror,
Made us crunchy and chewy, as well; definitely, something to be vain about,
And ceaselessly, without qualm, make as much ado about nothing, as imagination allows.

* * * *

Deal with your post-traumatic stress as a sensation, a vibration,
Rather than all the thoughts and feelings, that imagination ever ignites upon.
The challenge is to, at least every now and again, detach from the mind-body dreamtime.
Still the mind, be the awareness, be the moment, free of all the agonies and ecstasies, existence exacts.
It may or may not be easy, to discern and be, this most simple beingness;
Attachment is a magnet, that holds all in its orbit.
But it never hurts to practice.

* * * *

How to dissolve the binds of post-traumatic stress,
That permeate any given mind-body like rings in a tree,
Requires a meditative attentiveness, challenging to maintain.
We are all captive in our biological cauldrons, prisoners of destiny,
Coded with whatever history has been written in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

It is, and is not, as you imagine it to be.
The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are,
From the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

All those voices yammering away in your head, day-in-day-out.
How do you shut them off, how do you become what you truly are,
But by earnestly wrestling the wheel from their imaginary grip.

* * * *

Even if there are dimensions beyond all constraints, beyond all conceivable bounds,
It is still the same ineffable, indivisible mystery, at the core of all.
And all are, surely, no less illusory than this one.
I mean, yawn and double-yawn.

* * * *

Find that space, that clarity, that innocence,
Before all the demons moved in, and usurped the awareness,
And bound it in imagination, the space-time that is but quantum sleight of hand.

* * * *

Just wait, as patiently, as calmly, as possible,
And the best solution will often make itself apparent.
Assuming, of course, a perceptive, rational mind.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery, the same awareness, the same eye,
Swathed in a mortal container, with which we all identify,
And sustain, in whatever way nature-nurture has in dreamtime ordained.
It is part, a fate, a destiny, a dream, an illusion, we must all together, all alone, endure.

* * * *

A dream created by quantum through awareness.
Is the quantum cosmos created by the quantum mind?
Or is the quantum mind fashioned by the quantum cosmos?
Or do they simultaneously metamorphose together?
Only the mystery knows, and it is not telling.
And awareness, serene witness to it all.

* * * *

Do not blame awareness for the maelstrom of imagination.
It is consciousness alone that is the upwelling of all that is absurdity,
In this theater-in-the-round, playing out on an obscure side-stage of nothingness.
Like the sky, awareness is immaculate, unblemished, blameless, for any storms passing through.
If there is anything to be blamed, if there is a fall guy in this tale, it is surely inattention.

* * * *

Odds are that imagination will always be lurking about,
Waiting for any opening to distract You from the eternal moment,
From the timeless awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Until those occasional moments, in which full attention kicks in,
And the real You awakens in the moment you ever are.

* * * *

Science has had quite a long slog wandering the helter-skelter of absurdity,
Of ignorance and superstition and tradition, bound together in imaginary minds.

* * * *

Another talking head, doing the circuit, trying to make a buck, promoting yet another book.
How is it anyone even begins to believe this madhouse can be somehow be made sane?
The Titanic, even be one degree turned; the fate of Easter Island somehow averted.
Consciousness is well on its way to the abyss; its brief window, rapidly closing.

* * * *

Stick around in this dreamtime for as long as it works for you,
And then depart as quickly, as quietly, as painlessly, as mind and mood and circumstances allow.
Or stick around and suffer the likely bitter end, only too happy to platy out.

* * * *

It is but an imaginary quantum space-time-dream-time that has enticed you,
Conditioned you, trained you, bound you, into really and truly believing, it real and true.
It is totally on you, to awaken to the true reality, the true You, the awareness beneath all surfaces.

* * * *

Regrets are a sorrow no mind easily dispels.
It is a very challenging thing to forgive oneself,
For all the pain that vanity again and again endures.

* * * *

Focus as closely as you can, on each and every breath.
See how long before imagination cuts in,
And the dance again begins?

* * * *

Why would karma ever be inflicted upon a dream?
Why would a dreamer ever be punished, ever be rewarded,
For dreaming a dream, about which he or she or it, had no choice?
It is avaricious predators who create and use imaginary deities against you.
Depending on circumstances, you may, or may not, be free, to put them behind you.
It is not fun being shunned and/or tortured and/or executed for being a sceptic (a.k.a., heretic).
Might makes right, and histories across the board, have times beyond counting,
Proven far less than egalitarian, towards those who question.

* * * *

Seriously, what does a blob have to be vain about?
And of the quest for power, fame, fortune,
Surely you ha-ha jest, my friend.

* * * *

Plenty of creatures on this planet get along plenty fine without ever seeing a human being,
And plenty of human beings, get along plenty fine without ever seeing you.
We are not as important to the cosmos as we would like to think,
And you, to but a relative few, for but a brief while.
Vanity is nothing more than poof.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on five senses and a central processing unit.
Any given world, any given universe, is created by how well each sense works.
How well, how acutely, eyes see, ears hear, nose smells, tongue tastes, flesh feels.
You are playing out the die roll set in motion at the instant of genesis.
When or how or why it all happened, is entirely irrelevant.
Here we are, right here, right now, this very moment,
Incessantly quibbling over absurdities beyond measure.

* * * *

Yup, your distant cousin, the worm, has the same alimentary canal design.
As do an unknowable number of other critters, across all the ages, across all the times.

Anatomy is, indeed, fate … and choice … but a perpetual debate, regarding degrees of absurdity.

* * * *

Atlas tripping on his globe, Sisyphus toiling with his boulder.
See if you can set that vanity down, at least once and a while.

* * * *

To all the true-believers, who spend their existence entangled in any given religion,
Would discovering it was all a lie, all a charade, all make-believe, all entirely meaningless,
Make you wonder what you coulda-shoulda-woulda done with all the time you wasted?

* * * *

It does not in any way matter, how you reached this awareness of awareness.
It does not matter what you thought; it does not matter what you did, or did not do.
You are the only one who judges, the only one who counts, the only one who imagines,
And all your imaginary judgments, all your imaginary accountings,
Are as meaningless, as meaningless can be.

* * * *

Look out into the starry-starry night, and imagine it being administered by any of the imaginary deities,
That humankind has, across all times, across all geographies, through every vanity and cupidity, devised.

* * * *

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

* * * *

We all are the same mystery, the same inscrutable unknowable, the same quantum magic-fairy-dust.
We are all absolute equals, in all shapes and sizes and functions in this web of life.
We are all the Dreamer dreaming; how can you not be part of it?

* * * *

When it comes to this inscrutable mystery,

Can anything ever be proven, ever be encapsulated by consciousness?
Of course not, that is why this may well be the most ineffable mystery, the mystery has ever concocted.
That is why all conjectures, all speculations, all assumptions, all assertions,
Can never be anything more than idle hearsay.

* * * *

The young are flagrantly innocent, naively simple, blissfully radiant, until they are not.
Until they are touched harshly by this dreamtime, into which they have been involuntarily cast.
Touched harshly by any of the so many ways the human paradigm has through imagination engineered.
And then they join in with the collective, churning mass, and become the adult now reading this.
The adult who vaguely recalls, and longs, for that innocence, that simplicity, that radiance,
And will perhaps rummage deeply enough, freely enough, to resume the tabula rasa.
The You, the Self, that is, and has always been, right-here-right-now present.

* * * *

Ignore the sensory theater; be the awareness you are, the stillness you are, the moment you are.
There is only right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment.
All befores, all afters, are nothing more than imaginary delusions,
Concocted by quantum minds bound to illusion.

* * * *

Yes, even though it is very astute, very exacting, very prolific,
And more spot-on accurate, than imagination has heretofore managed,
Even science, in all its illusion-bound glory, is ultimately just more babble-on.

* * * *

If you cannot read these thoughts, without growing weary,
Or having some sort of fight or flight response,
Then they are likely not for you.
At least not at this point in your dreamtime.

* * * *

You are the indelible awareness, you are the ineffable mystery.
If you do not discern it for your Self, it is entirely on you.
No one else can discover it for you, no one else can do it for you.
No one else can more than point out ironies and paradoxes and absurdities.
But more than a few will be happy to manipulate and appropriate whatever you allow.

* * * *

True believers are always in the hunt for followers
– acolytes, devotees, disciples, adherents, admirers, enthusiasts –
To join their groupthink, and more than likely relinquish a tithing, large or small.
To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

Death is the mercy of the mystery to its Self, that it not be forever trapped,
In all the illusions, in all the delusions, in all the ironies and paradoxes,
In all the absurdities of awareness, falsely believing itself to be you.

* * * *

All that knowledge, all that trivia, all that irony, all that paradox,
No matter how profound, no matter how trifling,
Is made-up from all get-goes.
Make-believe tends to be like that.

* * * *

Science must eventually fall on its sword,
Because it can only explore the kaleidoscoping quantum illusion.
The mystery, that which pervades all, that which is prior and beyond, is the realm of philosophy.
And even philosophers, must eventually still their loquacious intellects,
If they discern the wit and will to abandon all absurdity,
And melt into the timeless awareness.

* * * *

If you can scrutinize anything, question anything, wander anywhere, that imagination allows,
You are well-equipped, well on the way, to being eye-wide-open witness,
To anything the mystery brings to your stage.

* * * *

It is the ineffable quantum mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.
The imagined you, is but a delusional dream of awareness, of Self, attached to a corporal figurine.
Of Self, deluded by, attached to, imagination, and its ever-kaleidoscoping legion of illusions.
Of Self, deluded by a dream concocted by a mind and five senses, feelers into the quantum matrix,
Playing out the destiny that the quantum mystery set in motion in a space-time that never really existed.

* * * *

Cloaking a blob in the finest mask and costume in the cosmos, does not make it any less a blob.
Is there really anything left to take seriously? Absurdity reigns, why are we not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Why would any deity, with any salt at all,
Create a cosmos, merely to judge its participants laudable or not?
If there were to be such a deity, why would any of the participants submit to such absurdity?
Surely, they would cast him into his own purgatory to teach a lesson.
Check the mirror; maybe they already have.

* * * *

Democracy is something of an experiment – a hypothesis, an inquiry, an audition – in history's playbook.
A means of managing civilization; a modus operandi, in no way natural to the human paradigm.
If representative democracy is to succeed, if power is to attain some degree of balance,
All parties must walk away from any given table at least partially dissatisfied.
Everyone must explore a way to achieve some sort of compromise,
In which all parties can be at least somewhat satisfied.
Any by-the-people-for-the-people-of-the-people governance,
Requires an autonomous perception, to which relatively few are disposed.
Requires a sagacity steeped in resolute determination to ward off the despotic inclination.

* * * *

You finally got the joke.
Why are you not rolling in the aisles?
Embrace the absurdity.

* * * *

The imagination that grips You, is the aspect that desires and fears and dreads.
The awareness, the moment, the real You, was never born, can never die.
What is there to want? What is there to fear? What is there to dread?
What is there to think or do? What is there to create or destroy?
What can any rational sage do, but yield to the absurdity.

* * * *

Embrace each and every breath that attention allows.
It is closer to the moment than you can imagine.
And you never know when it will be your last.

* * * *

Imagination has had a good time,
But it needs to get a reign on itself it is to survive much longer,
In the forever it has contrived.

* * * *

Is a memory of something that happened a few moments ago,
Really any more or less tangible, than one that was perceived decades ago?
They are just random perceptions, from a long and winding line of random perceptions,
Yesterdays that are but vague dreams, vague dreams that only delusion believes, ever really happened.

* * * *

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.
Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever you will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

By the time you recognize anything – a sight, a sound, a smell, a taste, a sensation – it is long gone,
And your frame of reference is interpreting the perceptions recorded along the mind's neuron trails.
What we call existence is really nothing more than a constant rehash of yesterday's song and dance.

* * * *

My awareness is your awareness, your awareness is my awareness,
Is his awareness, is her awareness, is our awareness, is their awareness, is its awareness.
It is the same awareness in all living beings across any and all dimensions.

And through awareness, imagination gambols in every mind.
Ultimately, we are all just talking to our Self.

* * * *

Liberation requires earnest attention.
Imagination is always lurking in the wings, ready to pounce,
With its long and winding baggage train brimming with every conceivable bewilderment.

* * * *

Second hands, minute hands, hour hands,
Go round and round and round, portraying analogue time real.
But where is the 'moment' hand, and what can any digital clock ever even pretend?

* * * *

Hard to imagine, despite all statistical assertions to the contrary,
That across the entire universe, there could be a more absurd species.

* * * *

Idealistic notion.
Romantic notion.
Pragmatic notion.
All have their time.

* * * *

Illusion and imagination spin all about this awareness, this 'youness' You are.
Endure it, abide it, perform it, stay centered in the unutterable stillness,
The indelible awareness that is without beginning, without end.

* * * *

Who does not have a struggle, a fight, a mein kampf, within and without?
The only question is how each chooses to play it out upon their dreamtime.

* * * *

I observe you, you observe me, each of us peering out.
Only in reflections do we discern our masks and costumes,
Because we are both the same awareness, the same faceless Self,
Eternally gazing out upon all other imaginary parts.
And they, eternally gazing back at you.
You are the indelible mystery, and it is you.

* * * *

On the other side of that wall of flesh you so long to caress,
Is a gurgling, churning goulash, of crunchy and chewy and gooey.
Genetic hypnosis denies you the horror of seeing what is really going on.
What if instead, you were doing all the same imaginings to some other creature?
What if it was all merely about the machinations of biology and chemistry and physics,
Experiencing every variation that the wind of imagination can possibly imagine.
What difference, really, between fondling her sweet spot, or a sheep's?

* * * *

There is no need to care one way or another, about anything or anyone.
The conditioning, the indoctrination, the domestication, is a powerful dynamic,
But you can be free of it, if you choose to abide in the awareness prior to imagination.
It is not easy, but an attentive, well-sharpened blade of discrimination, can cut through the veil.
Despite all claims to the contrary, there is no divinity requiring you to suffer all the mindless absurdities.
This is naught but an illusionary-delusionary dream, so be as free, be as mindful, as you are able.

* * * *

Is there really, truly, anything that you have ever witnessed,
That cannot be explained through lucid, rational, scientific thinking?
A serious question, that does not align, in any way, with the underlying reality,
That this whole dreamtime mystery theater, is as irrational and absurd and astounding,
And ineffable, beyond any speculation, that any illusionary-delusionary mind, has ever babbled.

* * * *

Some things cannot be won, some things cannot be endured.
Always be at the ready, to let go, to cut your losses, to retreat as far as necessary.
In the oft-times harsher-than-harsh reality of this dreamtime madhouse,
Nothing should-could-would, ever be taken off the table.

* * * *

You have to be at least a little off the mark, at least a little demented,
To spend so much of your existence seeking this, for all it ends up mattering.
Just imagine how many things you could be doing in this magical mystery madhouse.
Got it all right here, folks, something for everyone, got it all right here.
Step right up, folks! Step right up! This ain't Kansas, Toto.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

You only need to please your ineffable Self, really.
Whether or not others esteem your character to be of interest,
Really only matters to the insatiable vagaries of vanity.

* * * *

The end to curiosity about the world, the cosmos, in which you ply your imagination, is required,
If you wish to timelessly linger in the serene pool of awareness, absolute, without peer.
For the temptations to return again and again, ever again, are beyond many.
It takes some serious resolve, to do without the daily cappuccino.

* * * *

Try not to get too upset that true-believers will never give up their child-ish things.
Do not hold your breath that the human species is going to 'wake up' just because you want it to.
Besides which, what exactly are you believing-hoping-praying, our kind might become?
And what would it really take to get to that magical-mystery place in the sun?

* * * *

Why would you really believe you are more exceptional than anyone or anything else?
Try imagining them, try playing their role, their world, their universe,
And try it with any other living creature, as well.
How can you not be humbled by this incredible mystery You are.

* * * *

If it is true, it will be true, for all dreams, all times, all geographies.
That is the guarantee this indelible quantum mystery ever guarantees.

* * * *

Your mind-body is quite a bit more intricate,
Quite a bit more attached to the dreamtiming of consciousness,
Than when life first took root, however, a few billion spins around the sun ago.
A little more crunchy, a little more chewy, but no less gooey, to all the creatures that would consume it.
Essentially the same goopy-slushy organism, though much more self-absorbed in the packaging.
Even the strongest, the smartest, the most beautiful, are but collections of protoplasm,
Ever deluded they are greater than they are, ever have been, will ever be.

* * * *

The expanding cosmos of human knowledge is the first and foremost zero-sum game.
What will happen to it all, when the human species eventually goes who-knows-when-how extinct?
Is there some vast, eternal vault, wherein can be found a manilla folder, with a single page,
On which are, in faded print, typed beginning and end dates for a planet called Gaia?
So much for the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity show being even noteworthy.
Maybe go ask all the Petri dish universes what they were about,
To voilà-realize that all existence anywhere, anytime,
Is really nothing more than a fleeting stain.

* * * *

What mathkabob came up with that that set of zeros?
Is there no limit, no end, to the theoretical contortions,
That so many busy-busy minds are eagerly willing to go?
Seriously, how many zeros, left or right of the decimal point,
Have any real meaning, any real application, in any real world?
How many more inventions, how many more gadgets,
Must we keep creating to fill our absurd lives?

* * * *

It takes earnest, vigilant attention, to interrupt, to suspend consciousness.
To give your Self back to the moment, back to the timeless awareness.
To cease the background chatter always at the ready to drone away.

* * * *

A harsh existence creates a tension that innocence never knows.
Observe deeply within, to the source of consciousness itself,
To discern the blameless innocence that is your true nature.

* * * *

Egocentric
Ethnocentric
Phallocentric
Androcentric
Anthropocentric
Chronocentric
Heliocentric
Theocentric
Geocentric
Solarcentric
Cosmoscentric
All orbiting the me, the myself, and the I.
A flesh-wrapped blob believing itself to be whatever its imagination imagines.

* * * *

Forget your imaginary self,
Forget your imaginary world,
Forget your imaginary universe,
Forget everything you think you know.
Become the ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, intangible, indivisible, lasting, unutterable,
Irrational, unborn, undying, inexpressible, overwhelming, indefinable, expansive, immortal,
Unspeakable, deep, beyond words, ineradicable, permanent, enduring, intrinsic,
Engrained, deep-rooted, deep-seated, impenetrable, timeless, eternal,
Awareness,
You truly are.

* * * *

Zeros to the right, zeros to the left,
How far from any given decimal point,
Does measuring illusion ever really matter?

* * * *

How can you even begin to believe this momentary awareness is anything but the mystery itself?
Equally permeating all dreams, all worlds, all universes, across all times, across all spaces.
There is nothing that is not connected, except in imaginary notion, imaginary delusion.

* * * *

Are you really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories– eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?
Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

All that fear, all that dread, all that sorrow, all that anger, all that tension, all that pain, all that suffering,
Is the post-traumatic stress, that, like tree rings, mark all the forces that have driven you to this moment.
All the agonies and ecstasies that have shaped your seed into the Shakespearian role you imagine you are.
Just because you play it, just because you see that mask in the reflection, does not mean have to believe it.

* * * *

If you want to believe the mind-body more than an imaginary blob,
Who is anyone to argue with the absurdities of delusion?
We will all be feeding daisies soon enough.

* * * *

If existence has meaning and purpose,
Then surely at the top of the list, is to wake up,
To the awareness prior to consciousness, that you truly are.
The distractions are many; narcissism and hedonism are in their sway.
Few have the interest or wit to suspend the algorithm of the given nature-nurture.
For most, to even once, doubt all things, to even once, peer behind the veil,
Is so beyond the realm of possibility, that only fools brood over it.
And even if every human being, was somehow to awaken,
You would still be pure, unadulterated awareness,
Peering out upon the mystery, totally alone.

* * * *

Consciousness, coupled with instinct, is insatiable, unless you are so lucky,
As to be temperate, or at least moderate, in your narcissistic-hedonistic mix.

* * * *

It took some serious trials and tribulations, paradoxes and ironies,
To reach this moment, in the illusion-delusion of imagination's reign.

* * * *

Existence does not require meaning and purpose; it is the meaning and purpose.
The quest for more-more-more draws all into the insatiable rabbit hole of imagination.
But if pretending, if make-believe, is the lie, the delusion, that keeps you slogging, so be it.
Truth will still be here if any inkling of doubt is ever enough to be drawn back into its awareness.

* * * *

What an absurd squander to spend one's whole life,
Venerating and petitioning and fearing an imaginary idol.
So many strolls in nature, the one and only true church, missed.

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

What is there to fear, to dread, really, in this sensory-mind dream born of space-time imagination?
What other creature has so definitively invented such havoc as humankind,
With its inclination for every imaginable storyline.
All played out in an imaginary world,
To which awareness, is every moment, its own witness.

* * * *

Religion is really nothing more than a narcissistic-hedonistic genus of Self-masturbation.
If you are going to venerate anything, venerate whatever is left of nature.
She is the Eden that made all this, this dreamtime, possible.
How difficult would it have been for our species,
To have fostered, to have embraced, a guardianship role,
Rather than twisting and destroying it to a degree yet to be finalized.

* * * *

You see only see what you perceive.
You see only see what you know.
You see only see what you believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.
Patterns born of the mystery prior to all.

* * * *

What north and south and east and west,
Would there possibly be, but for the dancing of the stars?
But for the angle and spin of the orb, around and around the hearth of the sun.
How you are here to witness whatever dream you have been cast,
Is the theater of mind, the playhouse of imagination,
In which wise and foolish alike dwell.

* * * *

If you are pride-filled, if you are vain, perform it well.
If you are not pride-filled, relish the humility.
Be grateful for the obscurity if affords.

* * * *

When you were a child, you spoke as a child,
You understood as a child, you thought as a child.
But when you became a man, you put away childish things.
And swathed yourself in religion and other adult imaginings, instead.

* * * *

Imagination cannot more than hope to hide from awareness,
But awareness can evade imagination, as inattention allows.

* * * *

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?

Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Science's Big Bang Theory is about as meaningful for the layperson,
As any creation mythology is, from any tradition, from any time, from any geography.
All those who claim to know what this unfathomable mystery is about, are all only pretenders pretending.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and will forever remain a mystery,
In any and all forever-mores, that will ever be, forever more-ing.

* * * *

Once you discern all life forms as nothing more than blobs,
With seemingly every imaginable feature, every imaginable attribute,
It is a bit easier to weave and wind through any given moment a tad more detached.

* * * *

It is all illusion, it is all imaginary, and every variety of delusion carries many a mind to far distant shores.
All the measurements, all the observations, all the calculations, all the designs,
Are ultimately really nothing more than trivial pursuit.
All minds churn and churn,
And some minds crave more than sports and soap operas.
Ergo, science, mathematics, engineering, architecture, economics, philosophy, ad infinitum.

* * * *

How could your sentience, your awareness,
Possibly be, in any way different, in any way disconnected,
From any other life form's sentience, from any other life form's awareness?
The mystery is all-inclusive: omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent.
Duality is nothing more than an imaginary concept,
Stillborn, preserved in mind only.

* * * *

Every moment awaits the arrival of your presence, your awareness, in the space-time construct.
The quantum matrix to which your imaginary, temporal existence, is habitually bound.
Free will looking forward, every moment, morphs into fate looking back.

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the moment.
Does the universe exist, without you as witness?
Did it create you, that you could create it,
In whatever way imagination might?

And death, in due course, erasing everything.

* * * *

Why has humankind created so many deities,
So many paradises, so many purgatories, of every variety and ilk?
Because the ever-churning imagination, required meaning and purpose, rhyme and reason,
To explain the inexplicable, to battle the futility, to lessen the fear of oblivion,
That followed them like shadows, in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You really believe you have free will?
Could you be free of your time?
Could you be free of your space?
Could you be free of your genetics?
Could you be free of your body?
Could you be free of your face?
Could you be free of your eyes?
Could you be free of your ears?
Could you be free of your nose?
Could you be free of your tongue?
Could you be free of your touch?
Could you be free of your language?
Could you be free of your ethnicity?
Could you be free of your gender?
Could you be free of your status?
Could you be free of your knowledge?
Could you be free of your memories?
Could you be free of your beliefs?
Could you be free of your wealth?
Could you be free of your religion?
Could you be free of your politics?
Could you be free of your feelings?
Could you be free of your emotions?
Could you be free of your prejudices?
Could you be free of your reflections?
Could you be free of your insights?
Could you be free of your appetites?
Could you be free of your family?
Could you be free of your friends?
Could you be free of your acquaintances?
Could you be free of your adversaries?
Could you be free of your heritage?
Could you be free of your tribe?
Could you be free of your work?
Could you be free of your habits?
Could you be free of your foods?
Could you be free of your liquids?
Could you be free of your pleasures?

Could you be free of your pains?
Could you be free of your sexuality?
Could you be free of your things?
Could you be free of your hobbies?
Could you be free of your loves?
Could you be free of your likes?
Could you be free of your hates?
Could you be free of your reactions?
Could you be free of your banter?
Could you be free of your algorithm?
Could you be free of your world?
Could you be free of your cosmos?
Could you be free of your moment?
Could you be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But you are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if you can.

* * * *

We are all our own blend of narcissism and hedonism, our own blend of arrogance and humility.
There is no right way, there is no wrong way, there is ultimately only your way.
And as illusionary-delusionary as it may seem to be to others,
It is what it is, and there is no changing it.
You are stuck in a body with its version of You.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘you’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness timelessly witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings,
In which the indelible, unfathomable mystery, harbors.

* * * *

So many believing their window of history, their slice of geography, their groups of like-minded –
Their family, their tribe, their country, their school, their city, their church, their world – so important.
There is absolutely no reason to hope, even for a moment, that the human species will ever get over itself.
It would require a transformation, a revolution of consciousness, absurd to all but the most astute.

* * * *

The end of curiosity hearkens of the end of imaginary collusions.
Or perhaps at least hearkens to some diminishment, of imaginary collusions.
Or at least hearkens to waking up from the siesta, every once-in-a-while, now-and-again,
To the reality that it is all nothing more than an inexplicable, ineffable, rather absurd, quantum reverie.

* * * *

Oops, you did not look back,
And now it is lost and gone forever,
Drifting into the fading memory section.

* * * *

We are really nothing more than blobs of crunchy and chewy and gooey,
Imagining we are so much more than narcissistic, hedonistic, bags of vanity.

* * * *

Birth: the first illusion.
Life: the middle illusion.
Death: the final illusion.

* * * *

Savor the moment.
Do not be driven by imagination,
Into its dreamy time-bound-space-bound illusion.
Its monotonous, banal, narcissistic-hedonistic theater of the absurd,
That ceaselessly, zealously, rushes on and on and on, to the next to the next to the next.
To hold fast requires earnest diligence.

* * * *

Believe and hope and pray as you might, that there is more, alas, no.
You are a one-time sensory-mind dream, a Shakespearian player,
Wandering a touchy-feely, multi-dimensional, quantum holodeck.
An imaginary matrix of the original nature, flawless from all get-goes.

* * * *

Your spin in the genetic lottery may make you lucky,
But it does not make you special, it does not make you superior,
It does not make you higher or lower, stronger or weaker,
In the eternal eye of the spaceless-timeless moment.
Try to avoid getting all narcissistic about it.

* * * *

Science becomes as meaningless as any superstitious, mythological narrative,
Once you look for your Self, and discern the imaginary context of all perspectives.

* * * *

History is nothing more than imaginary notion,
A pattern, a habit, to which the human paradigm, the human genome,
In some ago, some unheralded moment, succumbed.

* * * *

Why should you ever allow your Self to be yoked in any way?
Why feel the need to submit to any imaginary fiction?

Why give in to any absurdity born of vanity?
Why not just ‘be’ the awareness, you truly are?

* * * *

May as well get it over with,
Unless you feel inclined, for whatever reason,
To a dismal, likely painful endgame, to an illusional-delusional narrative,
That has the same ending as any blade of grass.

* * * *

It is not the fruit of knowledge, but the fruit of imagination,
That was plucked in that mythological garden in the so long ago.

* * * *

Dualistic notion makes absolutely no sense, whatsoever, in the rational truth scales.
For there to be a deity on high – bearded, lolling about the sky – is more than a little preposterous.
It was likely a calculated con on the lessers to get their coin and free labor and daughters,
For whatever greedy, self-serving ends-and-means, steered the powers-that-were.
Call it cynical, call it skeptical, call it pessimistic, but do not call it untrue.

* * * *

This moment is as new, a new, as any new, can ever be.
Vague perceptions, concoctions of mind, machinations of imagination,
Are but shadows cast only for as long as the given dreamer ascertains them real and true.
Death has proven to be the most convenient way to wipe the slate clean.

* * * *

Any given screen is much more interesting than the mundane world, around and about.
What the inventors hath through time wrought, is a furnace of imagination ablaze,
Gradually, steering whole world upon a tack, only imagination could divine.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a memory.
Nothing more than imagination, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

To call anything ‘yours’ journeys into the never-never land of absurdity,
Being that you have never really existed as more than an imaginary construct,
That this kaleidoscoping dreamtime is really nothing more than quantum fairy dust.
Death is nothing more than an imaginary cosmos coming to a full and assuredly final, halt.

* * * *

If you think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.
As mundane and lackluster as the mind it is given.

* * * *

If you want to see how beyond-absurd your fellow two-leggeds can be,
Ask them about the rabbit hole they have burrowed to store all their beliefs.

* * * *

Why would you ever even begin to imagine, human beings, really any different than wolves and sheep? Consciousness only parlays the same predator-prey relationship into much more elaborate permutations. You are instinctively acting out the one and only lead-character, to which your nature-nurture is ordained.

* * * *

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

* * * *

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not thieve.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.

Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada-yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

* * * *

To all true believers: Duality makes no sense, whatsoever.
Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?
The awareness you are, is the mystery itself, witnessing its own creation,
Through the given nature-nurture, spawned long before your parents copulated.
This is a preordained dream; there is no partition, there is no wall, there is no division.
There is only one mystery, there is only one unknown, there is only one truth, and it is … You.
This is surely what Jesus meant, when rumored to have declared, "I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way."
What was not recorded, what was not transcribed, or worse yet, edited out, was, "And so are You."
This all assumes, of course, that Jesus of Bethlehem was not some storyteller's tall tale,
Conceived after spending a few hours with a naive young woman named Mary,
Whose husband, Joseph, had pimped her out to pay for their stable,
Where their baby, Jesus, was serenely asleep in a manger.
That the storyteller, a prankster named Paul,
Realized a 'divine' opportunity,
And spun it into a rather lucrative livelihood,
Which, alas, ended badly when it touched the flame of Rome.
Paul's carny act, however, did survive, and has played every imaginable circus ever since.

* * * *

In the annals of the vast unknowable,
The entire human paradigm and all its imaginary theatrics,
Could be summed to being nothing more than a relentless torrent of mental masturbation.
The interminable make-believe of a species assuming its sensory illusion tangible.
Laughably absurd, steeped in the inanity and insanity of irony and paradox.
Unequivocal meaninglessness from any and all imaginary get-goes.

* * * *

Abiding in pure awareness, without the screen of memory, without the sense of self,
Every moment is the first and last time the conditioned mind,
Will ever read the sensory input that way.
Continuity is illusion coupled with delusion.

* * * *

Challenging to remember to be awake all the time.
Delusion is a loud clarion in every human sojourn.

* * * *

What would Buddha have written,
Had he had access to the dream world of these times?
And would he really gain more notoriety than a footnote, this late in the game?

* * * *

Being a friend to the manifest world and its myriad life forms,
Is a challenge to which vanity and greed are not easily diverted.

* * * *

Your little window of time,
Opens into the next, into the next, into the next,
Into every next there can possibly be.
If the dream were real, that is.

* * * *

Yes, you will likely forget that, too, no worries.
And if there is a memory, it will never be more than some vague perception.
Certainly not what it was, the one and only live run.

* * * *

If you are an eye-catching woman, a shapely blob, with hypnotic eyes, a svelte voice,
And a willingness to do whatever anything implies, and there are men eager to pay high dollar,
The money, is that you would be, in fantasy, or in fact, spreading your sweet thighs to the highest bidder.
The only rather semantic difference, is whether you call it prostitution or marriage.
Friend, let us be honest: male or female, we are all whores.
Narcissism and hedonism, in all their glory,
Are what make the human paradigm tick, tick, tick.

* * * *

Masks of make-up and hair and nails, and costumes of cloth decked with jewelry,
Are winners in the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity to which Ecclesiastes was referring.

* * * *

Discern closely, without any attachment to the mind-body and its theater,
And you will see clearly, that your world, your cosmos, is nothing more than sensation,
Sculpted by imagination into the way it is, for You, all by your alonesome.

* * * *

The busy-busy mind, the curious mind, the time-bound mind, the illusory mind,
Can be easily drawn, easily enticed, down every variety of rabbit hole.
To reside in the eternal awareness requires great detachment
From the temporal world and all its distractions.

* * * *

If you had never seen your face in a mirror,
Or photograph or any other reflection,
Who-what-where-when-why-how,
Would you imagine your Self to be?

* * * *

Who really cares what you believe?
Who really cares what you feel?

Who really cares what you are?
Really only You, and You, alone.
And that, but for the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

How is it that this world, this cosmos, is not already beyond-all-pales magical,
Without so many glossing it over with every variety of superstition and fantasy?
How is it that a scientific approach has not entirely abolished all fallacious claims,
With a vision so much more expansive, than any parts can but begin to imagine?

* * * *

This moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.
No who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
Nothing to know, nothing to be, nothing to be curious about.
That there is nothing to conceive, is so amazingly slam-dunk obvious.
In fact, it is impossible to conceive, to imagine, anything, within any given moment.
Even if the momentary, unborn-undying awareness, could, somehow, stop long enough to consider it;
Could somehow, make the quantum space-time matrix, stop its kaleidoscoping merry-go-round;
Could somehow hold absolutely still, for even one single poof of an eternal moment;
It would all boil down to: this moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

All are witness to the same mystery,
Witness to the same indivisible theater of quantum origin,
But how each patterning, each algorithm, plays out its nature-nurture dreamtime,
Is its own incomparable adventure, its own incomparable fate,
From imagination's beginning, to its end.

* * * *

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

* * * *

How much of your imaginary space-time is spent on every variety of distraction?
Mindless drivel, fallacious conclusions, magical assumptions, romantic yearnings.
How much of your imaginary space-time is spent avoiding the stillness within?

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean You are not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around you,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its biological-chemical-electrical-quantum glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

What conflict could there have ever been in sentient beings for more than food and turf,
Until imagination usurped the awareness, rose into Planet of the Apes glory,
And grafted self-absorption, identity, into the instinctual algorithm.
And thus, a long and winding, ever-present expedition, to You, reading this,
Somewhere along the path that your nature-nurture is, to its imaginary fate, wandering.

* * * *

Dwelling in the awareness requires a very clear, a very present, attentiveness.
Far easier to drift in the busy-ness of the imaginary realms,
To which most minds are inclined.

* * * *

It all just happened; what did You see?
It all just happened; what did You hear?
It all just happened; what do You taste?
It all just happened; what do You smell?
It all just happened; what do You feel?
It all just happened; what do You know?

* * * *

In the craft, the art, the cunning, of politicians, of rhetoricians, of manipulators, of Machiavellians.
That all humans, through natural selection of the species, possess to some degree,
The important thing, the pragmatic thing, the sensible thing,
Is not whether you heard or understood them,
But that they believe you did.
Keeping the peace keeps it peaceful.
Respect oils the ceaseless machinations of power.
Disregarding the balance is a sure road to mayhem and suffering,
All based upon patterns that our kind evolved since inception in the primordial stew.
Long before space, long before time, long before imagination usurped the genome for its imaginary ends.

* * * *

Diverse as all the speculations – in all times, in all geographies – of how all this creation came to be,
The dice of the original patterning were thrown long before there were any stories to weave,
And have been whirling and twirling their tango down the craps table ever since.
Call it by whatever name has been drilled in, it is ever the mystery of You.
That which is prior to all beginnings, that which is after all ends.
No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what you, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

Imagination is the Original Sin.
Until it usurped awareness, good and evil did not exist,
And their reality is a still an unproven doctrine, one left to philosophers who pontificate on ethics,
And the rest, to those who ceaselessly spin their self-absorbed realities,
Into every imaginable form of self-righteousness.

* * * *

Imagination is the Genie let out of Pandora's Box.
Imagination is the Elephant in the middle of the room.
Imagination is what the Seven Blind Men can never see.

* * * *

Everything you know, everything you trust, everything you consider real and true,
Everything you spent your life accumulating, everything you will likely depart believing,
Is nothing more than whatever your imaginary nature-nurture quantum reverie, has concocted.

* * * *

Challenging not to allow imagination to believe this mystery,
To be more than it is, more than it needs to be, more than it ever can be.
Imagination has an exceedingly long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

* * * *

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.

God is only as real as you imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

* * * *

What is left, after you stop imagining you are the body?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are the identity?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these memories?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these relationships?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, you ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

* * * *

Differences are only as real as you imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as you imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as you imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as you imagine them.

* * * *

How boggling that the human species,
Despite all the science, despite all the technology,
Still imagines itself in any way separate from the mystery it is.

* * * *

To lionize the sciences unconditionally,
Is to underplay its partnership with vanity and greed.
At what point does the point of diminishing returns become obvious?
Kind of like demolishing your house, and counting and measuring all the splinters.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
Locked in a corporeal mind-body, locked in the confining nature of any seed's existence.
The human version saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the home ground, you truly are?

* * * *

Look at the population counters, counting away, and you will get a sense,
Of how many dreams are out there, happening right now, and that is just human beings.
All life has equal access to the same simultaneous, timeless awareness.
All existence, you included, is the same mystery.
Allow it to remain a mystery.
Give it no name.
Be it.
Enjoy the quietude.

* * * *

Imagination takes you anywhere you please.
It is the magic carpet ride of this eternal mystery.
Perhaps wearing a bit thin as far as this garden goes.

* * * *

And if there is, perchance, an all-powerful God running it all,
What have you/we revealed to him/her/it in your/our strut upon the stage.
How weary I am after just one lifetime; imagine if you had been forced to witness it all.
Not planning to apply for that position anytime ever.

* * * *

What will death be, but a huge release, complete freedom, from the captivity of awareness,
In a corporeal mind-body, saturated with every variety of illusion that imagination can muster.
Why fear, why dread, at last returning to the oblivion, to the homestead, you ever really-truly are?

* * * *

A world full of documentation in every imaginable medium for the aliens to scrutinize,
When they finally happen upon the third dust ball from its smallish star,
That it still orbits as it did when life existed upon it.

* * * *

The sciences, the mathematics, the technologies, and all the other intellectual pursuits,
Have investigated anything and everything to unimaginable heights and depths,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since surpassed.
When will we finally discern the meaninglessness, the absurdity,
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

An unmindful breath is imagination's most potent weapon in the usurpation of awareness.
One can only speculate, how much of the human paradigm, is really about oxygen deprivation.
What strange things these endorphins, these chemical reactions, in this magical electromagnetic body,
That has taken all genesis, all creation, gazillions of trips around our wee little star,
To create the one You are in, in this particular space and time.
You are witness to a sensory-inspired theater,
A sensory-inspired matrix,
A sensory-inspired, ineffable mystery.
There need be, there can be, no more explanation.

* * * *

Growing older becomes something of a tick-tick-tick countdown to death.
Moving closer moment by moment, to what, you do know, to what, you cannot know.
All religions, all the middleman, across all times, all geographies, are talking through their hats.
No one knows, no one has ever known, no one will ever know,
Anything but what imagination imagines.

* * * *

Every moment is tabula rasa, tabula rasa is every moment,
Through which consciousness involuntarily scribes it imaginary pretenses,

Except in those rare few capable of stilling the mind enough,
To discern the operating system underlying all.

* * * *

Neither cosmos nor world revolve around you.
It kaleidoscopes within and without the timeless eye of awareness.
As you scan this, gazillions beyond gazillions of moments, have streamed before the senses.
Do not dwell on the in and out of each and every breath of a body bound to illusion.
Focus instead, on it flowing through the mind, that space you truly ever are,
In which the mystery, each and every timeless, indelible moment,
Simultaneously enters and exits, as it does any stream.

* * * *

The awareness you are, requires a mind, a vehicle, a theater,
In which to envision its imaginary quantum creation.
To believe you are the vessel, is to miss entirely,
That no vain notion carries water for long.

* * * *

If you feel called to serve, serve the awareness, serve the matrix, serve the moment, serve the now,
Whose quantum mystery casts into all sensory theaters the illusion of space and time.
Walk spontaneously, walk anonymously, do whatever the moment calls.
No need to make a big thing about the imaginary character.
The mystery you truly are, is beyond all need of vanity or avarice.

* * * *

Play hedonism and narcissism from abstinence to moderate to extreme,
It is all the same awareness through which the winds of illusion blow.

* * * *

What is light? What is sound? What is smell? What is touch? What is taste?
But sensory illusions the mind-body every moment creates,
In whatever way nature-nurture dictates.
Free will? Hah!

* * * *

The awakening, is realizing you have a front-and-center-row seat,
To your world, your universe, your mind-body's nature-nurture, your now.
All other dualistic notions, all blacks and whites, fall to the wayside; relativity reigns.

* * * *

Whether words are scientific or philosophical,
None have any influence over truth, any control of truth.
It is only vanity that stokes any arguments about the way it is, and is not.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how, are you,
But imagination, imagining itself real,

In the emptiness of awareness.

* * * *

Odds are, it is imagination that wakes up every morning,
And drags You along through whatever the day has in store.

* * * *

Show me what will happen in one minute,
Just a few miles away, or half-way across the world,
And I will believe space-time is more than an imaginary notion.

* * * *

If there is a God, do we really look any bigger than bacteria from on high?
From that aloof vantage, is he/she/it even aware of our Vanity Fair absurdity?
Has anything we have ever done to venerate he/she/it, ever meant diddly-squat?
Keep placing your bets, ladies and gentlemen, fools and treasure are easily parted.

* * * *

Storytelling will never end, because that is how imagination reigns,
Over the emptiness, the pointlessness, the tabula rasa, of immaculate awareness.
Or so it seems to believe, across all the many variations of vanity,
Humankind has, since long ago, played out.

* * * *

Whether you 'Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you' Golden Rule it … or not,
Is an every moment, nature-nurture choiceless choice, sculpting your imaginary destiny.

* * * *

For the human species to survive much longer,
It must somehow recalibrate itself with the rules of the game.
The choices of vain notion have nothing to do with it, never have, never will.
The world, the cosmos, the mystery, are every moment in precise quantum-clock equilibrium.
The only real question is whether our kind, and all our fellow earthlings, small to large,
Can manage to survive the holocaust into which it is every moment headed.

* * * *

What you think, what you do not think, what you do, what you do not do,
When you are alone, when no one is watching, when no one but you knows,
Says everything about the nature-nurture, imaginary you,
That can be ever be said or written.

* * * *

Every genomic sequence has a shelf life,
There is no denying it, there is no escaping it,
Despite all delusional confabulations to the contrary.

* * * *

What did it take for this, or any of these many thoughts, to reach your awareness?

All of creation, and prior to that, if speculation be tickled and taunted.
Written for those who modestly hunger for prior to more.
For those who seek the one and only true Self within any and all.

* * * *

How grunts evolved into so many diverse languages across all geographies,
Before they were annihilated by conquest and colonization,
Is something we can now only imagine.

* * * *

What an amazing thing, imagination,
That it can devise industry and technology to such a degree.
What would it do, were it to have unlimited resources and a wormhole garbage disposal?

* * * *

Do not be fooled by façade and bluster and bluff.
Every human being is filled with such a deep insecurity,
That many, if not most, spend their entire temporal dreamtime,
Avoiding, evading, bargaining, deluding, in every way imaginable.
To challenge the insecurity squarely, is embrace the mystery.

* * * *

What are all life forms, but blobs of all shapes and sizes, wrapped in one covering or another.
Only blobs that call themselves human beings have imagination enough,
To play out their temporal existence as thespians.
Actors who believe themselves more real than real can ever be.

* * * *

How can this done-as-quickly-as-it-happens dream of space and time,
Be considered anything more than impromptu theater, full of every imaginable intrigue.
But, for those whose nature-nurture have given the intelligence, the wit, to step outside any and all limits,
It is an opportunity to witness the mystery in whatever way frame of reference allows.

* * * *

Let the vain be vain, the greedy be greedy, the powerful be powerful.
It is their avarice for more-more-more that has made it possible,
For you to be here observing this grand mystery, as they never will.
You will not even one iota change the world, but it need not change you.

* * * *

Hope for the best, plan for the worst.
Hope has an ofttimes irrational, delusional, unprepared fan base,
But those of a more rational bent, those who know the difference between caution and fear,
Know it is never ever a good idea not to be ready for the worst,
For the worst can happen any moment, any place, any time,
As history again and again proves, every way imaginable.

* * * *

Light will travel through a vacuum at 300 million meters per second.
The speed of sound through air is about 340 meters per second.
And what of taste? And what of smell? And what of touch?
What exactly is this dream that the five senses weave?
And does any universe exist without a witness to create it?

* * * *

The dream of time spins on and on and on and on.
Never more than a dream of consciousness.
Never more than a dream of imagination.
Never more than a dream of mystery.
Never more than a dream of You.

* * * *

Like cattle, like sheep, driven down from rolling hills,
The young of human descent are gradually herded
Into the chutes of their given nature-nurture destinies.
Civilization is founded upon the domestication of everything.
Only in the evolution, the revolution, of consciousness, of imagination,
Can the inherent wildness, the inherent fierceness, of origin, be at least whiffed.

* * * *

What effort it takes to politic, to maneuver and fire, as the moment calls.
How much simpler might-makes-right must have been,
Before the advent of language, infused with the infinity of imagination,
Before the fruit of knowledge was first plucked, and the exodus from the garden underway.

* * * *

If you are called to something greater than your imaginary dreamer,
All you need do is serve the awareness, serve the moment,
Serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.
No need for crystal cathedrals climbing to divine summits,
Nor charlatans between you and whatever they claim the mystery to be.

* * * *

Vanity is naught but the fluff, the huff and puff, of imagination.
It means absolutely nothing to the world, to the cosmos, to mystery.

* * * *

Are you this imaginary part in the human paradigm, the human chronicle, the human debacle?
Or simply You, witnessing; simply You, present; simply You, right here, right now;
Simply You, the one and only, ever-present, unborn-undying moment.
The same one that twinkles in the eye of the awareness.

* * * *

When did the first notion of your imaginary sense of self take place?
When did the first scratches appear on the empty slate, the tabula rasa?

* * * *

All that is imagined is only real in imagination.
To be that awareness, to be that witness, prior to imagination,
Is to be free of history, free of all that is known, free of all that limits the spirit;

* * * *

What need does nature, what need does awareness, have for gods and demons?
What need for any imaginary temporal confabulations born of human insecurity?

* * * *

There are no limits to the ways and means a con man will use to hoodwink the sheep forever again.
A confidence trick is an attempt to defraud a person or group after first gaining their trust.
Since the dawn, confidence tricksters have exploited victims using their credulity,
Naïveté, compassion, vanity, confidence, irresponsibility, and greed.
To which trickster do you without reserve give your attention and tithing?
And are they 'finally' content with that new mansion, new sports car, new Lear Jet?

* * * *

How can philosophy, the study of life, the inquiry into what is real, what is factual, what is genuine,
Be confined by any time, be confined by any geography, be confined by any circumstance?
How can it be called Western or Eastern, or any other arbitrary, dualistic notion?
If any given truth applies to one, it must apply to all, else it is not truth.

* * * *

To delve into true aloneness, true solitude, true seclusion, true isolation,
Put behind family, friends, strangers, adversaries, and all other endless attachments to mind and body.
Let go the ever-stormy, ever confused, ever violent world, we have together crafted,
With its seemingly endless collection of insanities and absurdities,
Headlining every moment of every day.

* * * *

Most minds are more attached to their imagination,
Than they are the truth from which all imagination comes.

* * * *

Why deprive your Self of a good, full, fearless, desireless, breath of air?
Giving your awareness back to the moment it is, is the serenity,
That no imaginary character can in mind, ever achieve.

* * * *

How do you measure a collection of instants,
But through the sensory illusion of imagination

* * * *

The quantum can do whatever the limits of being a quantum are.
Why should the electromagnetic spectrum be confined
By any imaginary notion devised by mind?

* * * *

Your little mansion, your little castle,
What will come of it in one hundred years?
What will come of it in one hundred million years?
Vanity is an absurd joke.

* * * *

What is a philosopher but a rational mind,
Whose perceptive detachment from the manifest theater,
Allows him to examine it so closely in every way,
That he discerns it as only the dead can.

* * * *

What would happen if humankind across the world, somehow awakened to its eternal nature?
How would we behave toward each other, and the garden, we have so brought to its knees?
How would we mend ourselves, and the environment, we have so abused and neglected?
What discourse would there be, if vanity and greed no longer spun their absurdities?
What decisions would the species make to become guardians instead of destroyers?

* * * *

What an idle, meaningless pipe dream, to even bother thinking
The Titanic could have avoided the iceberg, that was its destiny.

* * * *

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

* * * *

The human species has scrutinized and dissected the world
In every way imaginable, every way plausible, every way feasible.
Alas that we are long past putting Humpty Dumpty back together again.

* * * *

No need to ever inquire deeply, if it does not call you.
There are distractions beyond all counting,
For as many lifetimes as you like,
Or at least for as many,
As this dream world has in store.

* * * *

Are you really open to forgetting your imaginary self?
To regain your true Self, to abide in the pure awareness the moment is?
Are you really willing to be dead before your time?

* * * *

Why would it ever matter if you are the only one to see this great truth?
There is no need to proselytize, no need to organize, no need to demonize.
There is no need to create any philosophy, form any cult, foster any fortune.
You are free to spend the rest of your dream, a totally anonymous witness.
You can spend it sitting staring at a wall, or on a barstool at the local pub.
No one will give a second thought, if you do not raise your hand to speak.

* * * *

How many generations has it taken since life's beginning,
To finally reach your ephemeral window of imagination's future past?
And unless you have not brought children into dreamtime, not forwarded your seed line,
There is no knowing what chronicle your lineage will someday withstand,
In whatever theater the human paradigm has yet to play,
Before its inevitable, inexorable extinction.

* * * *

Imagine, if you will, being that newborn again.
Pure awareness, out into the light, the noise, the hunger, the pain, the fear,
And what it took for consciousness, for imagination, to shape it, mold it, whittle it, into the universe,
In which you every moment tread, playing out the dream as you do.
We are all very much alone, together.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination), the great usurper,
Is a trickster, a jester, a charlatan, a skalawag, a scoundrel, a pretender,
With every imaginable diversion, every ways and means, every moment, at its beck and call.
Ever enticing the awareness that you are, that you are not,
Away from its eternal nature.

* * * *

Do you really, truly, know anything for sure?
Or only pretend to, for whatever reasons, only you know.
Whatever the case, know well, know beyond true,
That you are far from being first or last,
And are first and last all the while.

* * * *

Doubt, hesitation, disbelief, critical thinking, a predisposition towards rationality,
Are what make for the philosophical mind, and the mischief to which it lays claim.

* * * *

Awareness of Self is much more, much less, than imagination

Can ever more than swathe in the smoke and mirrors of time.

* * * *

Fathom your world, fathom your universe.
It will be as immense, or as small, as your imagination.
What was it before you were born? What will it be after you die?

* * * *

What is being investigated in this long and winding, tedious, cumbersome, philosophical edifice,
And many others across all times, all spaces, is whether awareness can be the go-to.
Giving it the reigns to imagination, rather than the other way around.
Consciousness need not be the willy-nilly, insane absurdity,
For those who have the wit to spin it rationally.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.
Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Regarding the patterning to which all are witness, always be mindful that it is every moment,
Patterning along, humming along, with the entire universe, with the entire mystery.
None can ever, in any way, any shape, any form, be a free-will-free-agent,
Because the mind-body cannot, for even one moment,
Disconnect from the sensory theater to which it is mortally bound.
And thus, it is imagination, the creator of all delusions, the architect of all destinies,
To which the dualistic task of individuality falls, and every absurdity played, in the fall from grace.

* * * *

As if we are not alien enough on this blue marble, chock-full of Darwinian aliens,
We are driven by narcissism and hedonism, by vanity and greed,
To concoct every media fiction imaginable.
There are no limits,
To what our kind will do, to entertain itself to death.

* * * *

Full attention to breath brings the mind to focus on the moment at hand.
Challenging to do conscious breathing, if you cannot manage to stay focused.
Imagination will use any and every trick to waylay awareness back to its dream.

* * * *

No worries if you are still very attached
To your mind-body, and the dream about you.
The matrix, the carnivàle, is full of blue-pill zombies,
Who believe it all enough to play on for as long as possible.

* * * *

What can be reincarnated in the timeless, unborn-undying moment?
Consciousness, imagination, is but creator and creation of this ineffable mystery.
Awareness is without intention or concern; what need does it have to be born again and again?
Consciousness believes it is an individual drop, playing out some glorious destiny.
Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

How is there fear, or any other passion,
But for imagination's attachment to the sensations
Of eye and ear and nose and tongue and flesh in the eye of mind,
All together, or separately, or in any combination.

* * * *

Electricity was first demonstrated in 1881,
When Lucien Gaulard of France and John Gibbs of England
Arranged the first successful alternating-current electrical demonstration in London.
Colonel Drake's heralded discovery of oil in Pennsylvania in 1859
And the Spindletop discovery in Texas in 1901,
Set the stage for the new oil economy.
Those two simple things, electricity and oil,
Have, in just less than 150 years, been the impetus,
That has taken the dream to staggering heights and depths.
As Robert Pirsig wrote in Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
"And what is good, and what is not good, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?"

* * * *

If you believe you are the seed and the mind-body it becomes,
Then you are caught in the willy-nilly illusions and delusions of consciousness.
If you are the awareness prior to consciousness, you are the ever-present, transcendent moment.

* * * *

Imagination usurped the mystery of awareness many long ago's in the mind's evolution.
It is not easily recovered, except in minds able to turn a blind eye to the world, to the cosmos.
Seers, mystics, sages, who wander freely about, aloof from the helter-skelter of the sensory theater.

* * * *

The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the flesh, are sensory organs feeding into the brain.
Ergo, what the ever-dreaming, imaginary mind dreams, what the awareness witnesses,
Is nothing more than sensation, nothing more than quantum doing its mechanics.

* * * *

Humankind's tool-making capacity has made it possible
For the observation and measurement and manipulation of all things quantum.
The accelerating exponential of the unutterable devastation and pain and suffering, of the absurdity,
Every moment calls into question, however, its aptitude for saving us from ourselves.
File it under the usual suspects: Brother Irony and Sister Paradox.

* * * *

Any living organism is an energy structure, an energy system, an energy dynamic,
Through which awareness peers out into a universe of energy arrays.
The electromagnetic spectrum has no knowable bounds,
And imagination is but a thief, a player, dreaming itself real.

* * * *

How can you ever hope to explain this mystery to a true believer,
Too shuttered in, to closed off, too certain, to listen, much less hear?

* * * *

You are naught but awareness witnessing a dreamtime.
The crunch and goo will someday fall away,
And you will remain as you are.
Immortality is like that.

* * * *

Your fate, your destiny, your kismet, is whatever you were programmed to do,
In the touchy-feely dream of space-time you have been allotted.
Some get a Royal Flush, some, not even a high card.
All you can do, all you need do, all you will do,
Is play the hand dealt by nature-nurture as best you can.

* * * *

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

* * * *

Frail bags of crunch and goo is all we are,
And for every motive imaginable, we spend our time,
Liking each other, loving each other, despising each other,
Lying to each other, stealing from each other, cheating each other,
Adulating, scratching, raping, pillaging, killing, each other.
What a thing for frail bags of crunch and goo to do.

* * * *

There you go again, making it as real as it can be,
In its unsurprisingly illusionally-delusionally way.

* * * *

This existence, this dream of space and time, is so ‘friggin implausible,
That it has journeyed well beyond the heart of darkness,
Into the deep, dark jungle of absurdity.

* * * *

Being present in the timeless now, is the most simple state the eternal moment offers.
How ironic, how paradoxical, that it is among the most arduous for imagination to bear,
Given how the breezes and gales of illusion and delusion so easily distract the wavering mind.

* * * *

Your true birth was Genesis, Big Bang,
Turtles all the way up, all the way down, whatever.
And before that, you were never born.
Or so the speculation goes.

* * * *

Why keep thinking of your imaginary self at all?
Why keep playing that record over and over and over?
You need not imprison, need not torture your Self, all the time.

* * * *

The precedents of history, of tradition, of culture, of any imaginary brew,
Are binding only to those whose minds have been molded to believe them.

* * * *

Imagine levers majestically directed with lofty intent all you please;
There are neither levers, nor some majestic guide or guides with lofty intent.
Those layers filled with bones and oil and other treasures, were long in the making.
You are but current issue in an ever-streaming process which has neither beginning nor end,
And all speculations, all assumptions, all hypotheses, all opinions, all sentiments,
Are pointless, hollow, irrelevant, futile, needless, vain, absurd.
Consciousness can never more than imagine
The source of its mystery.

* * * *

This here-now, ever-present, eternal moment, this timeless awareness, is all there is.
There are no other moments, no other space-times, no other dimensions, no other dreams.
You are captive to its kaleidoscoping intrigues for as long as the mind-body is fated to endure.

* * * *

Rest assured, your fate, your destiny, your kismet, will find you, will define you, will confine you.
Trying to prevent it, trying to flee it, trying to alter it, even trying to tweak it,
Are but pointless acts, gestures, theatrics, born of vanity.

* * * *

What dreams are,
What dreams have been,
What dreams are yet to come,
Only awareness knows.

* * * *

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

* * * *

Yesterday, today, tomorrow … what differences, really,
But in the boundaries, the frames, the limits, of imagination?

* * * *

What is the Way? What is the Truth? What is the Life?
To see, and not see; to hear, and not hear; to taste, and not taste;
To smell, and not smell; to feel, and not feel; to imagine, and not imagine.
That how it works for human beings, many who are more often "human becomings".
What other creature gives it any thought, any question, any doubt, at all?

* * * *

It is the spaceless-timeless abyss of awareness, the unborn-undying, ever-present now,
Through which all quantum dreams ceaselessly kaleidoscope, with slumber the only respite.
The sensory play, the sensory mind-body, is but the illusion, the delusion, of imagination.

* * * *

How does the realization of that beyond all doubt,
Not leave all who perceive it, in stupefied wonder?

* * * *

Science does not have the will, the mojo, the power, to displace superstition with rationality.
It requires too much exertion for minds not bent towards critical thinking and wisdom.
So, irrationality and absurdity and insanity still rule great portions of the planet,
Lock-stepping to the genomic sequencing evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) slices and dices the quantum pie in every possible way.
The ever-present, timeless now of awareness, has no blade with which to slice or dice anything.
It is simply, purely, absolute witness to the mystery kaleidoscoping in its immeasurable expanses.

* * * *

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:
Hope is to:
Hope is:
Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short
Wild goose chase
Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg

Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun
By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

* * * *

Where is time, where is space, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
Where are creation, preservation, destruction, in the indivisible awareness of the moment?
What are they but illusion, but delusion, created by the sensory mirage, the dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

Prayer is for those lost to the delusions of illusion.
For those not comprehending there are no deities but they.
And no amount of supplication for anything the mind can conceive,
Whether for themselves or others, is going to save any.

* * * *

You were tabula rasa, an empty slate,
Until traumatic moments, from minor to harsh,
Little by little, imperceptively, unabashedly, irrevocably,
Familiarized you, initiated you, remanded you, to the human race.
Swayed you, molded you, wrought you, forged you, scarred you, crippled you,
Into the human being you are, the one reading this, in a lifetime quest to be inwardly free.

* * * *

Except in lofty, exalted, grandiose, majestic, tributes to one absurdity or another,
No one will be remembered forever, nor exist forever, nor whatever forever.
There is no forever in which anyone or anything can be remembered.
The matrix of space-time is but a magical illusion playing out in the abyss.
What is there to say, but “Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.”

* * * *

Imagine the Grecian thinkers of old, in their robes,

Speaking to forums filled with critical minds,
Perceiving the candor in every thought.
Together, unearthing the mystery.
As some minds are wont to do.

* * * *

Where would humankind be without all the scientists, all the engineers,
All the mathematicians, all the inventors, all the architects, all the tradesmen,
Who have all together designed and built and repaired this world of entitlement?
This garden orb of exponentially accelerating absurdity that we all so take for granted.
Being top-dog-kings-of-the-dust ball will not mean much if there is no world left
To blithely, foolishly, with little hesitation, abuse and neglect and destroy.
So, thank those engineers and all their compatriots for their service,
And prepare for the reality, that what goes up, will come down.

* * * *

Forgive propaganda and its countless lies, its misrepresentations, for it knows not what it does.
It does not know the worry, the anguish, the distress, the suffering, the misery, the pain,
The grief, the despair, the wretchedness, the misfortune, the calamity, the trouble,
The affliction, the sadness, the agony, the torture, the cruelty, the heartbreak,
The destruction, it inflicts, it exacts, it wreaks, in every imaginable way.
That is in the minds, the wills, the tribal afflictions, of those who contrive it.

* * * *

What is the state, the condition, the quality, of mind,
When time and space cease to exist as imaginary notions?

* * * *

Any group is capable of believing they are the Chosen Ones.
Any individual is capable of believing s/he is the Chosen One.
There is no summit to which vanity is not adept at ascending.
There is no gutter to which vanity is not adept at descending.

* * * *

Except in fictional literature, except in fictional movies,
Nobody comes back from the annihilation of death,
Unless they were never dead and done in the first place.
Hope and pray as much as you will, oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

Gumption |ˈgəmpSH(ə)n| noun … is defined as
Informal shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.

Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

Grit |grit| noun … is defined as courage and resolve; strength of character.

Grit: courage, courageousness, bravery, pluck, mettle, mettlesomeness, backbone, spirit,
Strength of character, strength of will, moral fiber, steel, nerve, gameness, valor,
Fortitude, toughness, hardiness, resolve, determination, resolution;
Stamina, doggedness, tenacity, perseverance, endurance;
Informal gumption, guts, spunk; British informal bottle; vulgar slang balls.

How will your life play out, what will you accomplish,
If you do not cultivate them?

* * * *

As you dance back and forth between imagination and awareness,
Enjoy both as you glean them of the fruit of the garden,
Such as it is in its ever-present dreamtime.

* * * *

Who created this Supreme Being that so many revere?
A query true believers will neither, can neither, question nor answer,
For every response quickly becomes turtles all the way up, turtles all the way down.
And what matter whether there is a peerless deity on high or not, really?
This touchy-feely 3D dream is equally the same mystery,
No matter imagination's perspective.

* * * *

We all imagine entirely different worlds, entirely different universes.
How can any one mind's illusory creation be more real than any others?

* * * *

The world, the universe, you in mind, in imagination, create, is yours, and yours alone.
Like fingerprints and genomic sequences, no world, no universe, can ever be seen the same.
And the translation between all these worlds, all these universes, well, you see how that has gone.
We are as close to getting along peacefully as the ancestors that exited the jungles long ago.

* * * *

The point of food is nourishment; the point of sex is reproduction.
Pleasure is an extraneous thing, an imaginary thing,
For which the true cost can be very high,
If restraint does not rule.

* * * *

Any push, any nudge to change a fate, is only a few moments of that same fate.
There is no escaping, there is no avoiding, there is no denying,
For to be born, is to one day endure dying,
And the lineage of perceptions between, is destiny.

* * * *

Put all the middlemen, all the parasites, all the predators, all the toll booths, well behind you,
And examine, scrutinize, for yourself, the masterworks of the many scribes of old.
Each, and each very much alone, must meander through the illusion,
To, for themselves, discern the truth behind all veils.

* * * *

Whether your view is founded on scientific inquiry or magical thinking,
You may well believe you know something of this dreamtime's beginning,
But rest assured, you will never, you can never, more than imagine its ending.

* * * *

New concepts, new jargon, new idioms, new metaphors, new beliefs, new sounds, new whatever,
Always have the potential to burst into consciousness any given linguistic moment,
All further mystifying and exacerbating an already polarized species.

* * * *

If there is indeed a deity-on-high, he/she/it,
Might well have long, long ago set all this quantum in motion,
And just like any earnest scientist, is watching the entire dream, to see what comes of it.
No attachment to anything, just pure tabula rasa awareness of everything.
Just like any earnest scientist observing microorganisms
Milling about willy-nilly in a Petri dish.
Ain't speculation fun?

* * * *

Many a mind is in an almost constant state of flux,
Including judgments and measurements and stereotypes,
Played out in every way, every shape, every form, imaginable.
To rein in the beast requires a wit and a will few can easily maintain.

* * * *

What will death be but the disincorporation of a body, the dissolution of a dream,
And the unborn-undying awareness of the you, that you have ever been, all that remains.
Call it whatever you will, it is from that original state that you became conscious,
It is that which endured existence, it is that to which all things return.

* * * *

If you want to imagine what this world will look like in thousands of years,
Assuming, of course, we somehow manage to continue on as we are,
Read a few dystopian books, watch a few dystopian movies,
And you will be up to snuff on the many options that genre offers.

* * * *

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent between two like-minds,
Can stumble along unshared trails.

* * * *

Awareness is an impenetrable, changeless stillness, both clear and obscure.
It is that in which creation and preservation and destruction compose genesis.
It is the soul of all dreams, it is the source of all potentials, it is the eye of all eyes.
It is the moment, it is timeless, it is spaceless, it is eternity, right here, right now.

* * * *

No deity can save those who will not, or cannot, save themselves.
Only those still surviving cling to the enduring hope,
That they, somehow, can evade the blade,
A little longer, perchance forever, if their book be true.

* * * *

Because of the instinctual self-preservation wired by evolution into its consciousness,
Humans are neither ants nor bees nor any other predetermined alliance,
Any other true communists as defined by natural selection.

* * * *

Money, in whatever form, is but the ways and means
For greed and vanity to wield it, shape it, cloak it, make it, float it,
Into the root of all evil, so-called, by the pain and suffering they ever perpetrate.

* * * *

What is time but an imaginary construct of the human mind.
An illusion from which is hatched every conceivable delusion.

* * * *

Memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened from more than a single perspective, yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

There is only the moment, there is only the timeless now.
The entire human paradigm is an impromptu theater of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.

It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory you.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

* * * *

You have read the books, seen the movies, know the tales of so many histories,
And the oh-so-many-ways people can die, in both fiction and nonfiction,
And how would it be, if you could experience them all, each and every one?
Imagine dying … every … imaginable … death … for all eternity … Ooh-la-la.

* * * *

Your individual dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Is but an infinitesimal splinter of the grand dream of all dreams,
And that is naught but the very same moment all eternity is,
All that is not, all that never was, all that will never be.

* * * *

How would any memory of some past existence,
Be any more or less real, any more or less imaginary,
Than the perception forged just a moment ago.

* * * *

If there is some sort of Supreme Being responsible for all this kaleidoscoping creation,
Then surely it is intolerably weary of consciousness,
At least at times.

* * * *

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

* * * *

Only human beings imagine good and evil to be real.
Is there any other earthing who conceives such absurdity?

* * * *

How is awareness any different than consciousness?
How is consciousness different than memory?
Ho is memory different than imagination?
How is imagination different than perception?
How is perception any different than awareness?

* * * *

It is already long-gone, long-lost, long-forgotten,
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Just a way to putter away in an imaginary mindscape.

* * * *

You believe your salvation is yoked to your creed?
You believe your salvation is tethered to your prayers?
Pfft, my friend, you are but tossing your hard-earned coin
To a scam artist, a shyster, with just enough talent to fool you
With one ruse after another, with one hope after another.
Take back the rudder of your reverie, take more walks,
More sits, more any and all ways, that get you home.
Explore the singular aloneness within all dreams,
The timeless awareness through which all pass.

* * * *

It is not at all important what anybody sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels.
It is not at all important what anybody thinks, believes, hopes.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery.
Well beyond the scope of consciousness,
Of imagination, to encapsulate.

* * * *

From the deepest trenches to the highest reaches that industry and technology are capable,
Another day of poisoning, another day of maiming, all that we can possibly touch,
Using every form of nuclear-chemical-biological interaction imaginable.
Absolute madness and absurdity, on an unfathomable scale.
All innocence suffers the ruthless, brutal wake-up call,
Of the malignant cancer that has spawned upon this garden orb.

* * * *

Yet another memory joining in with all the others,
Merging together into the synergistic frame of reference,
The dreamtime, in which you imagine your imaginary self, real.

* * * *

You have become habituated to playing this imaginary role,
In this exceedingly teensy-weensy slice of the grand theater.

* * * *

If only eternity could tell the full tale,
The mystery's mysteries would find a resting place.
Meanwhile, dread and speculation and adversity and death will carry on
As they have since the dawn of consciousness.

* * * *

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.

What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

* * * *

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

* * * *

There is no point bemoaning, no point lamenting, no point bewailing, no point mourning,
No point complaining about, no point moaning about, no point carping about
How different the health and capacity of mind and body were
In days gone by, in daze lost to imaginary glimpses of perception.

* * * *

Everyone has their own dream, their own illusion.
It can be heaven, it can be hell.
Luck of the draw.

* * * *

Who are you to assert any nature-nurture cosmos
Is any greater or lesser, better or worse, lovelier or uglier,
Than any other figment of imagination cast in this mystery theater?

* * * *

Imagination only thinks it is alive.
Imagination only dreams it is alive.
Imagination only imagines it is alive.

* * * *

What a limited, constricted view of God, so many, if not all, religions espouse.
And so many, if not all, sincerely believing they are the one and only true religion.
The self-absorbed absurdities of the human mind are surely without compare.

* * * *

As if any imaginary religion, any imaginary belief,

Any imaginary doctrine, any imaginary dogma, any imaginary value,
Any imaginary principle, any imaginary view, any imaginary code, any imaginary canon,
Any imaginary idea, any imaginary conviction, any imaginary philosophy,
Is required, has ever been required, will ever be required.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask, behind the imaginary character,
An indelible awareness, an ineffable emptiness.
Ever unknowable, ever immeasurable, ever unfathomable,
Ever incomprehensible, ever indescribable, ever enigmatic, ever inscrutable.

* * * *

You are the current issue of your genomic lineage
Since the origin of all life several billion orbits around the sun ago.
Every moment of eternal awareness playing out the quantum dream of space and time.

* * * *

Why should you ever believe anything you cannot discern for your Self?
Always keep an open mind, but do not give your over to fallacious thinking.

* * * *

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.

The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a word.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

* * * *

Real faith is a beingness so indelible, so absolute,
That no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

Surely, you do not in any way believe your eensy-weensy window of perception
Witnesses even an infinitesimal smidgeon of the mystery's infinite indivisibility.

* * * *

In the world that imagination builds,
You are awareness playing a role,
Not a role, playing awareness.

* * * *

The human forebrain is but a collection of neurons,
In which awareness witness imagination frolicking,
In whatever way the given nature-nurture sanctions.

* * * *

The unyielding grip of imagination on the human paradigm is far too formidable,
But for the relentless doubt only the rarest minds have fortitude to mine.
This indelible, unfathomable, singular mystery, is every moment.
All sense of duality is but the figment of consciousness.

* * * *

Clocks, watches, calendars, or any other measurement device,
Are gauges of illusion, not reality, and most definitely not eternity.

* * * *

Imagine if you were to meet your current version when you were first starting out.
What would you think of the story, of the ramblings, of the stranger across the table?
Unlikely few could ever even begin to foresee the life and times they ended up living.

* * * *

The personal mind is an imaginary creation.
The impersonal mind you are is creation unto its Self.
It is imagination from which the awareness you are must detach.

* * * *

How can you continue believing this imaginary self is at all real, at all true?
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum theater of ecstasy and agony,
Swirled in the nature-nurture dream of the given seed.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Without thought, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench your mind.
Let go your world, let go your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Always becoming is the Sisyphean chore of insatiable imagination.
If it is serenity you quest, you will discern it in the emptiness of a still mind.
Such a simple thing, yet more arduous than any escapade the mystery could ever spin.

* * * *

When it comes to speculation about the mystery.
Best to resist imagination's insatiable inclination.

* * * *

All the slicing and dicing of the mystery into this or that certainty,
Is the endless absurdity of imagination pretending it knows something.
What is imagination, what is consciousness, but a dream state ever babbling.

* * * *

Awareness you are; in which, through which, in whichever way,
The electromagnetic spectrum plays out its illusionary mystery theater.

* * * *

In the That I Am I Am way of seeing this dream,
The protagonist you play is not you, nor is any other, either.
Consciousness, in all its many roles, can never be more than it imagines.

* * * *

The way it was, the way it will be, is never the way it is,
In the ever-changing dream, in the never-changing moment.

* * * *

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?
Will it really matter in one hour?
Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

Do you truly-without-doubt believe God gives a rat's ass whether your team wins?

Are you really so pathetically self-absorbed to believe he or she or it,
Is focused entirely on you or your wretched little tribe?
That all your hopes and prayers mean squat in some divine plan?
Just perhaps next year's New Year Resolution should be to fucking wake up.

* * * *

What need to make pure awareness, pure beingness, a group activity,
Filled with all the usual suspects that wrap themselves
Around dogma born of conscious design.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are no match for ignorance and absurdity.
They can but ridicule and mimic them from the sidelines,
And risk being bludgeoned and burnt at the stake.

* * * *

Time-bound imagination imagines itself existing forever.
Unborn-undying awareness is harbor to no such delusion.

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.
Who said there must be meaning and purpose?
Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

Stream of consciousness.
Stream of imagination.
Stream of dreamtime.
All the same thing.
All the same mystery.

* * * *

History is a rolodex of story after story.
All born of imagination's usurpation of the moment.
So many pretending they know so much, pretending to be so much.
An absurd little dream of countless forays into every inanity imagination can devise;
All to be forgotten in natural selection's unintended consequences file.

* * * *

That we even believe there is, or is not, a god or gods,
Is among the first and last vanities born of imagination.

* * * *

If you have to be something,
If you have to recall something,
If you have to accomplish something,
Then you are overlooking the awareness,
This moment in which everything transpires.

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.

* * * *

Imagination is but a pattern, a habit, born of nature-nurture's evolutionary happenchance.
A touchy-feely dream in the electromagnetic spectrum's beyond-all-pales mystery theater.
No need to get more attached to the apparent reality of it than the given moment calls.

* * * *

All that passion, all that angst, all that whatever,
Is merely imagination getting the better of you.

* * * *

Imagination certainly has a knack for poking its nose
Into anything and everything it can possibly imagine.

**Soundbites**

The sway of compliments and their opposites, are the weavers of vanity.

* * * *

Viewing what is, through the lens of what was, creates every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is any boundary, but the world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

Sentimental vanity, the dust storm of imagination.

* * * *

Do not believe the poof of your own imaginary myth, or any others, for that matter.

* * * *

More absurdity by the day.

* * * *

Name that illusion.

* * * *

Vanity is the glue of illusion.

* * * *

History evaporates as surely as any body of water in the hot-cold of dreamtime.

* * * *

What a weight, what a bother, all that self-imagining.

* * * *

The human paradigm is entirely the invention of imagination; its reality, but an agreed-upon notion.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is an exercise in imagination.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a pawn of imagination.

* * * *

In awareness, no memory resides.

* * * *

How can awareness retain a memory?

* * * *

How much of this world, this cosmos, this dreamtime, do you want to keep inflicting upon your moment?

* * * *

What memory need any universe retain?

* * * *

Fiction no more.

* * * *

Microbes so vain as to try to get as many other microbes to care about them as possible.

* * * *

Let us imagine the choices born of free will.

* * * *

Is there a universe without its creation, without you, to imagine it?

* * * *

An absurd world replete with horror galore.

* * * *

All science and mathematics are really doing is measuring illusion.

* * * *

The no-mind is nothing more than the right-here-right-now prior-to-consciousness awareness.

* * * *

Every language morphs on and on and on, for as long as imagination rolls.

* * * *

Are you the awareness, or the absurdity passing through?

* * * *

Nothing imaginary has ever, will ever, can ever, mean anything.

* * * *

Destiny is all, when illusion and delusion reign.

* * * *

Entitlement is the stuff of dreams.

* * * *

If there ever were a Frankenstein, it is the future human consciousness hath wrought.

* * * *

Who is in control, Imagination or You?

* * * *

What will become of all that vanity that whirls about your head?

* * * *

What is the state of consciousness not weighed down by the vagaries of memory?

* * * *

Imagination and sexuality are very closely linked in the rise (and fall) of the human paradigm.

* * * *

How can imagination ever mean anything?

* * * *

You play the illusion-delusion your integrity allows.

* * * *

Ignore that imaginary world; become the awareness you are, as often as attention allows.

* * * *

What are you holding on to, but every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Oxygen deprivation is the first and foremost means for imagination to seize the helm.

* * * *

The masks of illusion wander all about you.

* * * *

How will you play your vanity today?

* * * *

Is that You, eating the ice cream, or you, off daydreaming, eating the ice cream?

* * * *

What, but unutterable delusion, makes anyone believe anyone can save them?

* * * *

Creators destroy, destroyers create; it is but quantum swirl, imagination's twirl.

* * * *

Delusion is the inevitable result of desire and fear spinning their tale.

* * * *

The conditioning that nature-nurture molded, is what whips you into the clutches of imagination.

* * * *

The imaginary mind's attachment to the sensory feed, is what fuels the engine of imagination.

* * * *

Imagination is ever ready to step into awareness overtaken by inattention.

* * * *

Imagination is likely always going to be getting its taste; hopefully, not all the time.

* * * *

There is no world, no universe, but the one you every moment in imagination carry.

* * * *

Imagination plays You so.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.

* * * *

Imagination is the veil maker.

* * * *

Awareness attired in illusion.

* * * *

All metaphors are but mesmerizers of imagination, the usurper; they have no reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants you to believe in it, how is its vanity, any more or less than yours?

* * * *

The joy of the figurative, is the dance, for which imagination has no end of thirst.

* * * *

Time is the movement of mind; awareness, the stillness through which it passes.

* * * *

What is human existence but a walkabout with imagination.

* * * *

Your story is what you imagine it.

* * * *

Always look forward to the moment, anywhere else is imagination playing its usurpation game.

* * * *

Could it get any more absurd? Well, yes.

* * * *

Other than stoking vanity, what is there to be recognized for, really?

* * * *

The moment, the now, the huff ‘n puff of the imaginary nature-nurture frame of reference, is all you are.

* * * *

You are not the illusory dreamtime, the playhouse, in which You wander every part.

* * * *

Extrapolate beyond the limits of imagination.

* * * *

Imaginary notions can be so insidious.

* * * *

Imagination ceaselessly makes every effort to steal the show, in every way literal and figurative allow.

* * * *

A stream of consciousness.

* * * *

Free will is an absurdity, to which relatively few awaken.

* * * *

Imagination is the great mesmerizer.

* * * *

The tabula rasa mind is pure awareness; untainted by any fixture of consciousness.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, of imagination, of dreamtime, all the same thing, all the same mystery.

* * * *

Curse you, imagination.

* * * *

Time management, or timeless management, the dance between imagination and awareness.

* * * *

Is it everything you might have hoped?

* * * *

Fantasy may be much more fun than reality, but reality grows the food and pays the bills.

* * * *

Imagination is in the forebrain: corral it there to do YOUR bidding, not its imaginary version.

* * * *

Speculation studied, is always more sound than speculation assumed.

* * * *

Measuring illusion, where does it get you, really?

* * * *

Imagination is the whore of illusion.

* * * *

The mind-body is the quantum creator, generating a universe, as immense as imagination allows.

* * * *

Awareness is the witness, the intelligence, to which imagination subscribes.

* * * *

Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all believe.

* * * *

Imagination is the instigator of all vanity, of all drama.

* * * *

You are as limited as you imagine.

* * * *

You may not consciously witness the actual moment, but you can attend your moment.

* * * *

Prior to all creation, prior to all patterns, all forms, all functions, all plays of consciousness, you are.

* * * *

The limits of consciousness are the limits of the given container.

* * * *

The space-time continuum is a kaleidoscoping illusion.

* * * *

The world that imagination built, with the aid of oxygen deprivation.

* * * *

The mind that wants answers to everything, is a gateway to enlightenment, or insanity.

* * * *

Imagination is to awareness as clouds are to the sky.

* * * *

Everything is only as important, only as unimportant, as imagination makes it.

* * * *

It only matters to vanity.

* * * *

Yesterday and tomorrow are imaginary reference points.

* * * *

Except for the gurus's vanity, why would it possibly matter if you have one or many?

* * * *

The lies that imagination built.

* * * *

If you are not attending to each and every breath, then imagination has you in its dreamy grip.

* * * *

What was just perceived by you, has always been known.

* * * *

Revenge is the spice of vanity.

* * * *

Who is not shackled to one memory or another?

* * * *

Memory is the harbor of all demons.

* * * *

Where is the mind that does not cling to memory, does not cling to imagination?

* * * *

The giving heart is not driven by vanity and greed.

* * * *

Matrix or imagination, chicken or egg.

* * * *

From quantum to chemical to biological, is how the dream rolls.

* * * *

The true revolution is freeing the awareness You are, from the imagination that has imprisoned it.

* * * *

Give up all notions, all that is imaginary, and you will find your Self in the clear space of awareness.

* * * *

Quantum is the magic carpet; imagination, the flying carpet; awareness, the innocent bystander.

* * * *

It is, and is not, as you imagine it to be.

* * * *

Personal memories are imagination's go-to in its awareness-usurpation game.

* * * *

The sleight of hand of the quantum illusion is an every-moment, kaleidoscoping deception.

* * * *

Awareness is akin to an opaque sea of salt, an absolute, still clarity, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Narcissistic and hedonism, where would vanity be, without them?

* * * *

Imagine, if you had to start learning everything, all over again.

* * * *

Imagination built its world, its universe, and it is up to you to reassert your Self.

* * * *

Damned imagination.

* * * *

To have no imaginary self-image, what would that be like?

* * * *

If it is imagined, it is not real.

* * * *

Best stay home if you do not want your vanity rung.

* * * *

A little humility, letting go the vanity-vanity show, makes for a more serene mind.

* * * *

What is future? What is past? What is forever? Without time, without space, without illusion?

* * * *

To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

How can anyone claim to know anything, really? Absurdity notwithstanding.

* * * *

Is there really anything left to take seriously, absurdity reigns, why are you not rolling in the aisles?

* * * *

Surf the absurdity.

* * * *

To truly not care, is not something that needs imagining.

* * * *

All deities are fabrications that minds together build into cult fictions.

* * * *

Why are you not rolling-in-the-aisles at all the absurdity?

* * * *

All memories, all perceptions, are equal players on the neuron trail.

* * * *

Cult fiction.

* * * *

Anything taken over by a group mind is destined to achieve great acclaim in the absurdity column.

* * * *

Humankind must surely be the most absurd species Mother Nature has ever created.

* * * *

Free your Self of all encumbrances, at least the imaginary versions.

* * * *

Humility is a lot less about your imaginary self.

* * * *

A mystery, engaged in a dream.

* * * *

Let imagination race on ahead; you will be there when it arrives.

* * * *

A certain amount of wit is required to harness the absurdity riding the wave of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Irony and paradox go especially well with healthy helpings of absurdity.

* * * *

We are all blobs with airs; what's vanity for, if not to be unfurled?

* * * *

You are witness to the infinity of absurdity.

* * * *

If there is division or notion out and about, you are still aways from home-sweet-home.

* * * *

In forgetting yourself, so goes any concern, that 'others' remember a 'you', that was but a dream.

* * * *

The whirlwind of imagination leaves no mind untouched.

* * * *

Absurdity is very adept at playing sides and middles against themselves in permutations beyond counting.

* * * *

Hard to imagine how that design managed to somehow survive and reproduce since the pool of inception.

* * * *

There is no meaning and purpose but what the usurper, imagination, arbitrarily concocts.

* * * *

Stop imagining your Self into something You are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

What is freedom but the absence of attachment to illusion.

* * * *

Judge, and you will be judged, mostly by your imaginary self.

* * * *

Consciousness, coupled with instinct, is insatiable.

* * * *

There is no yoke, no burden, but the one you choose to imagine.

* * * *

Hope springs delusional.

* * * *

How vain was that?!

* * * *

Illusion delusion is the answer to why any one blob is favored over another.

* * * *

Is a jellyfish any more or less vain?

* * * *

Vain globules of protoplasm.

* * * *

The conscious witness is a rare breed.

* * * *

Your consciousness is unique to you, your awareness, common to all.

* * * *

Existence is nothing more than sensory illusion stoked by imaginary context.

* * * *

Go spew your delusions elsewhere, por favor.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are as boundless as absurdity allows.

* * * *

History only carries weight as long as imagination deigns it so.

* * * *

Another trip down Vanity Lane

* * * *

Riding the blade of illusion.

* * * *

Hope is dead, long live hope.

* * * *

Imagine all the history you will never know.

* * * *

And there you were, hoping for enlightened leadership.

* * * *

Another day in the dream that quantum built.

* * * *

There are many faces to absurdity.

* * * *

A remarkable dream, but a dream nonetheless.

* * * *

Could a fish be any more slippery than imagination?

* * * *

The dream, the illusion, only seems real in the given moment.

* * * *

To consider duality more than a concept devised by human vanity, is as absurd as absurd gets.

* * * *

Birth is the first illusion, and death, the last.

* * * *

Imagine the Darwinian peace of Eden before the fruit of imagination was plucked.

* * * *

Arguing whether or not some deity on high created this dreamtime, is so yawn.

* * * *

When did you first start feeling sorry for your imaginary self?

* * * *

The world is in your head in whatever way you allow imagination to play it, or not.

* * * *

History is the crockpot of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing you imagine is ultimately real.

* * * *

The you, you imagine real, is not, was not, will never be, the You, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Imagination is always chasing around after reality.

* * * *

We all hope it will not happen in our lifetimes.

* * * *

All history boils down to vanity and greed, and the sea of desire and fear in which they tirelessly swim.

* * * *

High scores in the vanity column.

* * * *

It would be just your luck to be that vain.

* * * *

If you think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.

* * * *

Different perceptions of most everything do not for an elephant make.

* * * *

Everyone has an appointment with destiny, which only imagination differentiates.

* * * *

The maelstrom of imagination rolls on and on with impunity, through the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

Far easier to drift off into some imaginary filament, than it is to simply take a mindful breath.

* * * *

Some require a fiefdom to prove their worth, to slake their greed, to play their vanity.

* * * *

No dearth of absurdity in every arena.

* * * *

Imagination entices each into its theater it every way they can imagine.

* * * *

Consciousness, a.k.a. imagination, is far too ephemeral to last long in eternity.

* * * *

Imagination is having a field day.

* * * *

Discern the agonies and ecstasies in the memories that shaped who you pretend to be.

* * * *

The challenge is getting through this dreamtime without making it personal, without taking it personal.

* * * *

Challenging to remember to be awake all the time; delusion is a loud clarion in every human sojourn.

* * * *

Hard for vanity to understand why the world is not rushing to your door.

* * * *

Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control from the usurper, imagination.

* * * *

Is the world you dream anything but a pacifier?

* * * *

All fates are imagined.

* * * *

Imagination, only as real as the moment in which it appears.

* * * *

Are you a pretender, pretending to be you? Or an attender, being You?

* * * *

Root for awareness; bet on imagination.

* * * *

Clear or dim, vague perceptions are all you have, to cling to the life, you imagine you have lived.

* * *

You are imagination, imagining this mind-body, this slab of meat, real and important.

* * * *

The you, You imagine, is not, was not, will never be, You.

* * * *

Everything is connected, except human consciousness.

* * * *

The dream of consciousness is always after the fact.

* * * *

Without imagination, who-what-when-where-why-how are you?

* * * *

As pilot fish are to sharks, imagination is to awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is the Genie let out of Pandora's Box.

* * * *

Imagination is the elephant in the middle of the room.

* * * *

Imagination is the what the Seven Blind Men cannot see.

* * * *

Only through imagination is there the known.

* * * *

Only in imagination does the flag move.

* * * *

Imagination has an exceedingly long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

The real You, the awareness You, is not, has never been, will never be, the imagined you.

* * * *

Imagination is no different than any opportunist, any parasite, any soul-sucker.

* * * *

All conflicts are born of differences of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

If you believe your imagination has any reality, whatsoever, you are a prisoner of its dream.

* * * *

Everything is done and gone as soon as it happens, no matter how you in imagination cling.

* * * *

Approach imagination as you would any adversary in the arena.

* * * *

What is that deep sorrow that haunts so many, but the schism between imaginary self and absolute Self.

* * * *

There is no world, no cosmos, no dream, whatsoever, but the one you imagine right now.

* * * *

Imagination knows nothing but what it formulates; of the unknown it can only speculate.

* * * *

How fortunate you are if you feel blessed by your dream.

* * * *

History is tethered to imagination, and imagination is only as real as you imagine.

* * * *

Score: … Vanity and Greed, Everything … Guardianship, Zip.

* * * *

Words can imprison, words can free, how they are used, how they are perceived, is the key.

* * * *

Odds are, imagination has the better of you, of all our kind, for whatever dreamtime remains.

* * * *

This, too, has been written by the whim of imagination.

* * * *

Another pretender to the throne.

* * * *

Imagination has got the better of you, yet again.

* * * *

Greed is vanity spelled backwards.

* * * *

You dance with others to appease your vanity, oftentimes by stoking theirs.

* * * *

Imagination is only as real as you imagine.

* * * *

To give speculation about unanswerable questions, any weight at all, is unutterably meaningless.

* * * *

There will always be mirages to entice you, sway you, every imaginable way.

* * * *

There goes that four-letter H-word, hope, flitting about willy-nilly again.

* * * *

Will there ever be an end to the ways we measure this quantum illusion?

* * * *

How many zeros to the right, how many to the left, will we ever tire of imagining?

* * * *

What an absurd joke, vanity.

* * * *

The leap of faith is the end of imagination.

* * * *

Awareness has no attributes to measure; to even call it infinite or infinitesimal is absurd.

* * * *

Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Who does not long to be free of all the absurdities to which all minds play a part?

* * * *

For vanity's sake.

* * * *

Just a dream, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Vanity is nothing more than the insistent huff and puff of imagination.

* * * *

Imagine how dark this world was, from a satellite's nighttime view, before electricity lit it up.

* * * *

So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

One speculation is as good as another.

* * * *

What can reincarnate in the unborn-undying timeless awareness, but figments of imagination?

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, prior to quantum, prior to om, you are.

* * * *

All creation, all art, is the manipulation of quantum by imagination.

* * * *

How else should-could-would the mystery, the awareness, explore its Self, but through illusion.

* * * *

What is the body but crunch and goo, packaged in flesh, cloaked in every manner of vanity.

* * * *

Could it be, the mystery is really just an eccentric scientist of the Hollywood fiction genre?

* * * *

What is a conversation but a window into your Self in another dream.

* * * *

Imagination has held awareness hostage since who can more than speculate how long ago?

* * * *

What is a life, what is memory, but a rolodex of perceptions.

* * * *

Witnesses all, some conscious, some not.

* * * *

Hope is a plea to an imaginary friend, not an option in the dream we call real.

* * * *

Happiness is embracing your sensory dreamtime as best you can, as best you feel.

* * * *

So, you really believe you exist as more than an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

Hope is not an option.

* * * *

If time and space were real, you would not need imagination to travel it.

* * * *

Hope holds no water, gathers no sheaves; it is but a toothless sheep grazing in lethargic minds.

* * * *

Consciousness gives awareness focus; it does not control it in any way imaginable.

* * * *

What dreams are, what dreams have been, what dreams are yet to come, only awareness knows.

* * * *

Another day of pride barreling through its imaginary dreamtime.

* * * *

Imagination's infinitely multi-faceted spectrum is the power of the mystery.

* * * *

Objectivity is an unachievable ideal, an absurd myth.

* * * *

Cathedrals, stone or glass, are absurdly, redundantly passé.

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion; beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

You are the first and last historian in your dream.

* * * *

How can the indivisible quantum matrix ever be tainted by imagination.

* * * *

History is an ever-morphing free-for-all locked in the whims of imagination.

* * * *

History's point and purpose is the continuity of imagination, and all the drama it entertains.

* * * *

Every life form is a witness in its own realm, its own niche; few are conscious of it.

* * * *

Ain't speculation fun?

* * * *

We are all blends of imagination come before.

* * * *

Endure the illusion until nothing feeds you.

* * * *

Imagination toying with itself.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but the charade of memory.

* * * *

Real is whatever you imagine real.

* * * *

Memory is your personal theater, your personal world, your personal universe.

* * * *

You are but a bubble of imagination.

* * * *

And that equation, that concept, that sound, also worked … Imagine that.

* * * *

Your entire life is nothing more than make-believe.

* * * *

That ship has sailed well beyond all hope, into a vast sea of agony and despair.

* * * *

Embrace the absurdity, Grasshopper.

* * * *

Consciously or unconsciously, you have done nothing your entire existence.

* * * *

Other than the human paradigm, Nature is anything but absurd.

* * * *

It all seemed so real at the time, but did it ever really happen, this dream?

* * * *

Art is the mystery to which imagination aspires.

* * * *

Stilled consciousness bares the presence of awareness.

* * * *

God is whatever totality is; not some imaginary, absurdly idolatrous deity.

* * * *

It is the imaginary mind-body that is, not you.

* * * *

What philosopher does not wonder at the absurdity of his/her life's work?

* * * *

How can the unseen, how can the unknown, ever be duplicated by imagination?

* * * *

How can vanity ever embrace oblivion?

* * * *

The answer lies somewhere between absurd and insane.

* * * *

Ethics: Neutered, sterile, empty, absurd,

* * * *

Only imagination knows.

* * * *

Whether it is complicated or simple depends how your imagination chooses to see it.

* * * *

A game rigged for delusion.

* * * *

The scars of imagination are imaginary.

* * * *

What house of cards is not built of vanity and greed?

* * * *

What's really going on? is a question only speculation has ever answered.

* * * *

If you do not know, why pretend you do?

* * * *

It is the imaginary you that dreads death, the imaginary you that wants to live forever.

* * * *

The world that imagination built.

* * * *

The level of absurdity into which we are descending is sadly hilarious.

* * * *

Vanity for vanity's sake.

* * * *

As if any religion, any belief, any creed, any dogma, any conviction, is required.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness, a function of eternity.

* * * *

Every moment you are born and die; only in imagination do you think you live.

* * * *

Isn't it mystery enough without imagining all things absurd?

* * * *

Make-believe can never be real; it is all make-believe, an epoch of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The personal mind is an imaginary creation; the impersonal mind, creation its Self.

* * * *

It is imagination from which the awareness you are must detach.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but the ceaseless tumbling of imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Even every imaginable defense cannot deter the blade's eventual arrival.

* * * *

There will always be one herd or another to embrace any given absurdity.

* * * *

Any quantum divide is but an imaginary demarcation.

* * * *

The past is only reference; the future, only hope; only the moment is real, and not.

* * * *

How can good and evil exist anywhere but imagination?

* * * *

Memory can be a Quixotic endeavor.

* * * *

Death is the inevitable outcome of every existence; no need for hope nor faith nor creed.

* * * *

Time and space are constructs of the imaginary mind, steeped in mystery.

* * * *

You do not know, you will never know, how all this came to be; why pretend to?

* * * *

Imagination's turf is a quantum matrix of sensory proportion.

* * * *

Without imagination, where is time?

* * * *

Imagining one god or many, is perhaps the greatest delusion.

* * * *

Everything is imagined; how accurate the imagination is the question.

* * * *

Make-believe, a worldwide game of make-believe.

* * * *

Why trust anyone else's perception more than your own?

* * * *

Through attention to the awareness, you wrest your mind from its imaginary yoke.

* * * *

What is it about vanity that makes it imagine any other will truly care one way or another?

* * * *

It is imagination that makes all dimensions seem real.

* * * *

All that dies is a figment of imagination.

* * * *

Why pretend?

* * * *

Without imagination, did anything ever really happen?

* * * *

A big game of pretend.

* * * *

Another memory swept up in the river of time.

* * * *

Dream weaver, dream cleaver.

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.

* * * *

Is imagination anything more than distraction from the moment?

* * * *

What is this vat of flesh and bones but an imaginary prison of limitation.

* * * *

Frame of reference, frame of imagination.

* * * *

The prison of imagination wakes up to another day.

* * * *

An imaginary mind, an imaginary life, an imaginary tale.

* * * *

Do not be bound, do not be limited, by the part you imagine.

**Breadcrumbs**

I am alone.
I have always been alone.
I was born alone, I live alone, I will die alone.
There has never been even one moment when I was not alone,
When I was not the pure awareness, when I was not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times, to many worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.

How the many others that come or go, that think of me, is utterly inconsequential.
And how I discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In all its many imaginings.
It is but a dream.
I, alone, am.

* * * *

These writings are an offering, a gift, to the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one for spouting all these thoughts? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having engaged in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

Imagine the billions of trips around the sun it took for me to be here writing this.

* * * *

I am not Krishna, nor Lao Tzu, nor Buddha, nor Jesus,
Nor any other mythological figure born of the human paradigm.
I am Michael, lord and master of this most-sanctified dreamtime mystery.

* * * *

And what did you, Pilgrim, perchance imagine a god-mind would be,
If not capable of journeying any and every way it was disposed?
I have embraced nothingness since it first became apparent.
The specter of death has ever been a constant companion.
So, Fate, do what you will, I stand ready to greet you.

* * * *

The biographical information is for those who still suckle the illusion.

* * * *

Reading these aphoristic ditties as acutely as possible,
As if they were being spoken aloud, with pauses and inflections,
Perhaps even several times, is the best way to imbibe their fullest meaning.
It is more than a little improbable anyone will ever read them all,
And not you, either, unless you are as absurdly mad,
As the hatter that imagined them into time.

* * * *

Long ago accomplished my unplanned mission; everything since has been layers of icing.

* * * *

There is nothing left in this dream world that I cannot die without seeing or doing.

* * * *

Could probably jot down just about anything I please,
In this, for-all-historical-impact-practical-purpose, largely unread manifesto.

Confess to every form of murder and mayhem, violation and pillage, I may, or may not, have done.
And more than likely, few, if any, would ever read or hear, much less imagine it.
And perchance they did, how many would not shrug their shoulders,
And quickly move on to the next scandalous headline,
In this absurd world full of horror galore.

* * * *

This soliloquy is as whole a metaphorical elephant, as this lingual frame of reference can muster.
I being but one of who-knows-how-many scribes expounding the greatest revelation.
Whose handiworks will persevere in the ever-shifting dunes of dreamtime,
Will perhaps be referenced as some future historian's footnote,
Or perhaps, stacked with other esoteric works, on some obscure bookshelf.
Assuming humankind even survives long enough for history to be available for viewing.

* * * *

These writings are as imaginary as everything else.
They might be absurd, if I was the only one saying it.

* * * *

To our mother, scarred and tortured in every way imaginable; I herein give voice.

* * * *

The frame of reference from whence this work comes,
Has many facets from its walkabout with imagination.

* * * *

Forever is an imaginary state of time born of mind.

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants me to believe in it, how is its vanity, any more or less than mine?

* * * *

Without the dream, without the other, what could You experience, what could You know?

* * * *

Imagination cannot root in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

There is only now; all then's and when's are imaginary.

* * * *

There is no way could I have lived a domesticated existence,
Of commitment and compromise and responsibility and indebtedness.
In giving my dream over to the mystery, in wandering the path of least resistance,
I may well have experienced, may well have possessed, more than all my ancestors combined.
I may well be the wealthiest, freest microorganism, this Petri dish world has ever seen.
And the only one who has witnessed it, in the way these many pages describe.
And despite all the virtuous intentions, they will not change a thing,

And neither the Reaper, nor the Ferryman, will know, or care.

* * * *

A stream of consciousness.

* * * *

Curse you, imagination.

* * * *

The world ain't the better place I would have hoped,
So, I guess my mission failed, as So It Goes predicted.

* * * *

How can the mystery be anything less than what I,
In all my limitations, all my shortcomings, herein over and over expound?
How could it truly ever be any man-imagined, dualistic invention-notion-concoction, heretofore devised?
That humankind clings to all its idolatries when the truth of awareness is so Self-evident.
Is an irony permeated by paradox, a paradox permeated by irony,
That will boggle me to my last dying wheeze.

* * * *

Am I really that cynical? Or just a truth-speaker to delusion?

* * * *

What I did not see or do, I witnessed others seeing or doing,
Or, as imagination so well allows, I wandered the mind, as times and moods inclined.
No need to keep gorging on and on; I am plenty-full enough.

* * * *

I have met many, many, good, decent spirits – many quite twisted – all muses to this never-ending labor.
Enough spirits to make up for the most-foul sort, whose self-absorbed machinations,
Create so much unnecessary harshness in this dreamtime.
Yes, yes, they can read it, or maybe try to, but do not even for a split-moment,
Think I would ever turn my back on them, or, gods preserve me, ever allow them access to the treasury.

* * * *

I have studied many writings, many philosophies,
But I have never joined any so-called spiritual groups.
I have never much cared for allowing any collective mindset,
To orchestrate, or to usurp in any meaningful way,
What are my choices, and mine, alone.
A solo act, from the get-go.
And to the best, my ability allows,
I hopefully have not laden the unknowable future,
And anyone draw to awaken, with anything less than total veracity.
From a laptop, I opine all seekers to sally forth through as little muddle as possible.
Eschew all cultures, traditions, tribal mindsets, groupthinks, that ever strive to own You, in all or part.

* * * *

There was a moment, when I first began scratching ditties on napkins in 1989, I threw a few away.
For some reason, long out of range of memory, they were a bit too much – even for me, he now laughed.
It was perhaps one of the many moments of choosing; those many moments, wherein fate calls.
The fork in the path, where I have always indulged my Self first, in the feast less eaten.
So, as you see, I did not tarry away from the sword, nor thoughts upon scraps.
And what is it all, but an homage to You, should you happen upon it.

* * * *

Yet another moment this memory set has seen and done, seemingly times beyond counting.

* * * *

Am absurd enough on my own, without having a psychotic world knocking at my door.

* * * *

If I never crossed paths with another woman in this dream, including family, tranquility would reign.
And though the last fragments of obligation, is how I am playing it with what family remains,
If I was starting out all over again, I think I would fly from the nest, and never return.

* * * *

"No friggin' way am I going back to that insane asylum!"
Jesus cried out, when he was told by Daddy it was time for the sequel,
So, as often happens, the ne're-do-well, who did not show up for the board meeting,
Is named by the chair, to suit up, sally out, and try again to awaken the masses from their slumber.
Thank the mystery, that he was not allotted any absurdities to mesmerize the sheeples anew,
Nor stand up before awed throngs, reciting the Lord's Prayer through a microphone,
And, Jesus, yes, you guessed it, he is off diddling Mary; no, not the mother.
Yup, right again, Daddy is with Mommy, over in the bouncy cloud.

* * * *

If you cannot peruse these thoughts,
Without weariness, without fight-or-flight reaction,
Then they are not for you, at least not at this point in your dreamtime.

* * * *

Imagination has written me off, as 'no fun.'

* * * *

I may be mistaken about all this, but do not see how.
In every way truth can be comprehended: from rational to irrational,
From to realistic to delusional, from absolute to relative, from infinite to infinitesimal,
From sensible to absurd, from ironic to paradoxical, from white to black,
It all melds into a unified certainty that cannot be undone.
It is this acuity, both deliberated and intuited,
That doubts all other contenders.

* * * *

I only sound somewhat intelligent, somewhat linguistic, somewhat sage-worthy.

There has been a great deal foolishness and stupidity and vanity, gone through this dreamy mill,
To toss so many thoughts into a space-time, I can never more than imagine.
Things that none but I, would ever even bother to know.
And even I, were there any choice.

* * * *

What am I but imagination's puppet whore?
I have given in, to, and walked away, from, so many amusements.
I have been harbor to every narcissistic notion, every hedonistic impulse, that low-fruited into easy reach.
What you now leisurely leaf through, is the dissertation, the legacy, of this nomadic existence.
What will imagination do with her philosophical tour de force, her magnum opus?
Alas, that is a future that I can never more than speculate, more than wonder.
And like a tabby toying with an all-but-dead mouse, she appears not done with me.
For moi, it is less about it ever being read, than having been witness to the entire oeuvre.
Many of these thoughts may be wrong, in whole or part, but I am as right as this vision allows.
And in this time, and probably all before, opinion means as much or more than fact, in too many a mind.

* * * *

These thoughts are whatever comes out, whatever chances out,
In the timeless free-thinking of this ever-streaming consciousness.
There is no plan, and I am but a voice, one of many, assigned this task.
It was not sought, it was not requested, at any point in time.
It began without fanfare, and it will end when it ends.
One friend, a classical music critic, called me
The Thomas Wolfe of lyrical aphorisms.
He will likely remain far more read.

* * * *

To imagination, I am something of a turncoat, a traitor, a deserter, a renegade,
But it has thus far allowed it, and even given it wings, of sorts.
Sometime to irritate its own mesmerized audience.
What will be done with this Socrates?
Where's the hemlock?

* * * *

What a thing to witness such a cataclysmic unfolding in the history of this garden orb.
With or without life on board, it will spin along until, eventually,
The mystery sees fit to consume it entirely,
And then, presumably, speculatively, spit out something new,
Assuming, of course, that some form of imaginary perception is there to witness it.

* * * *

And there I was, hoping for enlightened leadership.

* * * *

What a thing it is, to have been given the opportunity,
To consciously witness the mystery so intimately.

* * * *

If you, for even a second, think I am not be as vain and greedy, as any other monkey-mind, think again.
Though a constant wordsmith, I dwell in the same monkey-mind as all others.
The only difference would be in the pondering.
And if you If you think I asked for this, think again on that, as well.

* * * *

Regarding these many thoughts, they are how I see the mystery.
They are my response to the infinity of vagaries in this quantum theater,
As directly and clearly and poignantly articulated, as this frame of reference allows.
As this astonishing dream, this dumbfounding dream, seems to have been programmed to do.
To daily, with Sisyphean effort, push the boulder up the mountain, is not the chore many would think it.
As Camus concluded in his Myth of Sisyphus essay: Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity
That negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well.
This universe, henceforth without a master, seems to him neither sterile nor futile.
Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night filled mountain, n itself forms a world.
The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart.
One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘me’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness eternally witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings in which mystery harbors.
What is there to say, but that these musings have all willy-nilly bubbled into the abyss of this mind’s eye,
And then step-by-step morphed from that emptiness, to paper to screen to world-wide web.
Oh, that I could somehow see how they play out in the epoch decline and fall,
That all existence will endure through the dreamtime ahead.
I would hazard a guess that most writers,
Most artists, most creators, of any and all persuasions,
Feel much the same as they watch their creations drift into a future-past
They cannot more than in imagination play out, all the twists, all the turns, of possibility.

* * * *

Yeah, that guy over there, at the corner table.
The one with the MacBook Pro and Starbucks mug.
Yeah, that’s me, or so I pretend, as the given moment calls.

* * * *

Hold the applause, hold the titles, hold the dogma, hold the cultists, hold the vanity.

* * * *

It would be just my luck to be that vain.

* * * *

Yet another set of hieroglyphs, of which relatively few will ever even hear, much less begin, to read.
In retrospect, it has always seemed less like it is me scribbling and digitalizing these thoughts,
Than it is just being open enough for them to make their way through this sack of goo.

Hopefully, no one makes too much of this life or persona, in whatever happens,
Or does not happen, with this labyrinth, awash with ditties of every hew and skew.

* * * *

Imagination entices me to play its game,
By continually bubbling up aphorism after aphorism.
It is an object lesson in the futility of even for a moment wondering,
Whether or not awareness in human form, can ever change course in any profound way.
Can ever be free of the occupier, consciousness, and its imaginary theater, permeated by vanity and greed.
A prison guard who taunts me every moment, with every conceivable absurdity.

* * * *

Hard for vanity to understand why the world is not rushing to my door.

* * * *

Like all writing scribed in previous times, this edifice of scribblings will need
At least several hundred years to percolate into whatever fate is in store.
Whether or not, what Mother Nature is brewing this every moment,
Will allow that much time, is the stuff of dystopian nightmares,
To which imaginary time machines give imaginary access.

* * * *

I am not here to save you; I am here to destroy you, whoever you imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

Playing in this touchy-feely sandbox does not mean I am not entirely alone all the while.
That all others are but apparitions, dancing about all around me,
In a magical holodeck of quantum design.
Perfectly choreographed by the sensory mind,
In all its quantum-chemical-electrical-biological glory.
It may be delusional, but it is a madness that makes it tolerable.

* * * *

I root for awareness; but bet on imagination.

* * * *

These writings are entirely stream of consciousness.
As haphazard as haphazard can be in this patterned theater of the absurd.
Far, far, more than enough, to befuddle those who will never begin to discern, never begin to comprehend,
The unfathomable, ineffable, indivisible mystery, they every moment are.

* * * *

A gift to the dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Have wandered many camps in this dream, but none ever drew me enough to spend an entire lifetime,
Until the tail end of the 80's, at the age of 36, when thoughts began coming, one after another.
And so, this imaginary destiny finally took on a clarity, something of a perpetual wave,

One that appears not to be crashing for as long as ‘so far’ is fated to endure.
And even if it does crash, the deed is done, and done well enough.
The only question is whether or not it will find some legs,
And saunter on into some telling role in the dreamtime to come.
But there are far too many stacks and stacks of lost and forgotten writings,
In every variety of used book store, library book sale, and garage sale, to plan a party.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, and the matrix, whose quantum magic gives us the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

Have always just accepted and done whatever the dream offered.
Never had an agenda, never had a dog in the fight, never had a raison d'etre.
Have always just been here now, watching the show, doing whatever needed to be done,
And in the second half of this temporal existence, it has been about writing whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

I might let this mind, this imagination wander,
Every light and dark nook and cranny imagination allows,
But there are a wide range of boundaries to what I would actually do.
There are some things that I would even take my own life,
Before they would ever happen by these hands.

* * * *

I am as pride-filled as any other human; we are all the same imaginary notion.

* * * *

This, too, has been written by the whim of imagination.

* * * *

Story-telling is a talent, a skillset, that finds no perch in this mind.
All that comes to this dreamer are aphorisms, and maybe a few anecdotes.
Any reader well-versed in literature, would set down any attempt within minutes,
Which enough already do with this philosophical Winchester House as it is.

* * * *

This could not have been written were I not still tangoing with vanity.

* * * *

I dance with you to appease my vanity, oftentimes by stoking yours.

* * * *

It took a lot of vanity to write this; I am not as free as actual death will take it.

* * * *

So much already said, already written,
Across all times, across all spaces, come and gone before.
How can this life work ever be known, ever have any meaningful impact?

How can the species ever change its evolutionary context, its genomically induced patterning?
How can a species compelled, bound, to a narcissistic-hedonistic paradigm,
Ever hope to survive a universe that has never cared
About anything ever created?

* * * *

Fingers dancing away on the keyboards of a couple Apple MacBook Pro laptops.
Alone, relatively free of the constraints of any distracting obligations to any individual, any group,
I freely contemplate, freely explore, freely scrutinize, anything that wanders into mind.
This is an opus – as earnest, as sincere, as serious – as this dreamer can muster.
Be sure not make it about me, for I am you in but another reverie.

* * * *

Nothing needs be concealed.
I have played the gamut as mindlessly as any.
If I have not done it, I saw it done, or thought about doing it.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned dream, is not one many will choose.
How did it happen, that this small-town farm boy, wandered aimlessly down a barely-recalled trail?
It is a long and vague and tedious narrative, that reads as any plebeian fare,
Relatively unexceptional to its ever-present core.

* * * *

Who but me will ever read all this silliness?
The things we do with our lives.
Absurdity reigns.

* * * *

This is what I was born to do; hopefully, this work will not be lost, or worse, usurped.

* * * *

I writes it the way I sees it
If I am wrong (which I only rarely am),
You will find me in your imaginary fire and brimstone,
Where only the most interesting, most entertaining, folk are allowed.

* * * *

I am not immune to vanity and corruption, so do not give me the keys to the world.
Without checks and balances, I would probably mess things up as badly as anybody.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

A quixotic quantum manifesto, very much indeed.
My itty-bitty part in the grand théâtre of dreamtime.

My little contribution to the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little celebration of the grand théâtre of dreamtime.
My little salutation to the grand théâtre of dreamtime.

* * * *

What can I say, it is the way imagination larks about in this wee brain.

* * * *

As I do not find it worth a pauper's pittance,
And both specifically and generally,
Do not hold out much hope for anything,
I ask any who have answer, even speculation,
What hope can there ever be in a four-letter word?

* * * *

Just sitting in one here or there or another, likely with a mug of coffee, or two or three,
At one table or couch or another, tap-tap-tapping away at the keyboard,
Any and every gyration of imagination that comes to mind,
All dancing away on the screen above it.
Word processing, with all its trappings, gotta love it.

* * * *

You can say it better? Have at it, have fun, vanity is all.

* * * *

Spreading my word, one conversation, one email, one website business card, at a time.
Under the radar, to be sure, and no sign it is finding any wings at this writing.
For me to believe it might meaningfully change the human paradigm,
Requires a level of vanity to which I endeavor not to succumb.
As the human species is not even close to waking up in any meaningful way,
Far easier to continue anonymously enjoying the writing and posting, and depart content.

* * * *

With so little audience to mold my ways and means,
I can dam-the-torpedoes. say and do. whatever I friggin' please,
As often as I may choose, and in as many ways as I can darned-well imagine.
Whoever might wish to stop or contain me, is pretty much way too late.
Like it or no, history has me in its talons, to what end, I know not.
Nor do I care to do more than pipedream any and all ripples,
From complete and utter obscurity, to unending acclaim.
"Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." saith the Preacher.

* * * *

They are like puzzle pieces that come together so easily.
A most pleasant way to pass, to pipedream, the dreaming.

* * * *

If parts of this body of work are someday translated into other languages,

Who can ever truly know whether or not the interpretations of the sundry frames of reference,
Are even remotely close to what was intended, envisioned, by this quantum mind,
In the context of the original window of the dream called time.
Beware all translations; especially your own.

* * * *

Imagine the Grecian orators of old, in their robes,
Speaking to forums filled with critical minds,
Perceiving the candor in every thought.

* * * *

Imagination toying with itself.

* * * *

How this philosophical work has scribed itself in the second half of this dreamtime,
Has been a beyond-all-pales, unanticipated, unsought, uninvited, please-no-not-me, sort of destiny.
What a remarkable expedition to be fashioned into a herald of this ineffable mystery.
Yet another thinker leaving a long and winding trail of breadcrumbs,
All pointing to the unknowable within and without.

* * * *

What do I care if there is but meager audience for these many thoughts?
I have imagined and written, read and re-read. each and every one, some many, many times.
That, coupled with the appreciation of those who have gleaned my intent,
Is applause enough for this illusory mind's vanity.

* * * *

A dream, filled with nightmares, that I would never voluntarily repeat.

* * * *

I am free to say whatever I please in these digitalized pages.
What power I have in my imaginary realm.
Mwahahahahaha …
The end of the universe is nigh.

* * * *

Have long given up in any way-shape-form imagining that humankind
Will ever evolve into caretakers, guardians, custodians, protectors, defenders,
Sentinels, stewards, partners, lovers, of the natural world, the Great Mother, that bore it.

* * * *

What philosopher does not wonder at the absurdity of his/her life's work?

* * * *

'Tis often I wonder what others might think, what others might say, about these thoughts.
What praises and curses and ho-hums would they, and the bully critics, cultivate,
Were they to peruse and ponder to some serious degree, a few lines or so.
Makes me laugh plenty ha-ha hard and long, imagining the din.

* * * *

The entire human existence has been imagined from the Darwinian get-go.

**The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim**

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Good way to hide out, stay anonymous, avoid the bothers of any variety of vain notion.

* * * *

Alexander Pope's 'An Essay on Man':
Hope spring eternal.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hope springs delusional.

* * * *

Genesis 1:27
In the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are imagination, imagining this mind-body, this slab of meat, real.

**Possible Last Words & Epitaphs**

Surf the absurdity

* * * *

The final illusion

* * * *

All fates are imagined

* * * *

Toying With Imagination

* * * *

The last vanity

* * * *

Only the dead know the end to absurdity

# Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Under Construction

# The Return to Wonder

Under Construction

# Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.